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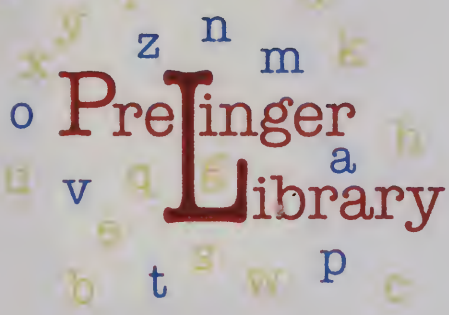

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"JARVEY JACK" AND ANOTHER

page 38

CARAVANNING & CAMPING-OUT

EXPERIENCES AND ADVENTURES IN A LIVING-VAN AND IN THE OPEN AIR WITH HINTS AND FACTS FOR WOULD-BE CARAVANNERS BY

J. HARRIS STONE, M.A., F.L.S., F.C.S.

WITH UPWARDS OF ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS AND DIAGRAMS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	MODERN CARAVANNING - - -	1
II.	THE ROAD AND ITS FASCINATION -	6
III.	HOME CAMPS - - - -	14
IV.	THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF THE CARAVAN - - - -	19
V.	IN TOUCH WITH NATURE - -	36
VI.	THE FUTURE OF CARAVANNING - -	43
VII.	CAMPING-OUT IN ITS SIMPLEST FORM: IRELAND: CANADA: UNITED STATES	49
VIII.	POINTS FOR CONSIDERATION IN BUILDING A CARAVAN: INTERNAL ECONOMY AND SUGGESTIONS - - -	60
IX.	THE UNDER-CARRIAGE, WHEELS, BRAKES, AND SYSTEMS OF DRAUGHT - -	68
X.	LIGHTING: INSURANCE OF CARAVANS -	97
XI.	PLANNING THE DAY, AND SOME DETAILS ABOUT COST - - - -	105
XII.	USE OF PAPER IN VANNING, AND WARMTH IN THE CAMP - -	111
XIII.	MILK CARRYING IN VAN: COUNTRY DAIRIES: VILLAGE CONSTABLE: STOCKS: SOME HOME TOURS - -	115
XIV.	TENTS AND ANNEXES - - -	124
XV.	THE RULE OF THE ROAD - -	138

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CHAPTER		PAGE
XVI.	THE CARAVAN HORSE - - -	146
XVII.	ODDS AND ENDS OF VAN AND CAMP-LIFE : SOME WRINKLES AND PROBABLY SOME CHESTNUTS - - -	156
XVIII.	VARIOUS CARAVANS - - -	172
XIX.	DR. GORDON-STABLES' *WANDERER* AND OTHER CARAVANS - - -	179
XX.	A CARAVAN WEDDING AND SOME VANS	193
XXI.	MOTOR CARAVANS - - -	210
XXII.	CARAVAN CULINARY CONCERNS -	224
XXIII.	HOW TO COOK IN A CARAVAN : THE PRIMUS STOVE AND OVENS : FIRELESS COOKER : STEAM COOKER - -	229
XXIV.	CARAVAN SQUARE MEALS AND OTHERS -	243
XXV.	MY PET SALAD AND OTHER COOKING HINTS - - - -	250
XXVI.	GYPSIES - - - -	262
XXVII.	GYPSY LITERATURE - - -	282
XXVIII.	GEORGE BORROW - - -	288
XXIX.	CHARLES GODFREY LELAND - -	297
XXX.	MERE WORDS AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE	304
XXXI.	CARAVANNING ABROAD - -	311
XXXII.	THE CARAVAN CLUB OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND - - -	329
XXXIII.	SOME COOKING RECIPES - -	340

ILLUSTRATIONS

"CARAVAN JACK" AND ANOTHER - - *Frontispiece*

TO FACE PAGE

MRS. ASHTON CROSS'S VANS AND HER PEKINGESE DOGS - - - - - - 10

MISS H. S. MANFIELD'S *LORNA DOONE* - - 20

MEET AT COULSDON, SURREY: SIR JAMES MOODY'S VAN ON RIGHT - - - - - 30

MR. W. J. EDGE'S VAN PITCHED AT MEET AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON, 1912 - - - - 40

THE *VANCOTT* OR MOVABLE COTTAGE - - - 48

A LADY MEMBER OF THE CARAVAN CLUB WHO LIVES ALL THE YEAR ROUND IN A SIMPLE DONKEY TILT-CART - - - - - - 56

THE AUTHOR'S PITCH ON WARMINGTON VILLAGE GREEN - - - - - - 116

THE *IDEAL* PITCHED AT SOULDERN GATE - - 116

THE AUTHOR'S MID-DAY HALT FOR LUNCH. "BABY" IN THE SHAFTS - - - - - 118

LEAVING THE MEET AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON, 1912 - 124

THE AUTHOR'S PITCH AT THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON MEET, 1912, SHOWING "RIDGE" TENT - - 124

THE HOLDING VERY LIGHT "CLYDE" MODEL TENT - 130

THE HOLDING LIGHT "CABIN" TENT - - 130

MISS E. F. HAMILTON'S VAN, SHOWING SLEEPING CHAMBER BENEATH FOR MEN SERVANTS, AND RAIN WATER COLLECTOR FROM ROOF - - 136

TO FACE PAGE

ALDERMAN CECIL FANE DE SALIS' VAN PITCHED WITH ANNEXE AT THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON MEET, 1912 - - - - - 136

MRS. E. T. TOWERS'S VAN - - - - 136

INGENIOUS BED MADE FROM THE VAN SHAFTS, INVENTED BY MRS. E. T. TOWERS - - 160

HOW TO START AN OUTDOOR GYPSY FIRE - - 164

THE FAMOUS *WANDERER* BELONGING TO THE LATE DR. WILLIAM GORDON-STABLES, R.N., IN WHICH HE WROTE MANY OF HIS BOOKS - - 164

THE *LADY-GO-LIGHTLY* ARRANGED FOR NIGHT - 184

THE *LADY-GO-LIGHTLY*. INTERIOR LOOKING AFT - 184

MR. L. RICHMOND'S *ARCADIAN*. INTERIOR LOOKING AFT - - - - - - 194

MR. F. GEOFFREY SMITH'S VAN. INTERIOR LOOKING AFT, SHOWING THE THREE BUNKS - - 196

MISS GRACE A. SIMMONS'S *TALLY-HO!* - - 198

MISS GRACE A. SIMMONS'S *TALLY-HO!* SHOWING KITCHEN ANNEXE - - - - 200

MESSRS. FORTNUM AND MASON'S EXHIBITION VAN, SHOWING REAR-END AND PANTRY - - 200

MR. BERTRAM HUTCHINGS'S PONY VAN, *MAISONETTE* - - - - - - 202

MR. BERTRAM HUTCHINGS'S PONY VAN, *MAISONETTE*. THE OFF-SIDE, INTERIOR - - 202

INTERIOR OF MR. BERTRAM HUTCHINGS'S VAN, SHOWING BATH-BRUSH AND TANK ON WALL ON LEFT 204

MR. J. JOHNSTON GREEN'S *HALCYON* BEFORE IT LEFT BUILDER'S YARD - - - - 206

MRS. COUCER GREEN'S VAN *PERINIK* - - 206

MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON'S VANS PITCHED WITH ANNEXES - - - - - 206

TO FACE PAGE

MR. H. P. RICHARDS ON THE ROAD - - 208
MR. HARRY KEEP'S VAN AND ANNEXE AT REAR - 208
MR. J. JOHNSTON GREEN'S *HALCYON*. INTERIOR, LOOKING FORWARD - - - - 208
MR. BASIL MATHEW'S MISSIONARY VAN IN WINTER QUARTERS - - - - - 208
INTERIOR OF MR. BERTRAM HUTCHINGS'S VAN 210
MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON'S VAN TENT - - 212
MR. BERTRAM HUTCHINGS'S *GYPSY QUEEN* - 212
MISS C. L. SHEPPARD'S *EGYPT* - - - 214
MISS C. L. SHEPPARD'S *EGYPT*. INTERIOR LOOKING AFT - - - - - - 214
CARAVAN BELONGING TO MR. J. W. MALLALIEU, WAVERTREE, LIVERPOOL. BUILT BY THE BELSIZE MOTORS, LTD. - - - 214
MRS. PATON'S MOTOR VAN *TORTOISE* - - 216
INTERIOR OF THE MOTOR VAN *TORTOISE*, BELONGING TO MRS. PATON OF DUNDEE - - - 216
FRENCH MOTOR VAN WITH ANNEXE, BELONGING TO M. COLLIN DUFRESNE OF GRENOBLE-ISERE - 218
MR. W. M. APPLETON'S *AEROPLANE* - - 220
MR. W. M. APPLETON'S MOTOR VAN *AEROPLANE* PITCHED - - - - - 220
INTERIOR OF AUSTIN MOTOR CARAVAN - - 222
INTERIOR OF AUSTIN MOTOR CARAVAN - - 224
MRS. PENHEY'S GYPSY VAN - - - - 230
A TYPICAL SHOWMAN'S VAN - - - 230
MR. A. E. HEALEY'S VAN PITCHED AT THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON MEET, 1912 - - - 240
MEET AT COULSDON, SURREY: THE *EGYPT* ON THE LEFT; CAPT. C. HULL'S VANS IN CENTRE - 250

TO FACE PAGE

THE GYPSIES' CHURCH, LES SAINTES MARIES, PROVENCE, FRANCE - - - - 280

TYPICAL NEW ZEALAND LANDSCAPE. A COUNTRY PITCH - - - - - - 318

NEW ZEALAND CARAVAN PITCHED NEAR THE BUSH AS PROTECTION AGAINST COLD WIND - - 320

A NEW ZEALAND CARAVAN - - - 322

CARAVANNER'S CAMP, LAKE WAKATIPU, OTAGO, NEW ZEALAND - - - - - 324

PLANS AND DIAGRAMS.

	PAGE
FORECARRIAGE, SECTION OF, SIDE VIEW - -	71
FORECARRIAGE, FRAME OF, VIEW FROM ABOVE -	72
PARTS OF WHEEL - - - - -	73
WHEEL WITHOUT DISH - - - -	75
WHEEL WITH DISH - - - - -	75
WHEEL WITH DISH ON HOLLOWED AXLE-ARM -	75
WHEEL WITH DISH AND BEVEL ON HOLLOWED AXLE-ARM - - - - - -	76
ELLIPTICAL SPRING - - - - -	77
AXLE-TREE - - - - - -	78
COMMON OR "GREASE" AXLE - - -	80
COMMON AXLE, IMPROVED - - - -	81
MAIL AXLE AND BOX - - - -	82
COLLINGE'S AXLE AND BOX - - - -	83
SCREW-BRAKE, SIDE VIEW - - - -	84
SCREW-BRAKE, FRONT VIEW - - -	84
METHOD OF TRANSMITTING POWER TO BRAKE -	84
ATTACHMENT FOR FARMERS' DRAUGHT - -	86
SHAFTS AND OUTRIGGER - - - -	87
"KELITE" LAMP - - - - -	102
LADY CARBERY'S NEST OF BEDS FOR ECONOMISING SPACE - - - - -	162
CARAVAN *IDEAL* FLOOR-PLAN - - -	177
VERY LIGHT VAN - - - - -	189
FLOOR-PLAN OF THE ABOVE CARAVAN - -	189

PAGE

VAN WITH PERSIENNE SHUTTERS. SHAFTS FOR ONE HORSE - - - - - 190
FLOOR-PLAN OF THE ABOVE CARAVAN - - 190
VAN WITH SHAFTS FOR ONE HORSE - - - 191
FLOOR-PLAN OF THE ABOVE CARAVAN - - 191
VAN FITTED WITH POLE FOR PAIR OF HORSES OR SHAFTS FOR ONE HORSE - - - 192
FLOOR-PLAN OF THE ABOVE CARAVAN - - 192
MR. L. RICHMOND'S *KERRI*, FLOOR-PLAN - - 194
FLOOR-PLAN, *ARCADIAN* - - - - 195
MR. L. RICHMOND'S *SCOUT*, FLOOR-PLAN - - 196
MR. F. GEOFFREY SMITH'S *ROLLING STONE*, FLOOR-PLAN - - - - - - 197
MISS SIMMONS'S *TALLY-HO!* FLOOR-PLAN - - 198
THE *PERINIK*, FLOOR-PLAN - - - - 199
MESSRS. FORTNUM AND MASON'S EXHIBITION CARAVAN, FLOOR-PLAN - - - - 200
MR. HARRY KEEP'S *NUTSHELL*, FLOOR-PLAN - - 200
ALDERMAN C. FANE DE SALIS'S VAN - - - 201
"SHOWMAN" TYPE OF CARAVAN BELONGING TO CAPT. C. HULL, A.S.C. - - - - 203
CANVAS-TOPPED TOURING CARAVAN, DESIGNED AND BUILT BY CAPT. C. HULL, A.S.C. - - - 205
PLANS OF CAPT. C. HULL'S LIGHT-TOURING CARAVAN - - - - - 207
FLOOR-PLAN OF MR. J. JOHNSTON GREEN'S *HALCYON* 209
MR. J. W. MALLALIEU'S MOTOR CARAVAN, FLOOR-PLAN - - - - - - 214
SECTION PLAN, MOTOR CARAVAN *AEROPLANE* - 217
THE *AUSTIN* MOTOR CARAVAN (40 h.p.), FLOOR-PLAN - - - - - - 220
"PRIMUS" HEATING LAMP - - - - 232

PAGE

FIRELESS COOKER - - - - - 239

FIRELESS COOKER - - - - - 240

C. G. LELAND'S TYPICAL GYPSY VAN, FLOOR-PLAN 301

CARAVAN CLUB PITCH POSTCARD. i. - - 334

CARAVAN CLUB PITCH POSTCARD. ii. - - 335

PENNON OF THE CARAVAN CLUB - - - 337

CARAVANNING AND CAMPING-OUT

CARAVANNING & CAMPING-OUT

CHAPTER I

MODERN CARAVANNING

"I wish I lived in a caravan,
With a horse to drive like a pedlar man.
Where he comes from, nobody knows,
Or where he goes to, but on he goes."

W. B. RANDS.

PERHAPS the most notable change that the observant man in the street has witnessed during the last forty years is the increased height and better physique of the men and women he meets. More especially is this the case with the women. Our grandmothers were small, with hands and feet in proportion, and they prided themselves upon their tiny points. The standard of beauty in those days ran rather in the direction of smallness, coupled with violoncello shoulders and swan-like necks. The grandchildren have changed—greatly changed. Now we see a majority of fine, strapping, tall girls in the streets and at assemblies where the well-fed and nurtured congregate.

In this twentieth century our admiration is for the deep-chested, square-shouldered, and strong-handed woman rather than to her predecessor of the *petite* type.

This remarkable change in the general appearance of our middle and upper-class men and women is unquestionably due to the enormously increased application and attention given by both sexes to outdoor games, sports and exercises—in nearly all of which women participate equally with men.

Once it was thought that the rapid advance of civilisation would synchronise with the dwindling of the species, that we should gradually become smaller and smaller, more and more hollow-chested, depending more and more upon the appliances of wonderful scientific devices for our exercises, and even for life itself. Facts have falsified this prognostication.

With scientific advancement, as if to counterbalance the evils of too much coddling, has sprung up in this country a keener desire than ever for muscle-hardening sports, particularly for any amusement or pastime that gives greater opportunities of being in the open air. Croquet has given place to golf. Billiards does not hold the position it did in the seventies. Camping-out clubs have arisen. Cycle-campers are numbered by the thousand. Alpine sports and mountain-climbing have very much come to the front lately. Yachting in small, self-handled craft has enormously increased in popularity, and caravanning as a pastime has apparently come to stay, though it is the youngest offspring of this desirable tendency of the day.

Modern caravanning is more nearly akin to yachting than any other outdoor pursuit, and therefore it is not surprising that its first advocate was a sailor, the late Dr. Gordon-Stables, R.N. During some forty years or more he toured, from time to time, over a considerable

portion of Scotland and England, preferring van life to settled house life. Many of his famous books of adventure, which have so delighted innumerable boys and older persons, saw their advent during his peregrinations in his house on wheels, or land-yacht. In his caravanning days he was looked upon as somewhat of a crank, but he lived long enough to see a total change of opinion, and the healthy pastime which he advocated, and practically pursued, begin to become fashionable.

Now there are hundreds of caravanners exploring rural England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, seeing at their leisure, and in delightful quietude, out-of-the-way bits of the country, and indulging in simple, restful repose, afar from the noise and bustle of motors and distracting traffic of the streets.

In direct antithesis to the motorist, the caravanner is never in a hurry. He is not imbued with the idea of eating up as much distance as possible in a day. His day's journey is from twelve to fifteen, or, at most, twenty miles, and even with less he is content. Once in a beautiful part of the country delightful pitches are so plentiful that a short journey is sufficient to discover fresh charms of scenery and close surroundings.

In these hustling days caravanning naturally appeals with increasing force to the contemplative and the seeker after rest. Our doctors are also finding that patients with a consumptive tendency, or afflicted with certain brain troubles, or forms of paralysis, derive much benefit from a life on the road.*

* At one of the annual dinners of the Caravan Club, the Chairman, Sir James Moody, the eminent brain specialist, said that he knew of no life that gave such a complete brain rest as caravanning, and he confidently recommended it to the busy, overworked, broken-down man

Artists, anglers, photographers and entomologists too are numerous in the ranks of the modern Gypsy; while not a few writers, like the late Dr. Gordon-Stables, find they do their best work on the road in a van.

As I have said, caravanning resembles yachting in many respects, developing very much the same qualities in its devotees. In the first place, caravanning, like yachting, encourages life in the open air, which is so good for all of us, journeys from anchorage to anchorage, pitch to pitch, with restful pauses, and each sport or pastime, as you like to call it, engenders methodically exact and tidy habits, necessitates an intelligent interest being taken in weather signs and warnings, and leads to a general quickening of the useful habit of observation. Self-reliance and resourcefulness are also brought to the fore in the caravan life, as they are in the yachting.

As the active working yachtsman is a better sportsman than the lazy and lethargic, so the caravanner who waits on himself, and is also a keen lover of Nature, will get more real pleasure and health from slowly travelling about the country in his light, yet roomy and unencumbered van, than he who reclines against his saddle-bag chair, thinking chiefly about the next meal his *chef* is preparing at the kitchen-end of his palace-on-wheels, or in the separate culinary vehicle following.

Just as amongst the yachting fraternity you will find an almost infinite variety and types of yachts, so you

or woman. Caravanning, he said, was also an ideal way of carrying out the open-air treatment for those with delicate lungs. It had often struck him, he continued, that many suffering from paralysis and other complaints that rendered them helpless and prevented their seeing the country in the ordinary way, would derive great pleasure and benefit in being conveyed about in this manner, accompanied by a sympathetic and capable nurse.

will come across great differences in "land yachts"—the best name perhaps for up-to-date caravans of the present-day, which include amongst them many dandy and smartly turned-out vehicles.

Because of its unconventionalities, caravanning has become a delightful pursuit and has rapidly come into favour. It has passed through the fiery furnace of public opinion, has cast adrift the shady reputation built up by basket-vendors, itinerant tinkers and roost-robbing Gypsies, and now claims among its patrons the best, most thoughtful and sanest portion of the community.

At one of the annual dinners of the Caravan Club, a distinguished visitor remarked in his speech that when he entered the room he was at once struck by the healthy look of the members and their particularly youthful appearance, though some, to his astonishment, he had found out were over sixty years of age. Perhaps that remark sums up the advantages of caravanning better than anything else I can say, and my somewhat extensive and lengthy knowledge of the road and its frequenters confirms it as being not at all an exaggerated statement. Take up caravanning therefore and renew your youth !

CHAPTER II

THE ROAD AND ITS FASCINATION

"I felt some desire to meet with one of those adventures which upon the roads of England are generally as plentiful as blackberries in autumn."—ROMANY RYE.

A MAN must have been long associated with scenery, and have thought much about it before he begins thoroughly to enjoy it; for it is minute knowledge and long-continued loving industry that makes the real road dilettante. Even then he may not know he does enjoy it until he is removed by circumstances from country to town, when gradually a saddening, deadening process spreads over his nature and he begins to pine for the countryside and the open road.

Yes, the hair has to whiten, and the faculties pass their zenith, before a man can see all in a landscape that is to be seen, and even then he feels in his inmost soul that his true appreciation is only beginning. A child, you will notice, has to come to some considerable years of discretion before he takes the slightest interest in scenery.

We may be always eager to analyse and compare scenery we come upon when on the road in order to give some plausible reasons for the admiration that overcomes us. It is then that we find how difficult it is to

put even approximately into words and sentences the deep-seated feelings and emotions called into play. Some writers attempt word-painting, and more frequently than not run into literary affectations and a pitiable piling up of epithets. The reader of travel books will have noticed that scenery is much the same all the world over—at least, it apparently strikes the beholder in the same manner and inspires him with the same language. It matters not whether the scene of grandeur is in New Zealand or the Rockies ; cliffs beetle (I have never been quite sure what a cliff does when it "beetles," but I never knew a cliff of any pretensions that failed to do so), rocks frown ; the ascent, the descent and the height are all equally giddy ; the water laps its base or tosses clouds of spray to the summit, according to the state of the weather ; and always a seagull—sometimes a seamew—wheels above. In pastoral scenery, a river glides, occasionally steals, through a drowsy meadow : trees bend down their umbrageous branches to the placid flow : and cows—horses never—appear in the middle distance. Or perhaps one reads about the wilder hill-side, and the river changes to a brook, which frets, murmurs, babbles, sparkles, meanders over a rocky bed, amid trees invariably mossed and rocks grey and lichened.

Still, the desire to let others know what we think of a beautiful landscape is most natural and makes the attempt, poor though it be, attractive.

Perhaps one of life's choicest pleasures is to view a beautiful scene in the company of one dear to us with whom we are in perfect harmony. A word here, a glance there, a swift comparison, are then sufficient to place

the two people in perfect unison. They experience the same pleasurable sensation. Such ecstasy of human companionship, however, seldom occurs, and to some it is quite foreign.

The road is a never-ending pleasure. Each little vista, each little glimpse of what lies before us, stimulates an impatient imagination. It is to the innate wandering and uneasy spirit of anticipation that the road ministers.

The fascination of the highway is great. The caravanner may leave the brook-side, or avoid villages and the busy haunts of men, and may wander far afield, but the road is always with him, and if he has the right spirit of the nomad that is sufficient company. From its subtle windings and changes of level, its varying hedge delineations and distant views, there arises a keen, stimulating and continuous interest ever keeping the attention alert and the mind cheerful.

The swing and wilfulness of the road appeals to the spirit of romance within us: and who is there without romance? The very margins of roadside waste, varying in depth as they open out into wide expanses, suggestive of delightful pitching-grounds under sheltering trees, or narrow down to just ribbon adornments of the hedge; they never tire us.

From some elevation on the top of a hill we see the white riband of road lengthening out and bending, looped here and there like a casually thrown whip-lash, cunningly adapting itself to the infinite inequalities of the land, and we become aware of a certain sympathy or mood between ourselves and the road spread out before us. How like our lives, which have to adapt themselves to

circumstances—and how various are those circumstances!

As we think of how that road came there our sympathy with it is increased. We can imagine that the present highway has been developed out of a track spontaneously followed by generation after generation of primitive wayfarers, foot track first, horse track later, wheeled track last. Generations of our ancestors from prehistoric times have been similarly affected at the same ground, and in the same manner as we are affected to-day; they may have thought very much as we do to-day upon the unexplainable charm of the road.

When in the depth of the country the long solitary highway appeals to us with added force. The meeting with a pedestrian is an affair of some moment. We have seen him far off for some time, and have been busy thinking of him: who he is? where he is going to? what is his business? Shall we stop and talk, or merely pass the time of day, hurry on and leave the road in front empty? Such encounters have a wistful interest of which the town-dweller knows nothing and can scarcely appreciate the charm. It is this spirit of *camaraderie* that helps to build up what vigorous, cheerful, loquacious Walt Whitman calls "the cheerful voice of the public road, the gay, fresh sentiment of the road."

The roads are the great network of ways that knit together all human life, from the solitary cottage and remote village to the crowded city. On some of them, therefore, we are never long without the sound of wheels, or the pulsating throb and smell of a motor-car. Folk pass us so quickly that we lose count of their number, and their personality merges into a blur like the spokes

of a rapidly revolving wheel. Roads such as those the caravanner avoids as far as possible, and seeks rather the byways and lanes, which link up isolated clusters of old-world homesteads or solitary farms with the main traffic arteries.

A small, compact, light caravan that can easily penetrate into secluded districts, along narrow lanes shady with over-hanging trees, enables the traveller to see and enjoy more real country than he who owns a more sumptuous and heavier vehicle.

In out-of-the-way parts of England one occasionally meets quite odd persons. I was once walking beside my van in rural Warwickshire, slowly making my way towards Stratford-on-Avon. Not feeling sure of the way through a rather tangled mass of strangely erratic by-lanes, I at last spied, coming towards me, a stout, elderly dame, carrying a market-basket on her arm. I touched my hat as I met her, and said: "Good day. Will you kindly tell me the shortest way to Stratford-on-Avon?" She at once stopped, set her basket down on the road, and replied: "Why, that's the place, isn't it, where the play-actor lived?" To which I replied: "Yes, that's the place I mean."

"Well now," says she, "I've got a portrait of him and the house where he lived framed and hung up over my kitchen fireplace at home, and when my daughter comes to see me, as she does now and then from London, she says——"

Here I interrupted her, for the van was slowly going on some distance ahead and I had not yet had an answer to my simple question. I knew that if I did not stop her I should receive a detailed account of her family history,

MRS. ASHTON CROSS'S VANS AND HER PEKINGESE DOGS

including her daughter-from-London's sayings and doings, so I said, rather abruptly, I fear: "Yes, but will you kindly tell me if I am going the shortest way to Stratford-on-Avon?"

"I really can't tell you, for I was never there in my life"—a remark I thought she might have made at first, as night was falling and I was in a hurry to select a good pitch. Had it been earlier in the day I should have stopped the van and listened to all she had to tell me about her family and children, and no doubt it would have been most descriptive and minute. This garrulous old soul lived no doubt well within twenty miles of Shakspere's birthplace, but her business had probably never necessitated her going there, and she had never troubled herself to consider in which direction it lay.

Those who have not had dealings with people in the real rural parts will hardly credit how little some of them know of their immediate neighbourhood. As I left this old lady, rather unceremoniously I admit, I could see disappointment written large upon her face as she picked up her basket, for obviously she had expected to stay with me a while and have a good "crack," as they say in Ireland.

A caravan, which from its appearance is obviously not a Gypsy van, is still an object of interest in rural England, and people stop to look at it, children run out of cottages with shrill greetings, and nearly everyone on the road, in out-of-the-way spots, of course, is always quite willing to enter into conversation with the caravanner—at least, so I have found.

To enjoy caravanning don't be taciturn. Be affable and agreeable, wear a smile on your face and talk freely

to those who are similarly disposed, and you will never find the road dull.

It is one of the advantages of caravanning that you need never continue a conversation unless you like—you can always move on. Even if you are pitched where unpleasant people obtrude themselves, you need not endure them for long, as next morning at latest you can always change both your society and your scenery.

The leisurely moving caravanner sees scenery in a series of pictures, each separately impressed on his memory. His mind is, as it were, exposed to the landscape as the sensitive plate is exposed in the camera, during which the effect is experienced. It must not be exposed long enough for change to ruin or alter the picture. The scenery and circumstances of each pitch are lastingly fixed on the mind, and can at any moment be recalled. So the caravanner has in his memory a long series of delightful wayside pictures much more vivid and articulate than if he had lived for any considerable term amid the scenes portrayed. He who grows accustomed to any beautiful scene in nature—who has lived amid such from his youth up—has the impression of one day modified and toned down by that of another, until at length the salient, striking, characteristic features of a country are obliterated and only a tame, confused effect remains.

The charm of the road was never better expressed than by R. L. Stevenson in *The Vagabond :*

"Wealth I ask not, hope nor love
Nor a friend to know me ;
All I ask is heaven above
And the road below me."

The caravanner's life is the reverse of the strenuous. He puts hurry behind him : he has no trains to catch : no particular reason for going anywhere in particular : no appointments to keep : no reason for being in at a certain hour : no meals getting cold at the table : he is never locked out at night. He will encamp at one place for an hour or two. At another place that takes his fancy, and that suits his peculiar mood of the moment, he will stay days, until there comes—as sure it will—the whispering Road Sprite, and he must be up once more, over the hills and far away, for the view from his van door has been seen too often and has become too familiar for his peace of mind.

It is remarkable how quickly the old stager falls into the spirit of wheeled vagabondage when he takes to the road after a spell—even a long spell—in a house. By the evening of the first day he is once more at home. The trammels of society drop from him like icicles before a hot fire : the simplicity of the life appeals to his senses with renewed vivifying force : the house he has left, with its ninety-nine per cent of furniture and fittings, which are quite unnecessary for existence, fades rapidly away into the dim azure of the past : he breathes more freely, inflates his lungs more, and tells his dog, who understands every word, as he would tell no human being, just the delightful thoughts that surge up of the happy time in front of them. The answering wag of that dog's tail indicates fully that he is in perfect sympathy with his master's opinion on the advantages of caravan- over and above house-life.

CHAPTER III

HOME CAMPS

I sing the song of the roomy van,
  And the free life under the stars :
Apart from the haunts of busy man,
Where health I get and a face of tan,
  And naught on my spirit jars.

The road I love and its winding way,
  The midday halt, the simple food,
The sunset glow, the glist'ning Bay,
The pitch on the heath at close of day,
  And rustling trees in the wood.*

WE English people by no means appreciate as we should the beauties of the home land. I believe there are some people who hate their own country, as some women do their own husbands, only for being too near them.

" While we find God's signet
  Fresh on English ground,
  Why go gallivanting
  With the nations round ? " †

We go far afield and explore the globe from north to south, east to west, whilst the delightfuily charming and varied scenery of our own beautiful country lies almost, if not quite, neglected.

* Set to music by Heller Nicholls, and published by Bach & Co.
† Kingsley.

" England! thou hast within thy wave-girt isle
Scenes of magnificence and beauty rare,
Too often scorn'd by thy ungrateful sons;
Who leave, unseen, thy lovely hills and vales,
And seek for pleasure 'neath a foreign sky." *

The advice given long ago by that quaint worthy, Thomas Fuller, holds good to-day: " Know most of the rooms of the native land, before thou goest over the threshold thereof; especially seeing England presents thee with so many observables." And to my mind there is no more agreeable or enjoyable method of observing the " observables " than by taking a caravan tour through some portion of this beautiful country of ours. The enjoyment of a caravan tour cannot be adequately described. The continued change of scene, and the fact of being out entirely in the pure, fresh air, and carrying with you, without fatigue, your usual essential home-comforts, are factors making for real pleasure of an intensity that the town-dweller, in his sanest intervals, does not even imagine.

A caravan journey once experienced can never be forgotten by man or woman in whom is the least suggestion of the *wanderlust*. " No other holiday can equal that spent in a caravan, but the feeling you acquire that you can never live within walls again has the tendency to turn you into what house-folks call a 'fresh-air' fiend." †

People who go a-caravanning should not expect anything but caravanning. They are not going to live in a Ritz hotel, where every luxury is at their beck and call, and where obsequious attendants even anticipate

* Rogerson.

† *Five Women and a Caravan*, Countess Russell, London, 1911.

their wants. You don't dress for dinner in a caravan—you dress for breakfast—at anyrate I do!

To go in for golf and to complain of the distance that has to be walked, to play football and object to bruises, seems absurd; and yet such objections are by no means unheard of. Deliberately to take a long voyage, and then abuse its monotony, is common.

> "Life at sea has a natural monotony
> Of which 'twere irrational to complain:
> You cannot, for instance, study botany
> As in an English country lane.
> But the mind is superior to distance
> With its own reminiscences stored,
> Not to mention the spiritual assistance
> We derived from a clergyman on board."*

Therefore do not go in for the life on the road without expecting its ups and downs. Were it always a dead level the monotony would soon satiate you and clog your appetite; but it is not. You must take the ups with the downs, and in a happy frame of mind make the best of things as you find them, or as they find you.

Caravanning is a great test of character. "Folks live very close in a cart. If a person's got a fault, it'll come out six times as quick in a cart as it would in a six-roomed house," says David Christie Murray, in his novel about showmen, *The Church of Humanity*.

Faults and deficiencies in temperament rise quickly to the surface; but so do the good traits, such as forbearance and unselfishness. A selfish companion in a caravan becomes unbearable. Van life is, of all lives, that in which the small virtues, and the little amenities that grease the wheels of social intercourse, are most appreciated and valued. "If," writes Countess Russell,

* *Poison Island*. By Q.

" you go on such a tour as ours, choose good-tempered, useful companions, who will keep cheerful under all circumstances, and be ready and willing to put their hands to any necessary work. If they are blessed with good heads, so much the better."*

Friendship can never be made of more lasting a character than in van life, for travellers get to know one another intimately when on the road.

It is a good plan when on a caravan trip for each member of the party to take a share in the daily work, and to know definitely what that work is. " Britannia washes and the Queen wipes " (in *Sweet Lavender* the tossing of a coin determined who should wash the cups and saucers and who wipe them,) is a principle much more applicable to the road than the Temple, in order to avoid friction. Then, too, there should always be a boss, captain or head to a caravan party, whose word is law, and whose division of labour should be implicitly and unhesitatingly obeyed. A simple and clear understanding to this effect before starting will save much unpleasantness afterwards.

The pleasure of camp-life depends very much upon one's companions. Therefore, in the choosing of companions on the road, care is necessary. Old stagers are not so ready to take the first novice that offers to accompany them. A good companionable friend in town, an excellent talker in a club smoking-room, doesn't always make a desirable fellow-traveller in a caravan or camp. Apparent churlishness in not at once jumping at an offer to share a caravan trip is simply wisdom for both parties to the contract, and is rather commendable caution than stand-offishness. To be a desirable companion on the

* *Five Women and a Caravan.*

road you must be made of the right stuff, able to endure some inconveniencies at times, perhaps occasional discomfort, without expressing it and without grumbling. Even in the best-arranged caravan things do go contrariwise at times, drivers are not always perfection, and a run of ill-luck may prevail. The fellow who will treat such untoward circumstances as a joke, and bear real calamity or accident as a gentleman, is the desirable individual to have with one in van and camp. You need as companions good-hearted, manly fellows, ready at all times to take things as they come, to do their fair share of the work—pleasant and unpleasant—and not to argue too much about it.

Besides appearing in many modern novels (some by authors who have never travelled in a van to my certain knowledge) the caravan has made its entrance into everyday life. It has figured in several musical comedies where the Gypsy element has predominated, and it has recently been seen in some modern plays. In the four-act play, *When the Devil was Ill*, by Charles McEvoy (London, 1908), the chief interest centres round a caravan. The second act is set in a chalk-pit, near Cheddar, Somerset, and the stage directions read : " Back behind the trees to the left is just visible the front part of a Gypsy's caravan, with the shafts chained up and a wooden step-ladder leading to the door, which is closed. To the right, a little back, is an open fire, with a pot hanging above it from an iron crook ; while still further to the right is a Gypsy's tent—the usual dome-shaped erection, made of bent-over nut-boughs covered with blankets. Around the van lie a few pots and pans, a couple of wooden soap-boxes for seats, and a sack of fodder."

CHAPTER IV

THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF THE CARAVAN

"Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think; but thousands can think for one who can see."—Ruskin's *Modern Painters*.

A LAZY, loafing life is caravanning in the eyes of many most respectable, stay-at-home people, who regard any departure from the rules and regulations of their upbringing as doubtful, perhaps immoral. But those eyes are surely purblind, most certainly erring, and need correcting spectacles. Sweeping generalities are more often wrong than right, for the fact is that modern caravanners are among the most law-abiding, peaceful and moral portion of the community.

I feel a sort of sympathetic sorrow for these good, old-fashioned folk, for it is one of the most humiliating confessions that every thoughtful person has to make—the absolute relativeness of right and wrong, of the proper and improper. It was not difficult, for instance, in the early Victorian era for young women to transgress the arbitrary code of a prudish epoch when to choose a hansom instead of a four-wheeler was to be "fast," and to smoke cigarettes scarcely heard of. To live in "digs" was unknown in respectable society, and a separate latch-key a sign of incipient immorality. The present generation has lived to see all this, and much else, changed.

Taxis are used by women, equally with men; bus-tops are variegated with both sexes; the cigarettes of the fair and unfair sex mingle, post-prandially; young women live in flats like bachelors; and ladies' clubs, unknown when Victoria ascended the throne, are common. The climax, in the eyes of the old-fashioned and censorious, has come—women actually go alone on caravan tours! I know a mother and her two daughters who "van" alone, without even a servant to look after their two horses.

Caravan life is not perhaps actively strenuous, obtrusively hustling; but it is a life where there is sufficient regular occupation to keep the body in health, whilst the mental resources may be strengthened and renewed.

They whom the world calls idle often do the most.

> "How various his employments whom the world
> Calls idle: and who, justly, in return
> Esteems the busy world an idler too."*

A village pond, a wood, a hedgerow, a bubbling brook, encloses whole shelves of books, which Nature leaves free to be absorbed by all.

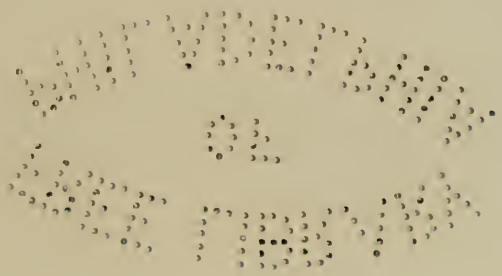
> "And thus our life, exempt from public haunts,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."†

Class distinctions, accidents of aristocratic or plebeian birth, go straight into the melting pot, and the individual that emerges therefrom is all that Nature cares about. Caravanning is a democratic pastime.

It is impossible that the caravan mode of life, so

* Cowper, *The Task*, bk. iii. *The Garden.*
† Shakspere, *As You Like It.* Act iii. Sc. i.

MISS H. S. MANFIELD'S *LORNA DOONE*



different to any other, should not, in the long run, exert a perceptible influence on the minds subjected to it. Even a short holiday in a van will show remarkable results.

The nature of this influence will depend on the character of the mind. What is repose to one is rust to another; what is a stimulus to one is merely distraction to another. The action of a crowded town on a sluggish nature will ordinarily be beneficial: the action of a van-tour in rural districts on the same temperament may lead to the gradual rusting of many of its faculties. But in the case of highly-strung, excitable natures, the repose of the country may serve to check that frittering away of time and energy which town life, with its huge array of occupations, cherishes and exaggerates. Dr. Johnson and Wordsworth will always remain types of different classes of minds. The class of person who thinks no holiday so delightful as that passed at Margate or Brighton in the height of the "season" is not exactly the class that will find a caravan tour captivating. The artistic temperament and the highly intellectual will always find solace and time for contemplation in a van-tour in out-of-the-way districts. To some people it is an ecstatic, unmitigated joy—absorbing, complete—to be simply alone with Nature. There comes a time in the lives of most of us when we get weary of the companionship of even our friends, to say nothing of the vapid conversation of mere acquaintances. The "small talk" and the usual trivial and frivolous observations of social intercourse jar on our nerves and create a distinct loathing, a keen desire to throw off the conventional shackles, and be, even if only for a short time, free.

"For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return."*

For the late Andrew Lang, primitive man and his nomadic habits had a positive fascination. In verse, typical of his delightfully humorous vein, he showed how an ancestry † quitting nomadic for civilised life had, in his own case, entailed his becoming a man of letters.

"Ye wanderers that were my sires
Who read mens' fortunes in the hand:
Who voyaged with your smithy fires
From waste to waste across the land;
Why did you leave for garth and town
Your life by heath and river's brink;
Why lay your gipsy freedom down
And doom your child to Pen and Ink?" ‡

What a delightful companion Andrew Lang would have been in a caravan, and how he would have revelled in the free and easy Bohemian life!

There is one wholesome lesson everyone learns when caravanning—to think more, to talk less. When you have leisure to be with Nature and observe the endless arrangements for the attainment of her set purposes—often through devious and strange paths—speech seems out of place. You feel much more than you can say. The nomad, in the course of time, becomes taciturn—not morose—that is quite another thing.

You will find the genuine, ordinary tramp a quiet man, and he takes a lot of coaxing before you can get him to talk—that is to talk truly and not lie to you.

* Milton, *Paradise Lost*, bk. ix l. 249.

† "It has been a tradition in the Lang family that they originally came from Bohemia," says Sir Lauder Brunton, in a letter to *The Times*, July 30, 1912.

‡ *Grass of Parnassus* (1892), p. 28.

The absolutely peaceful surroundings afforded by rural England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, in their lonely recesses, are an antidote to this current irritating restlessness of the present day, and the most delightfully beneficial way of reinstating our nervous equilibrium.

We are apt to lose the powers of observation in this highly civilised state in which we live, and the loss is more detrimental to character than many of us appreciate. To restore these dormant powers, and in many cases initiate them, for they may have become so blunted as practically to have disappeared, is not the least of the many benefits of caravanning.

Most of us know the feeling of going into the open air on a sunny morning in the country—the variety and play of living things of all kinds, and the strange way in which you seem to live more consciously because you are a part of that abounding animal and vegetable energy which confronts you on every side. If that delicious feeling of freshness and rejuvenescence is felt by the town-dweller, who in the country goes out into the open air from a more or less stuffy bedroom, how intensified is that feeling in the case of the caravanner who at day-break awakens far away from any human dwelling. He draws the curtain from his open window, and gazes out on Nature at the brightest and freshest period of her daily life. If it has rained in the night, the racy home-liness of the scent of damp earth assails his senses and stirs his soul with an irrepressible feeling of how good life can be. The awakening of birds and their twitter around the van, combined with the strange signs of early morning, can never be realised by a dweller in a house.

A van goes right out into Nature's arms and assimilates the wild surroundings.

All knowledge is power, and the greatest knowledge is chiefly obtained by personal observation, and there is no place better for this acquisition than in van-life. The reason why Gypsies are such good fortune-tellers is that their mode of life has led to the development of the powers of observation. They can tell from the expression of a face, or at any rate shrewdly guess, what trials, illnesses and experiences have been passed through. They can, with a good deal of truth, tell of the tendencies of the persons before them. All this is thought occult and mysterious. It is not. It is simple and natural. Lead a van-life and use your faculties, think deeply, you will have plenty of time to do so, and you, too, will become a fortune-teller.

Many a man is learned in books and has read for years and years by daylight and candlelight, yet he is useless. When he is set to do any work, any practical good in the world, he is useless. He needs a spell of caravanning all by himself. He *knows* about all sorts of things, but he cannot *do* them. He is a pedant, because he has not used his eyes, his ears and his other senses.

He has lived in books and knows nothing of the world around him, of living men and women, their habits of life, traits, customs or ways. In the race of life, which each year gets more strenuous, he is left behind by many an inferior but shrewder fellow who has kept his eyes open, who is always picking up new facts and pigeonholing them in his brain for ready reference, who is always making practical observations, but who is not half as book-learned. The habit of putting two and two

together and making four is not so easy in actual life—so many people make five of it—and some three.

Let it not be thought, in connection with this subject, that it is necessary to run down book-learning—far from it. The more book-learning the better, but book-learning alone is of little use to fight life's battles. We have now had in this country for some years compulsory education: but have the School Boards turned out a plethora of capable boys and girls fit to maintain themselves in these jostling days? Where are thorough domestic servants gone? Where are our capable, even ordinary cooks? I venture to assert that already among the Boy Scouts—whose rock-bed foundation of education is camp-life and the cultivation of the powers of observation—are to be found better cooks than many a woman who registers herself at an office as proficient.

I have often camped with Boy Scouts, and know it. I have eaten potatoes and simple dishes more nourishingly and appetisingly prepared when camping with them than I have in many a middle-class home. "The man or woman who has never lived in camp has missed one of the greatest pleasures on earth," wrote Sir R. Baden-Powell. "It is a clean and healthy life for the soul, as well as for the body;" and, I may add, the most truly educational in the world.

Lord Rosebery, in speaking of the Boy Scout movement in Scotland (July 20th, 1912), said: "If I were to form the highest ideal for my country it would be that it should be a nation of which the manhood was exclusively composed of men who had been Boy Scouts, and who were trained in the Boy Scout theories."

Now, when you come to think of it, the art of learning

consists mainly of the art of observing, and nowhere is that art acquired more easily or thoroughly than in caravan or camp life. Hence the importance of camping-out for youngsters. The boy who lets his eye run lazily down the page of a book picks up knowledge less quickly than he who observes the actual letters and the sentences with nice discrimination. Everything, therefore, that helps a boy's powers of observation helps his powers of learning. It is in teaching Boy Scouts the inestimable value of their faculties of observation that the chief good of this excellent movement lies. The logical deductions I have known even small Boy Scouts make in camp from observed facts have often astonished me.

This modern endeavour, by means of camping-out and such like out-of-doors employment, to make the rising generation more observant, more practical, is not new. The novelty lies in the fact that now only is the principle being carried into practice on any considerable scale.

In the early Victorian era a little book appeared that had some vogue, and, in its day, was much used in schools for young people of both sexes. This may fairly be said to be one of the foundation stones upon which the great Boy Scout movement has been laid. It was called *Evenings at Home*, and in it was a delightful story, called "Eyes and No Eyes," written to awaken young England and to make it observant and scientific. It laid the seed of a healthy, patriotic plant, the fruit of which Sir R. Baden-Powell and other advocates of out-door life and camping are now reaping. It is to us, in these days, extremely quaint, very old-fashioned, prosy; but nevertheless a right good story, told directly, simply, and in plain-spoken, unadorned English.

It begins :

"Well, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon ?" said Mr. Andrews, to one of his pupils at the close of a holiday.

Oh ! Robert had been to Brownheath, and round the Campmount, and home through the meadows. But it was very dull ; he hardly saw a single person. He had rather by half have gone by the turnpike road.

"But where is William ?"

Oh ! William started with him, but was so tedious—always stopping to look at this thing and that—that he preferred walking alone, and so went on.

Presently, in comes Master William, dressed, no doubt, as boys used to be dressed eighty years ago, in his frill collar and skeleton monkey-jacket, with light trousers, not coming down to his ankles, buttoned over it, and a pair of low shoes that always come off in heavy ground. Terribly dirty and wet he is ; but he never had such a pleasant walk in his life, and has brought home a handkerchief full of curiosities.

He has got a piece of mistletoe, and wants to know what it is ; has seen a woodpecker and wheatear, and got strange flowers off the heath ; has hunted a peewit because he thought its wing was broken, till of course it led him into a bog, and wet he got. He did not mind, however, for in the bog he encountered an old man cutting turf, who told him all about turf-cutting, and gave him an adder. Then he went up a hill, and saw a grand prospect, and wanted to go again and make out the geography of the county by Carey's old county-map, which was the only map in those days. The place was called Campmount, and he looked for a Roman camp

and found one. Then he went to the river, and saw twenty things more—and so on and so on—until he brought home curiosities enough and thoughts enough to last him a week.

Whereupon Mr. Andrews, who seems a sensible enough old gentleman, tells him all about his curiosities: and then it turns out that Master William has been over exactly the same ground as Master Robert, who saw nothing at all. In his solemn, old-fashioned way, Mr. Andrews says:

"So it is, one man walks through the world with his eyes open, another with them shut, and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge which one man acquires over another. I have known sailors who had been in all quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling houses and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, Franklin could not cross the Channel without making observations useful to mankind. While many a vacant and thoughtless man is whirled through Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing the street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble. Do you then, William, continue to make use of your eyes; and you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use."

Some readers are probably saying by this time: you make too much of training the powers of observation. The ordinary school education is sufficient and inculcates all that is required. I say distinctly it does not. The great bulk of the people are still singularly deficient in this respect. Every judge—High Court and County Court—knows this. The failing is particularly noticeable

and notorious in what are known as "running-down" cases. In such law-suits, even where many persons actually saw the accident happen, the contradictory nature of the evidence is often startling, and powerfully illuminates the point. Six witnesses will swear positively that the damaged vehicle was close to the near-kerb at the moment of the collision; whilst six equally unbiassed, and presumably equally intelligent, witnesses will positively swear it was in the middle of the roadway. I have heard a judge of the High Court in one of these cases say to the jury:

"You have heard five witnesses swear to one set of facts: you have heard seven witnesses swear to diametrically the opposite. They are all apparently equally unbiassed and reliable, so probably you had better follow the opinion of the majority." And they did.

In the years that are coming, when the present Boy Scouts have grown up and more and more people have lived a caravanning or a camping-out life, we may expect much more reliable and dependable evidence upon matters of fact being tendered in our law courts. The trammels of highly civilised life, admirable in many directions, are dwarfing in others.

The uncertainty of human testimony is by no means confined to the law courts. Even where there exists no conceivable motive to disguise the truth, remarkable divergences sometimes have arisen in other walks of life. Here also the fault lies in the want of a proper cultivation of the powers of observation.

It is recorded that no less than three general officers gave the *exact* time at which the Battle of Waterloo began.

There was *only* the difference of an hour and a half

between the three accounts! Yet none would doubt the veracity of any of the three. They scrupulously asserted what they absolutely believed to be the truth.

Sir Walter Raleigh cast the manuscript of his second volume of the *History of the World* into the fire exclaiming:

"Here am I pretending to describe what took place three thousand years ago, and I cannot get at the precise truth of a brawl which happened under my own window only three minutes ago."

But we may be hopeful. Anyone can cultivate the powers of observation, not only the clever but those of quite medium intelligence.

Many years ago I was staying at the Windsor Hotel, in Montreal, and noticed that the negro custodian of the hats had, by constant practice, acquired a truly marvellous memory for faces and hats.

He associated each hat with its possessor, and never forgot the connection. Indeed, unless I had many times witnessed his dexterity in handing the right hat to its owner without mistake, or even hesitation, I should have deemed such skill impossible. In the long corridor just outside the large dining-room were wide open shelves, and as you went in for a meal this nigger would take your hat from your hands, look at it, look at you, and then place your hat on a shelf among hundreds of others. Having breakfasted or dined, as the case may be, upon leaving the room and entering the corridor, he would just glance at you and then go straight to the spot on the long shelves where he has placed your hat and, taking it up, hand it back to you with a polite bow. In order to test him I once resorted to a trick. As I was about

MEET AT COULSDON, SURREY, SIR JAMES MOODY'S VAN ON RIGHT

to enter the dining-room, and after he had placed my hat on the shelf, whilst he was attending to another visitor, and not looking at me, I deliberately exchanged my own hat for another lying on the shelf close by. After dining, I came out again into the corridor. The hat-custodian, after the usual glance at my face, went straight to the spot on the shelves where he had placed my head-gear and then paused, whilst a puzzled look spread over his face. He looked at me again, and then at the shelf. In a moment his face resumed its ordinary aspect, for he had noticed my hat in a position other than that where he knew he had previously placed it. Saying: "Why, someone has been fooling here," he took up my own hat and handed it to me. At that time there were between two and three hundred men using the dining-room for each meal—most of whom were, like myself, birds of passage. The marvellous nature of the performance is evident.

Wonderful though it seems, the result of the training of his powers of observation with regard to hats and faces of this Canadian nigger is typical merely of many other examples of the same faculty. The experienced doctor notes the face, the expression, the carriage, the style of the patient entering his consulting-room, and detects the presence of certain diseases, where the lay eye sees nothing unusual.

Army men and detectives take an interest in features, and have trained themselves to remember faces in a remarkable manner. The sailor will see and actually describe objects on the horizon long before the average passenger can see anything at all.

The artist detects badly drawn legs and limbs, and is

painfully aware of false perspective, where the casual gallery-lounger may see only idyllic perfection. The eye can be educated to see certain things, just as the hand can be taught to write. Practice makes perfect, or as nearly perfect as humans can attain to, and this is just as true in the case of the eye as of other organs. The eyes of children will adapt themselves in time to books and type if they have not already done so, just as the sailor's eye has been trained to see atmospheric phenomena. Sailors were not always sailors; they were ordinary children once, with ordinary eyes like other youngsters.

If a savage had to find a reversed "S" in a page of type, the tears would run from his eyes in the endeavour: yet a Fleet Street compositor notices the errant letter at a glance. The same savage would probably distinguish a Trarú (eagle-bird of the plains) from a horseman on the horizon of the prairie, when it would be merely a black object to the compositor or any other white man. This is by no means saying that the eye of the savage is better than that of the compositor. Each is in good working order in its own particular line of life.

The idea that the eyes of savages are so much better and trustworthy than those of civilised men is not altogether correct. Mr. W. H. Hudson, in his admirably scientific, and at the same time most interesting, *Idle Days in Patagonia*, devotes some pages to this question of sight in savages which are well worth perusal.

A gaucho, seeing an educated Englishman wearing spectacles, burst into an intemperate laugh. "Why do you always wear those eye-hiding glasses straddled across your nose? Are they supposed to make a man

look handsomer or wiser than his fellows; or do you, a sensible person, really believe that you can see better than another man because of them? If so, then all I can say is that it is a fable, a delusion. No man can believe such a thing."

To this the Englishman replied: "How do you know that your own eyesight has not degenerated with time?"

The gaucho laughed a loud, scornful laugh. "What, see better with this thing!" And he took the spectacles up gingerly, held them up to examine them, and finally put them on his nose.

Now, strange to say, but it is absolutely true, this particular pair of glasses exactly suited his defective vision, which, quite unknown to him, had probably been decaying for years.

"Angels of Heaven! what is this I see? What makes the trees look so green? They were not so green before, or so distinct. I can count the leaves! And the cart over there; why it is as red as blood!" And to satisfy himself that it had not just been freshly painted he ran over to it and placed his hands on the wood.

The habit of observation is quite a modern product. The accounts of travel in early days are sadly deficient in detail. St. Paul, who was probably the greatest traveller of his time, had apparently never trained his powers of observation. He never once gives us any account of a scene. So far as we know from his writings, all the wondrous landscapes and seascapes were featureless, or else he was too occupied with other and more exalted matters to take the trouble to record them. We would give much nowadays to know what his real opinions were of the scenery, manners and customs he

saw. A full account of his shipwreck would be interesting reading. Yes, we often wish the great preacher to the Gentiles had had his observing faculties more trained.

Introspection has had its day, and a long day it has been. The time of increased attention to detail and practical observation is upon us, and modern caravanning is merely a sign of the times. Just fancy, that most prolific author, Jane Austen, never went abroad, and there is not a single person in her big portrait gallery who is not thoroughly English. Like most of the novelists of her time, she sadly lacked the powers of observing nature.

Observation, in its modern significance, was almost unknown to the old writers. Shakspere could delineate character and analyse passions and feelings, but apparently was himself no great observer of facts.

Shakspere's fool in the forest was a curious mixture of the superficially observant man and the genuine imbecile :

> " He hath strange places crammed
> With observation, the which he vents
> In mangled forms."

He had observed that ;

> " If ladies be but young and fair
> They have the gift to know it,"

and yet he knew not the meaning and method of using the sundial, or he would not have kept one for use in his pocket, carefully secluded from the sun's rays :

> " And then he drew a dial from his poke,
> And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
> Says very wisely, ' It is ten o'clock ;
> Thus we may see,' quoth he, ' how the world wags :
> And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
> And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
> And thereby hangs a tale.' "

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," and then, according to Shakspere, observes very little, for it lets imagination have full play:

"And gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

Perhaps Shakspere, after all, was a keenly observant person himself and meant to satirise the lack of that quality in the people of his day. He may have been a merry wag, merely—or Bacon—but that is best left alone.

Hogarth was a man born out of his time, and the power of observation discernible in his drawings have made them immortal—they will never stale. He couldn't spell; but he could draw.

With few exceptions (*e.g.* Sir Francis Bacon, Sir Thomas Browne), during the Middle Ages man lived enveloped in a caul. He had not the habit of observation. He had not seen the beauty of the world, or had seen it only to cross himself and turn aside, tell his beads and pray. Like St. Bernard, he travelled along the shores of Lake Leman, noticing neither the azure of the waters, the luxuriance of the vines, nor the radiance of the mountains, with their robe of sun and snow, but bent a thought-burdened forehead over the neck of his mule.

The twentieth century promises to be *the* century of marvellous scientific advancement in all directions. In other words, on all sides we see signs of increased attention being given to the habit of observation: and caravanning is distinctly one of the means by which this is to be achieved. If for no other reason, therefore, caravanning has come to stay.

CHAPTER V

IN TOUCH WITH NATURE

Who free as I, beneath the sky ?
With face of tan, snug in my van ;
Daily I roam, never from home.
Happy my lot, if cold or hot ;
Simple my fare, bird, fish, or hare.
My dog and I scorn passers by.
Quietude's best, fresh air and rest.
Tame other life, breathing of strife.
Resist it who can, the life of the van ?

NO day can be wholly profane in which we have given heed to and considered some natural object. Most days on the road are Sabbaths. The soughing of the wind in the trees ; the song of the birds ; the waving wheat field ; the reflection of trees and rushes in glassy ponds ; the hedgerows bustling with life of plant and busy insect ; the green carpeted stretches of roadside waste ; the myriad glows of sunset and sunrise, seen by few but just as beautiful and mysterious ; the Queen and Huntress chaste and fair ; these are the mystic music and pictures of the oldest, most ancient religion, and the caravanner knows it better than the generality of people. Nature is loved by what is best in us, small as the fraction may be. It is loved as the abiding place of God, the city of the Infinite. We feel this deep down in our being and believe it with our souls,

but we seldom, if ever, express it, or even formulate it in words. We are too clumsy for such a topic.

As Olive Schreiner says :

" It is not he who praises nature, but he who lies continually on her breast and is satisfied, who is actually united to her."

From whatever cause it be, as soon as men begin to write on nature they fall into pedantry. Frivolity is a most insulting tribute to Pan, who ought to be represented in our mythology as the most continent of gods. Do we not all feel that, analogous to the deceits in life, there is a similar effect on the eye from the face of external nature ? There is in woods, lakes, streams, and even the winding road, a certain enticement and flattery, together with a distinctly felt failure to yield a present satisfaction. This disappointment is felt in every landscape, every seascape, every vista of road scenery.

It is the same among the men and women as among the silent trees and fields ; always a preferred existence, an obscure, never a real presence and complete satisfaction. Past, and to come, seem best ; things present worst. Is it because beauty can never be grasped ? Is it because beauty in persons and in landscapes is equally inaccessible ? The accepted and betrothed lover has lost the wildest charm of his maiden in the mere fact of her acceptance of him. She was his goddess in highest heaven whilst he pursued her as a star ; she can no longer be immaculate if she stoops to such a one as he. Man is a hunting animal—he must always be hunting—catching the quarry is quite subsidiary. Things are " sweeter unpossessed."

The wisdom then of our being unable adequately to

grasp Nature is evident. To the intelligent, Nature converts herself into a vast promise, and will not be rashly explained, certainly not fulfilled. Her secret is untold. We cannot discuss the question. We cannot bandy words with Nature, or size her up and deal with her as we deal with persons. If we are insistent, and measure our individual forces against hers, we may easily feel as if we were the sport of an insuperable destiny. If we placidly, without questioning or cavil, allow the inexpressible charms of Nature to permeate our being, we shall find the peace of the morning dwelling in our hearts, a present sanity to expose and awe the insanity of men. Feelings such as these, sacred sentiments quite inexpressible of this character, become inherent and make the caravanner go on his way rejoicing.

A van is the ideal place from which to observe Nature. It may be while travelling slowly, simply crawling along country lanes, with the smell of the road and herbage in one's nostrils, or even more leisurely when pitched on some isolated spot beneath trees.

I was once pitched in Kent, in an absolutely lonely place, with no house within a mile or even a cottage near. Sounds there were none, except that of gulls and other birds. There were no passers-by, for the road led to nowhere. For a day or two I saw nobody, save once a shepherd who was tending some sheep on the side of the valley. He leant upon his long staff, and gazed with wondering eyes and mystified silence at the strange sight of a caravan in his solitudes ; but he had to go whither his sheep led him to browse on the downs above. I was then alone ; quite, if I except " Caravan Jack," my rough-haired English terrier—who, by-the-by, is so like

the late king's dog that once, when walking about London with him, I heard people call after him "Cæsar," to which not even his tail answered. What is a king to him when his loved master is by him! Just outside the door of my van was a pear tree, for I was near a small isolated garden plantation, and the doings of some sparrows interested me vastly. One evening of my stay there, having nothing else to do or occupy me, I paid close and unremitting attention to those birds.

I know I am in the minority, but the minority has a right to be heard. Unlike the majority I like the sparrow —tree and house of that ilk—and sternly deprecate the war of oppression to which he is subjected. If many people had their way the sparrow would be exterminated and become as dead as are the Dodo and Large Copper butterfly, nowadays solely represented by preserved specimens in museums. Sparrow Matches are, I consider, a disgrace to our country, and Sparrow Clubs I abhor.

Why will people thus spasmodically kill, kill, kill some particular unfortunate species, and thereby ruthlessly and thoughtlessly endeavour to upset the equilibrium of Nature? Nemesis, in some form or other, always follows such unthinking narrow-mindedness. It is far better, aye, and safer too, to let Nature alone, and not to attempt to interfere with her wise laws, which are far more subtle than some of us realise. Ruthlessly cut down the trees in a country and drought follows.

Sparrows have now for years past been treated by many, in this and other countries, with systematic and deliberate cruelty. They are shot wholesale; trapped, in season and out of season. There is no close time for sparrows. Not only are their nests sought after and destroyed,

but when eggs, and even young, are in them they meet with the same dreadful fate. Every man's hand is against the sparrow.

The common or garden "gardener" is the especial enemy of the sparrow. He classes the poor bird with such " varmits " as cats, boys and dogs, and is never so happy as when shooting them or destroying their nests. Yet gardens are full of sparrows, who come to eat, not the buds but the grubs—if he only knew it—which he does not.

Well, that evening in May, as I remained perfectly still, smoking my pipe (having sent my dog inside to lie down: " Go to bed," I say to him, and he does) and watching the pear tree, I saw a great commotion among the leaves.

The sparrows were agitated at one particular spot, as if a bird were violently fluttering its wings and making a terrible " to do." After this excitement had continued for a few seconds a sparrow jumped to the ground and obviously, even conspicuously, swallowed. The bird then went to another pear tree, also close at hand, and pursued the same tactics. He hopped right into the middle of the thickest leafy place on the branches, and again there was a rapid and tremendous fluttering of his wings, creating a whirlwind among the leaves. Again he fell with a swoop to the ground, and ate what I then saw was a small white caterpillar. The sparrow had found out, by some marvellous method of putting two and two together, that by perching amongst the leaves and violently fluttering his wings he dislodged toothsome morsels that fell to the ground, and that this was the easiest way of gathering provender for himself and his

MR. W. J. EDGE'S VAN PITCHED AT THE MEET AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON, 1912

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

family. Who will say after this that the sparrow is devoid of brains ? These pear trees had many curled-up leaves, in the centre of each curl being a destructive caterpillar, and the wise bird had discovered this way of shaking them out of their cosy quarters.

Like the dog the sparrow is the inseparable companion of man. In most places all over the world, where man is there is the sparrow. In some countries he is far tamer than here. At an hotel in Stockholm, when having breakfast on the verandah in the month of June, I was greatly surprised at one or two sparrows alighting on the table and sharing my meal with me. They were not intrusive, but when I threw a crumb of bread in their direction, they, with modest diffidence, advanced on the tablecloth and took the desired morsel. This delightful freedom from fear on the part of the Swedish sparrow—owing probably to the long, tedious, taming winter—is not the least of the attractions of the beautiful Venice of the North.

Yes, I maintain that sparrows do more good than harm in the world, so leave them alone. What the swallow tribe does in country districts in killing untold quantities of flies while on the wing, the sparrow does to a considerable extent in our London squares and parks ; and besides killing flies, the sparrow works industriously in searching every evergreen bush, jessamines, Virginia-creepers, lilac bushes and every crevice in old walls, in search of spiders, green-fly, daddy-longlegs, earwigs, and such like small fry, to afford toothsome morsels for the family.

From the windows and door of a van many things may be seen that come not within the ken of the town-dweller !

Mr. T. A. Dring, of Trowbridge, caravanned in the New Forest, in order to study the problem of mechanical flight by observing closely the flight of insects, and especially those that hover.

"You see," he said, "the fundamental defect in all flying machines is the apparent impossibility of combining direct lift and horizontal progression. The aëroplane refuses to rise vertically or to poise. The helicopter will rise and remain poised in the air, but it refuses to travel forward. Nature has solved the problem in the hovering insect, the secret of whose flight I have at last ascertained." He has been studying the subject for some twenty years, and hopes to secure the safety of the flying machine of the future. If caravanning has contributed to such a result in the smallest degree it is surely greatly to its credit.

CHAPTER VI

THE FUTURE OF CARAVANNING

AT present, in this country, caravan dwellers seem roughly to fall into two classes. There is the gentleman of the road, who travels for pleasure, health, or for seeing rural Great Britain and Ireland. He may combine his journeyings with indulging in his favourite hobby—it may be sketching, painting, collecting butterflies and moths ; or it may be photography, and so on. All these pursuits and hobbies are admirable adjuncts of the caravanner's life, and lend great gusto to the daily routine on the road. He may be a collector of old china or old furniture, pewter or brass candlesticks, rushlight holders, or fire-backs and dogs. Many a good curio has been picked up from wayside cottages in parts of the country far away from the main thoroughfares. It is simply endless the scope and variety of the pleasures which the caravanner can enjoy in following the bent of his mind, whether as a worker or as a mere student of nature—human and otherwise.

A well-known architect of my acquaintance has a beautifully fitted-up caravan with inclined drawing-board and table, etc. Everything is so arranged that he can carry on his professional duties, and when he is engaged on a building in the country he goes and lives beside his

work, thus having his home-living comforts with him all the same time. Compare this with the case of an architect who has to pay repeated visits to a country building in course of construction, and return each night to a stuffy hotel or inn. The advantage to an architect who is a caravanner is obvious.

Then there is another class, the hawker, who takes out a hawker's licence, and is consequently permitted to sell articles from his van as he roams the country. This class, the tinker class it is popularly called, has, up to now, been almost entirely associated with such small trades as mending pots and pans, the making and the sale of baskets, brushes and such like small articles, the scissors and knife grinders, and the itinerant photographer, who ekes out a precarious existence by taking "sticky-backs," or most indifferent photographs.

Surely there is a grand opening in the caravan world for an intermediate class roaming through our country districts, obtaining health and strength from the wholesome life in the van, the simple food and the fresh air. I can foresee in the near future a remarkable change. At present rural people of any commonsense, ability or enterprise, have to leave their villages and flock into the towns, already overcrowded, leaving the country-side deserted. I can see a class arising of self-respecting folk who, abhorring crowded alleys and stifling rooms, where anæmia, consumption, and other ills too sad to mention are engendered, whose thin pale children do not know a daisy, and to whom the scent of new-mown hay is as foreign as attar of roses, whose hardly earned money chiefly goes in the public-house and rent, starting away from all the abominations of crowded city life and taking

to the road. What a scope there is for this class! The education of the present day is steadily teaching the people better things, but the town life crushes out the application. The seed of better methods of living is sown, but the fruit of healthier results does not come to maturity. It cannot among the poor, struggling artizans and bread-winners in our teeming centres of population.

Now, why should not an intermediate race of van-dwellers arise? Why should not the expert clock and watch mender take to the road in a van with his wife and children? He will find in many a cottage watches put on the shelf because they won't go, many a clock that needs skilled attention. Aye, and in mansions, too, a pitch in the park would often be given to an accredited workman in the watch-making industry, who could overhaul the watches and clocks.

The upholsterer could easily bring his tools with him in his van and pitch on the village green, giving out that he could mend and upholster the chairs and sofas. The materials necessary for his craft would not be a very great additional weight to carry.

A sign-post painter could, as he travels along, look out for the sign-posts of inns that need renovating, and offer to repaint and do them up. Any faulty lettering on boards that he sees he can offer to restore—a skilled craftsman of this description is not often obtainable in rural districts.

A book-binder's tools are not too heavy to be carried in a van, and in country houses and mansions a caravanner who was expert in that craft might have many a happy hour, besides gaining a fair livelihood.

A travelling chiropodist, or corn-cutter, might do well

in rural villages, in small towns and at country houses. And if he combined that business with hair-cutting and shaving he might do a roaring trade, and the implements required to be carried would not add any appreciable weight to the van-load.

A professional buyer and seller of curiosities on the road has a future before him.

There must be many capable dentists in our cities who find it hard to earn a living. Why do not some of these take to the road and attend to the teeth of the rustics ?

I know a young woman who travels all the year round in a van, and who makes and sells as she travels hammered necklaces of metal.

But there must be many small artizans and craftsmen to whom the joy of getting a living amid healthy surroundings in the open air, in the manner I suggest, will at once appeal.

From far away Johannesburg came to me a request cognate to this subject, and perhaps the letter (November 18th, 1912) itself speaks eloquently enough :

" I trust you will forgive the liberty of addressing you, but I venture to do so, as we are very poor and rents are very high, and we are neither of us young. My husband has a small post in one of the mines—his wages are only 10s. a day—and we can only get a cottage at £8 a month. You can imagine that to live on the other £1 a week means mere existence. Now I thought that if you know of a second-hand caravan that the owner was either tired of, or wished to dispose of, you might be able to put us into communication with the owner, and we might arrange terms, and terms of payment—paying off, say, £4 or £5 a month till it was paid for—one to be moved by one horse. I have no idea of the price of them, but I suppose

from £200 upwards new, are they not? If we could get one for £90 or £100, or, of course, less, we could then live in it; and, as the mines are so uncertain, could trek off to where there was work—if needs be.

"It would be a great boon to us, as we cannot afford to buy or build a house, and rent is the worst problem to settle for poor people in S. Africa. Both my husband and myself are of good families. Both being over fifty years old, you can imagine it is hard to get employment if he should get out of work. There are at present 8,000 *good* men out of work on the Rand. I am a trained nurse, but *young* people are preferred."

It seems to me that here is the germ of an idea which might be extended to carpenters, glaziers, bricklayers and other workmen who are out of, and seek, work.

In this country an endeavour has been made to bring the worker to his work without losing touch of home life. But how far the system has succeeded I do not know.

A cross between a caravan and a movable dwelling has recently been constructed.

This remarkable invention, which, according to Mr. Basil A. Slade, the inventor, is intended to have "a far-reaching political motive in housing country labourers," is called a "Vancott." A "Vancott," as its name implies, is a half-way house in every sense of the term between the moving caravan and an ordinary cottage. I am informed by the inventor that it is intended to combine the conveniences of a well-appointed cottage with the advantage of being movable. The invention consists of an oblong braced iron frame on two artillery wheels, the forepart V-shaped, with a coupling arm for engine attachment, or for securing to the forepart of a timber waggon. The wheel base may be 8 feet only, and upon

the frame dwarf cottages, 11 feet wide overhanging, can be erected, two stories high, of cheap construction and reasonable heights.

Incidentally, Mr. Slade thinks that the "Vancott" is a solution of the rural housing problem, as there is no trouble from damp destroying the building, or with local building regulations; and cheap materials one would not dare put upon the ground can be used for them. In two "Vancotts," one with a staircase, linked together, there are five rooms, a little pantry, w.c. and so forth—the chief room being 10 feet 6 inches by, say, 14 feet, and 6 feet 8 inches in height. The cost, including small cast iron wheels, should not exceed £170 the pair. Each foundation base costs about £10, according to the market price of iron, and four iron wheels £3. Broad artillery wheels and heavy axles for lengthy journeys can be fixed at any time, at a cost of £12, and it may be possible, before long, to hire these for the move.

The advantage of being able to shift labourers' cottages in the country where the demand fluctuates so is considerable. The sanitary arrangements are not the least interesting of novelties in the "Vancott." The apparatus is somewhat similar to the household type, but with a small oxidising tank on wheels outside, giving an odourless product of great plant-stimulating properties. Only a few pints of water are required, and the cost of installation should not exceed £8, with a penny weekly per person for oxidising salts.

Whether these cottages-on-wheels have come to stay or not is a problem I cannot solve. We live in rapidly moving days; and often the absurdity of yesterday is the commonplace of to-morrow.

THE *VANCOTT*, OR MOVABLE COTTAGE

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CHAPTER VII

CAMPING-OUT IN ITS SIMPLEST FORM : IRELAND : CANADA : UNITED STATES

"Give me the wide rush-margined pool,
Wood-edged, where I outspan;
Give me a prospect fair and far,
From the steps of my living-van."

THE simplest form of camping-out I have indulged in has been sleeping out on little desert islands of rocks off the coast of Ireland when sea-fishing there. If the fish are biting well in the evening, and I am far from home in the curragh, I find it well to remain near the fishing ground, and recommence early in the morning. I have found fish—both fresh-water and sea—bite as well, if not better, in the early morning than in the evening. When I think it likely that I may be thus detained, I carry with me a long wide Scotch woollen plaid, about 14 feet long. When half is stretched out on the ground, I lie upon it and pull the other half up over me, thus obtaining a warm covering for the summer months. After selecting a suitable spot on the island-rock, as sheltered from the wind as possible in so exposed a position, I always carefully remove all loose stones and any damp sea-weed. Then I make a hole for the hip bone when lying on the side—without this latter refinement, sleep, under such primitive circumstances, is at best very snatchy and unrefreshing.

Off the coast of Antrim I have thus slept on the "Maidens"—one of the rocks bears the lighthouse so named. The fishing about there is peculiar. You take with you a sheaf of rods eight feet long, six for each boat, and place a plank across the gunwale, about a foot from the stern. On this you sit, facing the stern, and place the butt ends of these light taper rods, tucked in at regular intervals, beneath the plank on which you sit, and wait for bites as your companion slowly runs the boat along the shore. You bait with short lines, with a hook and small white fly at the end of each. As the boat is rowed along these rods bend and the six flies dance about on the surface of the sea. I have made many good catches of coarse fish in this peculiar fashion.

Our breakfast would be made, on such a camping-out expedition, from cold tea, carried, ready sweetened and with milk, in bottles, and the fish we caught, roasted at a fire made of pieces of drift-wood, plenty of which lay about handy. To start a fire we would shave off slices of wood from as dry a piece as we could find. It is wonderful how good fish tastes done in this simple fashion.

If I went in much for this simple mode of camping-out, I should carry in the boat a sleeping-bag. I have used them at various times for sleeping, in a tent and elsewhere, and found them warm and comfortable; and, of course, they are impervious to draughts, a feature of some importance in certain situations. One, I have found, is admirable in all respects. It has several advantages, for it can be opened out when required into one blanket, and so can always be thoroughly aired and dried. Also, by a clever arrangement of buttons, the bag can be made

to yield one blanket above and two beneath, or one beneath and two above, as required.

A trestle-cot is an article worth carrying, at any rate in a caravan if not on camping-out trips, as its size, when packed, is 3 feet 8 inches long, and 8 inches in diameter. The cot stands by itself anywhere without lines or pegs. The cot can be detached instantly from the frame and suspended from beams or ceiling, or used as a litter. It can be had, in bag complete, for 47s. 9d.

A primitive life and simple form of camping-out is one that I have enjoyed in the Canadian forests and the Adirondacks. I took a delightful trip into the forest, a hundred miles or more north of Quebec, in the company of a friend, a keen angler like myself, and a half-caste Indian. We had a birch-bark canoe and two paddles, and we went from lake to lake, carrying the canoe between the lakes and dividing the baggage between us on the *portages* through the dense forests. We had with us our rods and tackle, but purposely took no guns, as we were only on a fishing expedition and did not wish to encumber ourselves with more weight than we actually required. The result, as might be expected, was that on three or four occasions we saw caribou. Once, when paddling round the head of a promontory on a lake, a caribou took to the water just in front of our canoe and could easily have been shot. The half-caste Indian, a keen sportsman, nearly upset the canoe in his excitement, cursing freely both us and our pig-headedness for not bringing guns. These half-breeds are very passionate and not very reliable. They lose all self-control if they take even a little alcohol. On this expedition we had with us one bottle of rye-whisky for use in emergencies. We had to keep all knowledge

of this away from the Indian. That bottle of whisky was a bugbear to us. It was my lot to guard it. I had to put it under my head, wrapped up in clothing, at night when we slept, and during the *portages* I had to smuggle it carefully in the midst of some harmless bundle. Had the Indian known fire-water was amongst the trio he would even have resorted to extreme measures to possess himself of it. His reputation, too, when in drink, was bad: when absolutely on the teetotal system, excellent.

Our outfit included tea, sugar, coffee, bread, biscuits, flour, plenty of tobacco and a huge lump of very fat bacon. We lived chiefly on the trout we caught, from twenty to seventy a day (chiefly in the outlets between the lakes in the forests), frying them in bacon fat.

We could make a good fire anywhere and easily. At any part of the forest where there was a slight clearing by the lake-side, we would land and tie our canoes to a tree or stump. Then, with a few blows of an axe, we would fell a dead pine tree, which would come down with a crash amid its living comrades. The trunk would be cut by the Indian with marvellous rapidity into 4 feet lengths, by notching the bole round at those intervals and cutting them off. These pieces of dry wood, placed lengthways on the ground, would ignite easily when started with dry moss, and soon make a blazing hot fire. When we slept in a wigwam we would light the fire in front of the birch-bark slide, or door, so that at night the warming rays of the embers might penetrate inside and keep us warm. We came across deserted wigwams at one or two places in the forest, and found them delightful abiding places. Our bed consisted of the young tips of the branches of a pine or fir-tree, which we cut down and

stripped solely for the purpose of making a mattress, about a foot and a half deep, on the floor of the wigwam. This, covered with our blankets, made a spring-couch redolent with a delightful aromatic odour, on which I slept, and so did my two companions, soundly and most comfortably. I never wish for a better bed.

Though the days were very hot—it was the Indian summer, late September—the nights were piercingly cold, and we needed a good fire kept up after sundown.

When we moved camp, which we usually pitched near the outlet of one lake into another, for the reason that in the broken water caused by the boulders we were always sure of catching trout at nearly each throw of the fly, we were most careful to extinguish the fire by bringing up water from the lake and throwing it over the embers. Carelessness in this respect leads to great fires and the wanton destruction of untold thousands of forest trees. During our trip we came upon several fires still smouldering, and our path through the undergrowth was indicated by the whiffs and curls of smoke rising from the mossy undergrowth beneath the forest trees. Our Indian told us he had known one mountain we came across on fire having been in that condition for more than three years. The number of dead trees standing out gaunt and lifeless in the forest is appalling. I have travelled on the lakes in the Adirondacks through literally *miles* of dead forest, with the gaunt spectres of what were once living pines and firs on either hand. No reading and no relating could have convinced me of the extent of destruction of forests by fire.

The awful silence of these Canadian forests strikes one nearly dumb. You feel the overpowering force of

the sublime surroundings: you become impressed with a sense of your own insignificance and of the transient nature of your daily occupations and enjoyments. You imperceptibly become thoughtful, taciturn and contemplative. The silence is intense—no song bird breaks the stillness—only the occasional hoot of an owl and the reverberating crash of a falling tree. At night the composed demeanour of our trio seemed to harmonise well with the universal silence and gloominess of the forest. Except owls, which at night were now and then in evidence by their weird call and the noise of their clumsy flight from tree to tree, and in the daytime by their square forms (in pairs generally) silhouetted against the sky, as they sat on the higher branches, no birds were to be seen—except one. That was a blue-bird (elegantly shaped, as large as a crow, but of slender proportions), for that is the only name I, and our half-caste Indian friend, called it by. No sooner had we pitched our camp in the forest and settled down to a meal than we would see on one of the branches above us a blue-bird sitting close at hand, watching our proceedings. A bit of bacon rind thrown haphazard into the impenetrable jungle would be instantly seized upon by our solitary camp-watcher, who would dart down from the branch, returning to his perch a moment later with the toothsome morsel in his beak. Every crumb of bread was similarly scavenged. We never saw two of these birds together at a pitch—only one. Whether the same bird silently followed us through the forest I do not know, or whether at each camp another of the species took us into his keeping, and preyed upon the bits of food thrown out to him and those we left about. I never heard this strange,

solitary close watcher of our movements ever give vent to an exclamation of either joy or sorrow. But it became usual for us, on encamping in the evening, to look round and say: "Hullo! there he is." We should actually have missed our bird companion had he not appeared. The only other sign of life in these forest solitudes, besides the trout which we ate and the caribou we saw, was an occasional minx—that long, thin animal whose fur is in such request. When the birch-bark canoe was drawn up on the shore and our trout were left in it, it was very usual for us to miss several. The minx would quickly steal out of the dense undergrowth of the forest, climb into the canoe, and carry off a trout in his mouth. Once we surprised one in the act, and so the mystery of the missing trout was solved. He generally took the largest, of 2lbs. or 3lbs. weight.

We seldom caught any trout in the lakes themselves, but always in the outlets. The lakes in these forests are innumerable; our Indian said he often discovered new ones, and that winter was the time here for sport of all kinds. You then could go on foot where you liked over the lakes; and he always spent the winter in the forests trapping animals. But of that form of sport and camping-out I know nothing, my travels in the forests of Canada and America having always been in the Indian summer, the most delightful time of year in those regions.

Surely the acme of the simple life has been reached by a young lady who has been travelling for the past year through England and Wales. She is extremely delicate, partially paralysed, and her doctor told her that she should practically live in the open air. Being of an active and practical mind she set to work to see how she could,

within her means, carry out the drastic requirements of her medical adviser. She joined the Caravan Club, and all the assistance, in the way of pitches and introductions, was of course afforded her. Her desire was to take to the road and live altogether in the open air in rural parts of the country. Her cart—it can scarcely be called a caravan—she describes as "strange and happy-looking." It is four-wheeled, rather like a trolley, and painted bright blue, with a yellow oilskin hood—something like a brewer's dray in shape.

"I carry," she tells me in one of her letters from a pitch in a most out-of-the-way spot in rural Gloucestershire, "a hamper of food, and one of soap and brushes and tools, etc., and a box of books, a small faggot of wood for emergencies and a gallon can of water. I have a covering of sheepskins with the wool on them, and a sack of oats, bran, chaff, hay, or something to feed my little ass upon. Also I keep in a sack the donkey's brush and comb and chain, etc., and the harness when not in use. I do not generally travel after dark, but if overtaken by dusk I hang out my candle lantern."

This young lady bought her donkey for £2 10s. in the East End of London; a new donkey harness cost her £2 10s.; the four-wheeled covered cart cost her £5, but she says: "Now I know in any market-town I could buy the same for 30s." Nine yards of chain, a head-stall, an iron spike to drive into the ground for tethering the animal, and a small mallet, came to about 5s.

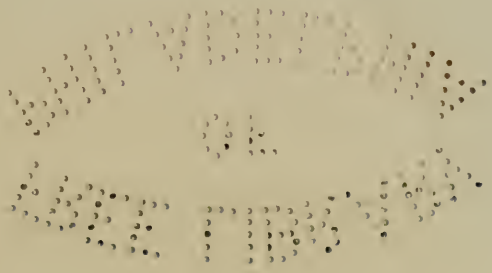
She camps sometimes on the roadside waste, sometimes on open ground, and often on farms, by permission of the farmer, and she finds letters to the land owners useful.

"At the farms or house I generally buy my fuel, two

"Daily Mirror" photo.

A LADY MEMBER OF THE CARAVAN CLUB WHO LIVES ALL THE YEAR ROUND IN A SIMPLE DONKEY TILT CART

page 55



or three large faggots—the standard price is 2d. each. Also I can generally buy logs or lumps of trees or rafters of old farms. So I build immense fires. That constitutes a great happiness to me. I have a kettle-hook and hanging-pot, and I buy food in the villages. At the farms I find a plentiful supply of milk, fruit, honey, nuts and fresh vegetables. I build the fire just by the cart, with the donkey near at hand." When she cannot obtain wood fuel she uses coke.

She has been thus living all through the summer, and intends carrying on her simple open-air life through the winter. "I intend, as winter comes, to have a Gypsy tent of bent boughs, and light my fire at its mouth and build a little shelter above the fire, so that it will still burn in rain, and I shall sit in the tent and warm myself."

This Diogenesian nomad sleeps in the covered cart, and she carries a few straight rods with her to drive into the ground on her pitch, on which she hangs squares of sacking across as a screen to keep off the gaze of curious watchers when she wants to sit by the fire "and dream, and not be the object of their gaze." She finds, from some considerable experience of this mode of life, that it is a good plan to have pitches as headquarters every forty or fifty miles for about three weeks at a time, making short journeys into the villages round. "I like," she writes, "travelling through the green leaves and by-roads, scarcely touching the main roads; and the out-of-the-way villagers seem more simple and make one more welcome."

Miss —— concludes one of her letters with the pertinent remark: "Few would care to put up with such discomfort. All the same the world seems to me a happy place."

In a letter from this young lady, dated Dec. 20, 1912,

written from her simple camp in a very out-of-the-way part of England, she writes: "I study the ways of seamen with their craft, and hunters and shepherds. For out in the weather all one's belongings are changed from what one wants in a house. I look a real tramp-woman—my cover is all smutted and weather-stained. I find great excitement, in the winter, in hearing the storms raving around me in the black of night. . . . I feel my present outfit and way of getting along is very far short of perfection! . . . at present it is rather by the skin of my teeth that I manage to exist amid the elements of wind and rain and cold and space. . . . I have spent a few nights with poor travellers at the roadside and shared their supper—rabbit, and cabbage and potatoes. They have spoken like poets, worn silver rings on their copper hands and rosy beads around their necks; and their babies have round little twigs of hazel-nuts in their red hands. And perhaps the roof of their cart has been on the sea—the sail of a ship."

A practical exponent of the truly simple life is Mr. Dugald Semple, who lives in an old omnibus which he purchased for five pounds. In his book *Living in Liberty*,* he states that it is not an ideal house but that it has some good points. "The first point," he says, "in favour of such a house is, that you can have any locality or exposure you like, as your house is mounted on wheels. This feature, too, I should say in passing, would be rather a convenient one for those people who believe in moonlight flittings." He remarks that an omnibus is well lit; the one he occupies having twelve windows and twelve ventilators in the roof. Mr. Semple

* Paisley: Alexander Gardner, 1911.

is one of those who believes in going through the world hatless. "Being known as a crank," he says (p. 148), "it did not bother me what other folks would say, for I had previously reckoned that if most people applaud your actions there must be something wrong with them."

CHAPTER VIII

POINTS FOR CONSIDERATION IN BUILDING A CARAVAN: INTERNAL ECONOMY AND SUGGESTIONS

"The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day."
GOLDSMITH: *The Deserted Village.*

THERE are in this country many architects, and consequently many varieties of dwelling-houses, the plans and materials used in the construction of which are infinitely diversified. Up to now there is no architect of caravans, no specialist who has such all-round knowledge of the existing vans on the road—and of life on the road itself—as to enable him to give advice worth anything. The builders of caravans are mostly wheelwrights or coach-builders, sunk in the traditional ruts of their businesses, and without any practical knowledge of life on the road and the actual requirements of the gentleman Gypsy.

The best and most complete living-vans have been made from the plans and specifications of amateurs: chiefly members of the Caravan Club, at whose meets, where numerous vans are gathered together, ideas are freely and frankly interchanged and various types of vans seen and studied.

Among caravanners there exists a widespread and delightful spirit of *camaraderie*, which makes them glad

to help one another, particularly as regards the constructions of vans and their fittings. A caravanner is never so happy as when showing and explaining to another some natty contrivance or some improvement on existing methods. The knowledge thus gained by comparison of vans, and the diffusion of ideas, wrinkles and dodges connected with the pastime, is gradually leading to better vans being made—lighter, more comfortable and homelier, yet, withal, artistic. The old-fashioned, cumbrous van, resembling nothing so much as an ancient family coach, will before long become a thing of the past—a fit object for the Kensington Palace Museum. There is actually one van on the road, or there was a little time back, made out of a pantechnicon, divided into compartments with windows made in the sides.

There is then so much diversity of opinion regarding the construction of a caravan that it were arrogance, bordering on impertinence, for me even to attempt to lay down the law as to what is best. A van that satisfies me might not please another. The house that is ideally perfect in my estimation is anathema to another. In one respect the caravan has the decided advantage over a house. The site of a house is unalterable (except in rare cases in the Colonies or the United States, where I have seen a small timber house being dragged along by a team of horses aided with crowbars) ; the site of a caravan is ever changing, and if this one does not please the occupiers another can be chosen.

Still, there are one or two points in the construction of a caravan that the intending owner should not overlook when placing an order with a van-builder.

Let me give a bit of advice, which I am sure is sound.

Do not go straight away and order a van to be built until you have previously hired a van, taken at least one trip, and learned, by some experience, the sort of vehicle and the nature of the fittings and domestic internal economy that are likely to suit your requirements.

The Caravan Club has usually some fifty vans on its list for hire at all prices, from twenty shillings a week up to eight or nine pounds. The usual custom is for an inventory of the contents to be taken and signed by hirer and owner, and half the total sum of the " let " paid down to the owner by the hirer, the remaining half when the van is returned at the completion of the term.

A double-skinned van will be found warm in the coldest weather and cool in the hottest. But if you do not intend to take to the road in the winter months a single-skin van will suit your purpose and be cheaper, for in the hot season you can hang a sun-cloth all round the exterior from the eaves, which will practically make another skin, and so exclude the heat of the sun. Remember, a single-skin is far lighter in weight than a double-skin van.

The height of the van from the ground, whether the wheels are high ones or low, is also another radical feature requiring careful consideration. Advocates are to be found for either system. I have seen, in the late summer and autumn hanging over the land in valleys, early morning and evening mists, of sufficient depth to enter a low-floored van.

The outside of your van can be made of large panels, or of narrow two-inch planking with outside projecting ribs. The *Wanderer* is a type of double-skinned van with large exterior panels. Three-ply wood is now so common that panels, even whole sides, made of that tough yet

extremely light material are hardly ever likely to crack, so that it becomes purely a matter of taste which sort of outside construction is adopted.

Even canvas sides are used for some vans, of course well painted, and sheets of aluminium—this latter is especially employed for high-class motor vans in France.

The position of the door or doors is important, not only in the matter of entrance and exit, but because upon it depends the arrangement of the internal fittings. Personally, I like a door at the rear, so that I can run in and out of the van whilst on the road without stopping its progress, and also one in front, opening on to the driver's seat. It is useful sometimes to change seats with the driver without stopping.

Some vans, such as the palatial van of Mr. Ernest Beresford, have the door in the centre of the near side, approached by steps when on a pitch. This is an ordinary form of travelling van among showmen.

Most caravanners cover the roof, and dome if there be one, with felt, or waterproof canvas, painted white. This deadens the irritating patter-patter of rain-drops.

Windows I prefer to be hinged at the top, so that they open right up out of the way to the ceiling, and there are fastened. Casement-hinged Parisienne shutters, the wooden bars of which are made to open up and down by means of a small rod, such as you see in French houses, afford protection from the sun when the windows are open, and regulate the admission of air and light, giving also complete privacy. I prefer hinged casements, for those that slide along are so apt to stick and jar.

The position of the bunks, whether at the rear, as in the usual Gypsy pattern, or horizontal to the sides of the

van, is a point that needs anxious consideration and some practical experience to settle. I have used so many vans in which the beds have been in nearly every direction that I have no choice in the matter, but some persons find they can only sleep in a certain position.

Then there is the very important point as to whether you prefer the van as one large room, convertible at night into a large bedroom, or would rather have the interior divided into compartments.

Some vans have the kitchen department in the front, some at the rear, whilst others have all cooking done at the rear outside, with an awning let down over the end to form a kitchen cupboard.

Many vans are beautifully fitted up with trays and drawers lined with green baize, with a separate compartment or tiny recess for each cup, saucer, plate, knife, fork, and so on. Thus no rattling or jingling noise is heard when the van is travelling, and the risk of breakage is minimised. In one van I know there is an ingeniously contrived wine cellar in the bend of the roof at one end of the inside, right across, where each bottle reposes in safety in its own baize-lined cubicle.

If you intend travelling in the cold weather, a fixed range is warm and comfortable, and a small cupboard above it, through which the flue passes, will give you an excellent receptacle for blankets and linen, keeping them always warmed and aired. But if you are on the road in the summer only, a fixed stove is a heavy extra of no value. A movable stove, which you can take out on to the pitch and use in the open air or in a tent, is much preferable.

The larder in vans is placed in various positions. It is

best always to have it so located that free access of air is obtained. Perforated zinc usually enters, therefore, into its construction. Some larders are placed on one side, beneath the van, with an opening from the outside. If placed below, it is a good plan to have a trap door in the floor of the caravan, so that access to the provisions can be had without going outside. In bad weather, and at night, I have found such an arrangement most advantageous. The lid of the inside door must be made close-fitting to prevent dust and dirt from drifting through on to the food. It is said one has to eat a peck of dirt during one's lifetime: but it is well to take it by homeopathic instalments.

Corner-cupboards are most useful, and they utilise space in a van which otherwise would often be wasted. I find it a good plan to have the shelves made just of sheets of three-ply wood, cut into the required triangular shape, and *not* fastened down, so that each shelf can be taken right out and cleaned. If you happen to spill any jam or other commodity on a shelf it can be easily taken out and washed. The three-ply wood is light and tough, and every plan that saves weight in a van and adds to comfort is not too trivial for the caravanner's attention.

Another small detail, which might not occur to the unpractical caravanner, concerns the handles of drawers or other fittings of the interior requiring them. Protruding handles of drawers and lockers are in the way in a van, and should be replaced by small drop-pulls and spring-catches sunk into the wood so that no part of the lock advances beyond the surface. These catches are easily obtained at cabinet fitters and are worth the little

extra cost over the ordinary domestic house-furnishing handles.

Every article in a caravan must have a place provided for it, even down to the smallest and most insignificant. In designing the interior arrangements that fundamental fact of caravan comfort must be borne in mind. When travelling, each article after use should automatically be put back at once into its allotted position in cupboard, drawer, peg or rack ; for unless there is a place for everything, and everything is kept in its proper place, chaos will soon reign, and confusion and discomfort result. Caravanning is the great inculcator of tidiness.

But the various arrangements of the interior, their relative disposition to one another, and the numerous accessories, so infinite in number and diversity, will be best mentioned in the descriptions of specific vans I have come across, which, by the courtesy of the various owners, I am enabled here to portray by photographs and floor-plans.

The timber employed in the manufacture of caravans should be tough, light and well seasoned. A heavy wood is not necessarily the strongest or most suitable. Good construction with light woods is far better than bad construction with heavy woods. Oak, elm, ash, the fine close-grained, red sequoia, mahogany, deal, pitch-pine, hickory, have all been employed, besides some other out-of-the-way woods in specific instances.

The predominant fault with caravans built in this country is that they are unnecessarily heavily constructed. This is very largely due to the conservatism of the coach-builders, who still *will* stick to antiquated materials and methods. Roads have much improved during recent

years, but coach-builders go on constructing carriages as if they were intended for use a hundred years ago on the rough tracks then prevalent. No trade needs more elasticity and modernising. The van-builders of France, Germany, and the United States of America, are in advance of the industry in this country.

When one considers that the entire cost of a caravan, well-fitted and most comfortable, is considerably less than the price of a small, poky, stuffy house, one wonders that more vans are not built. The price of a van is even less than the price of the furniture contained in a small house. I fancy that as civilization advances people will more and more take to the road in some way or another, as an antidote to its enervating trammels, and that caravans will consequently rapidly increase in number. At present there are not nearly enough modern, light, touring vans in this country to meet the demand each summer.

There are still a considerable number of old-fashioned, cumbersome caravans on the market, requiring two horses at least to draw them with any ease, but this antiquated type is not that which appeals to the modern caravanner. The sooner such vans are delegated to the scrap-heap the better for caravanning in general. But it is only fair to say that I am continually getting requests for such old-fashioned vans for curious purposes, a sample of which is shown by this letter (Dorset, March, 1913): "Can you let me know whether you have any *old, large* caravan for sale among your members, that is unfit for road work but would do for stationary camping for six months?"

CHAPTER IX

THE UNDER-CARRIAGE, WHEELS, BRAKES, AND SYSTEMS OF DRAUGHT

THOUGH less in evidence than the body of the van, in reality the most important part is the under-carriage. That part of the vehicle has really to do the work upon which the stress of roads comes, and has to stand the racket of ruts and the wear and tear of stones, yet bear the weight of the passengers above, with their impedimenta, without grumbling or showing it. If the under-carriage does show signs of resistance or stress, it is not as it should be. If the wheels wiggle-waggle and do not run true and straight ; if they squeak, or the axles get hot ; if the brake flies off at the steepest part of the hill—look out ! Your under-carriage is ill and needs attention. The under-carriage of a van in which you are going to live, to move about and have your being in, is worthy of the utmost care and attention you can bestow upon it. Many accidents occur through defects in this part of the caravan.

Unfortunately the majority of people who go in for caravanning know nothing at all of the technique of the under-carriage. They see a van spick-and-span looking, brightly painted, with well picked-out wheels and full of dodgy contrivances inside, and they buy it straight

away because they like the look of it and think, maybe, that it is cheap.

I have seen a van full of ingenuity and sold by the builder as new, and so it looked ; but when taken down from the railway truck on which it arrived the wheels wobbled. If they wobbled when the van was empty, what would they do when the van was laden ? Now obviously this maker constructed vans, like the historic razors, for sale and sale only, not for use. He evidently buys up old carriages and builds a superstructure upon the old under-carriage. Consequently the springs are weak and totally unfitted for caravan work, the brake is hopelessly inefficient, even dangerous, and yet he sells many vans of this description a year.

I advise no one who is ignorant of such matters to buy a van without getting an expert opinion upon the under-carriage. A guinea spent in that way is money well spent.

Captain C. Hull, a member of the Council of the Caravan Club of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the Army Service Corps, has courteously helped me in laying before my readers the following technical details :

The under-carriage consists of the fore and hind carriages, which are the structures on which the fore and hind wheels are respectively mounted, and by means of which they are attached to the wagon-body.

FULL AND SHORT-LOCK VEHICLES

There are two main types of wagon, classified according to the construction of their under-carriages, viz. :

(1) The " full-lock " or " lock-under " wagon, in

which the fore-carriage is capable of being turned completely round under the body.

(2) The "short-lock" wagon, with a "perch" connecting the fore and hind carriages.

Type (2) has certain advantages which have led to its adoption for military purposes. As the strain of the draught passes from front to rear axle through the perch, and not through the platform of the wagon body, it is possible to build the latter of lighter and less solid material altogether than in the case of Type (1), with the result that the total weight of the vehicle is much reduced. On account of the relatively large size of the fore wheels, the wagon is also lighter in draught. For the caravanner's purposes, however, these advantages are quite outweighed by the increased space necessary for turning the wagon, and its consequent awkwardness in traffic and narrow places generally. Specimens of the short-lock type may be found among the farm vehicles in many districts, and in military carriages, but for caravans the full-lock is indispensable, and Type (2) need not be further considered.

THE FORE-CARRIAGE. Figs. 1 and 2.

The fore-carriage is a framework consisting of longitudinal timbers, known as "futchels," and transverse ones, known as the "splinter-bar," "bolsters," and "sweep-bar," according to their relative positions. The "splinter-bar" carries the attachments for the shafts or pole. The "bolsters" support the "wheel-plate," a hoop-shaped plate which, together with a similarly shaped piece mounted on "bolsters" attached to the under side of the wagon platform, forms the "bearing" on which the fore-carriage turns.

On the under side of the fore-carriage frame are the brackets, or "scroll irons," for the ends of the springs.

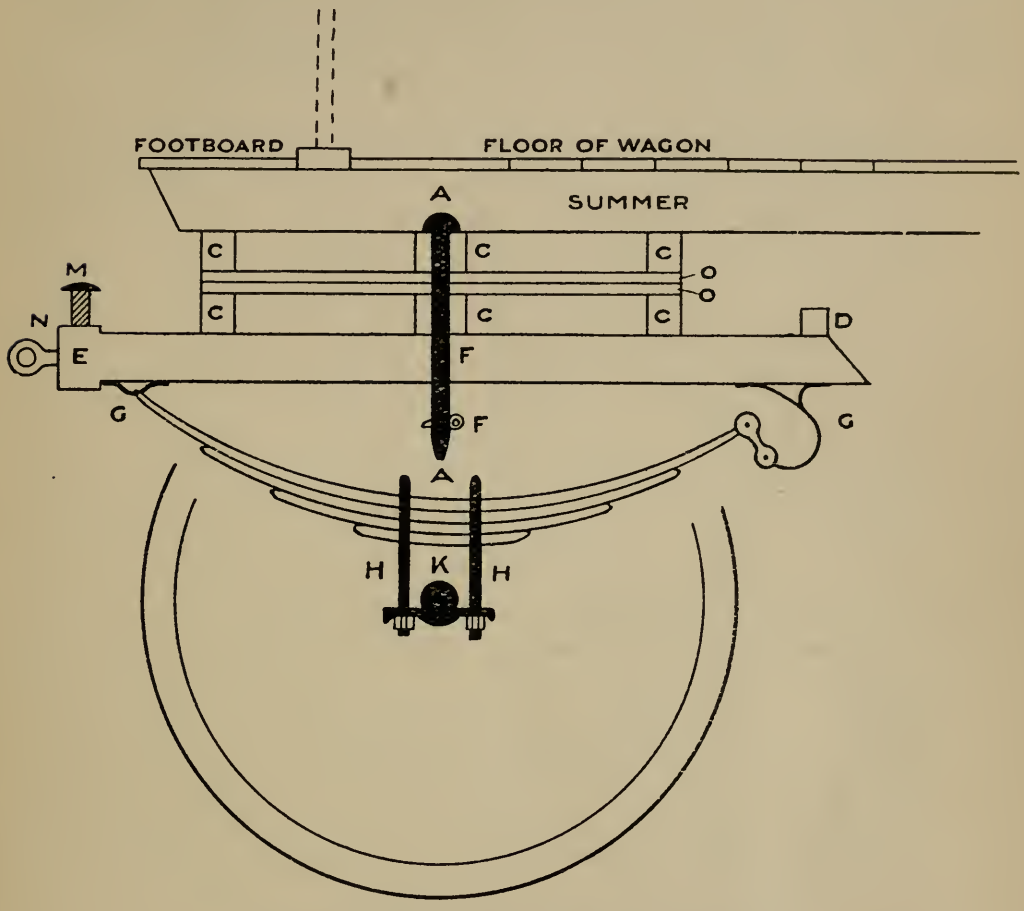


Fig. 1. Forecarriage, section of, side view.

A Main pin. B Key to main pin. C Bolster. D Sweep-bar.
E Splinter-bar. F Futchel. G Bracket. H Clip.
K Axle-tree & bed. M Bollard. N Shaft attachment. O Wheelplate.

The springs are attached by their centres to the axle-tree bed, or axle-tree itself, by means of clips.

The fore-carriage is attached to the platform by means of the "main-pin," or "king-bolt," which forms the pivot on which it turns.

THE HIND-CARRIAGE

In the hind-carriage the springs are clipped to the axle-tree in the same manner as in the fore-carriage, but their ends are bracketed to the "spring-summers." The

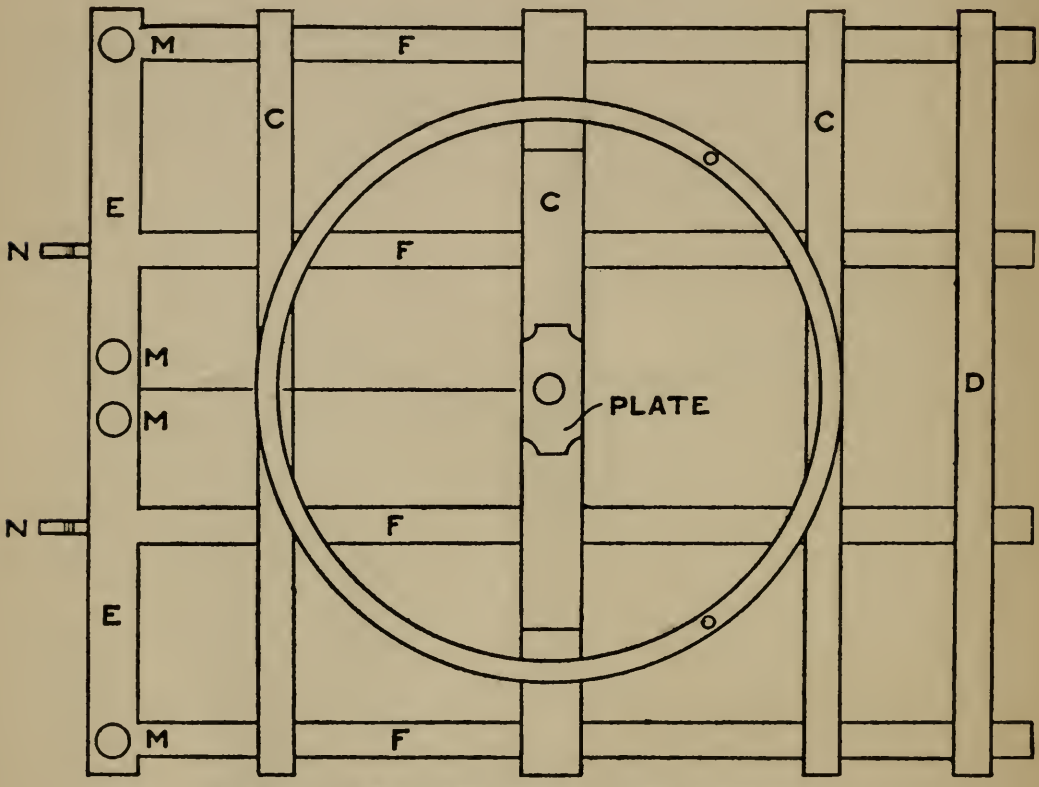


Fig. 2. Forecarriage, frame of, view from above.

C Bolster. D Sweep-bar. E Splinter-bar.
F Futchel. M Bollard. N Shaft attachment.

term "summers" is applied to the timbers, running longitudinally, which form the framework of the wagon platform. The "spring-summers" are short pieces running in the same direction as the "summers."

WHEELS. Fig. 3.

The parts of a wheel are (1) the "nave," or "stock,"

(2) the " pipe-box," or " bush," (3) the " felloes," (pr. fellies), and (4) the tire.

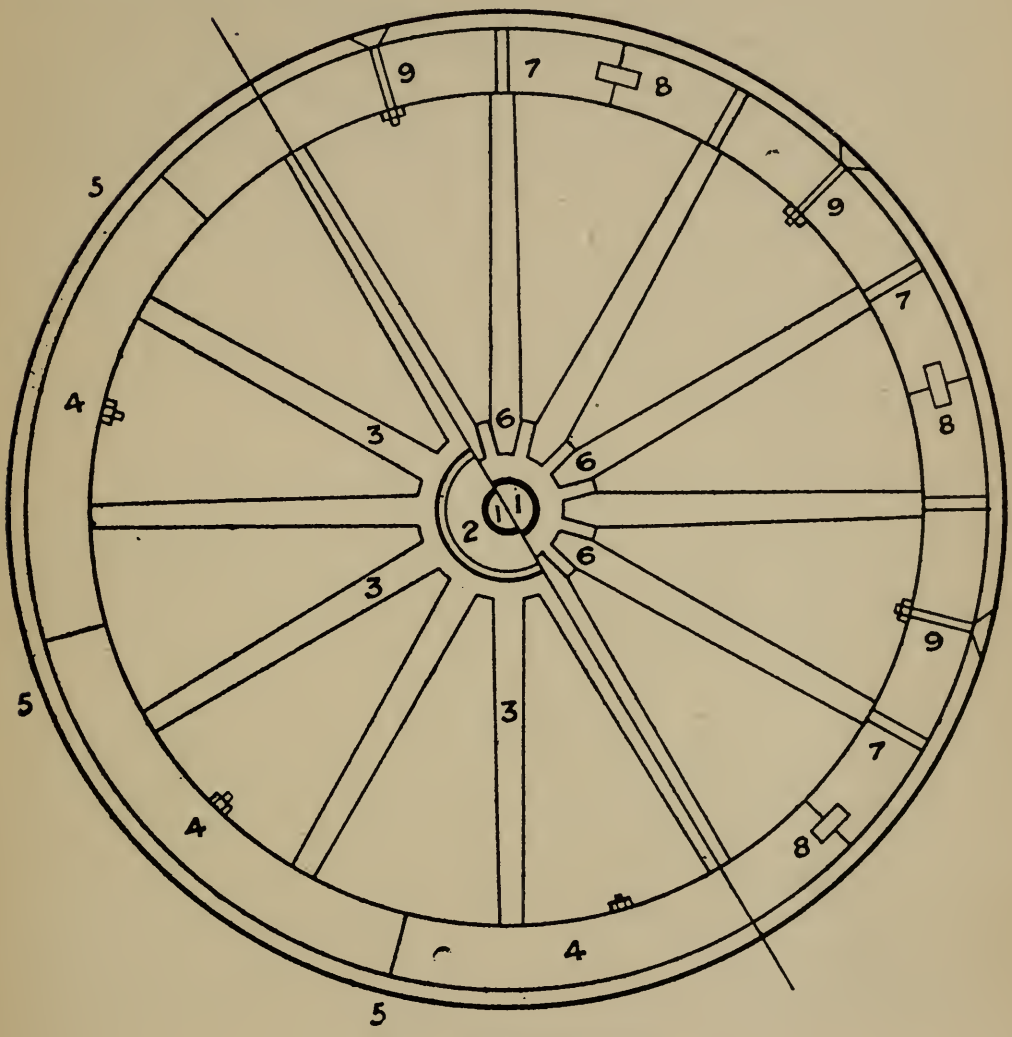


Fig. 3. Parts of wheel.

(1) Pipebox (2) Nave (3) Spoke (4) Felloe (5) Tire (6) Foot of Spoke (7) Tongue of Spoke (8) Dowel (9) Bolt.

THE NAVE

The nave is generally made of some wood, such as elm, selected for its toughness. Mortices are cut in it to receive the feet of the spokes, and an iron hoop is shrunk

on either end. Showmen's wagons commonly have brass bell-hoops on the naves, and these certainly add to the appearance of the wheel when they are kept, as they should be, in a high state of polish.

Metal naves, consisting of a pair of iron or steel flanges, between which the spokes are set, may occasionally be seen on trade vehicles, and on some of the London omnibuses, if there are any of the latter still left on the streets, but their advantages are less likely to appeal to the caravanner than to the owner of a large number of carriages to whom interchangeability of parts and facilities for quick repair are a consideration.

THE PIPE-BOX OR BUSH

This is the central metal lining of the nave which takes the axle-arm. It has projections on its outer surface which prevent it turning round in the nave.

THE SPOKES

The spokes, twelve, fourteen, or sixteen in number, according to the diameter of the wheel, are usually made of oak, great strength being required. Their "feet" rest in the mortices of the nave, while their "tongues" pass through the centre of the felloes and are secured there by wedges.

THE FELLOES

The felloes should be of ash, an elastic wood, and are six, seven, or eight in number, each taking the tongues of two spokes. They compose the wooden rim of the wheel. Their convex surface is called the "sole," the concave one the "bosom." They are connected with one another by oaken pins, termed "dowels."

THE TIRE

The tire, which is made slightly less in circumference than the wheel which it is to fit, is shrunk on to it when hot. Its contraction on cooling binds the whole structure firmly together. It is secured to the felloes by means of bolts passing through the latter. In hot, dry weather,

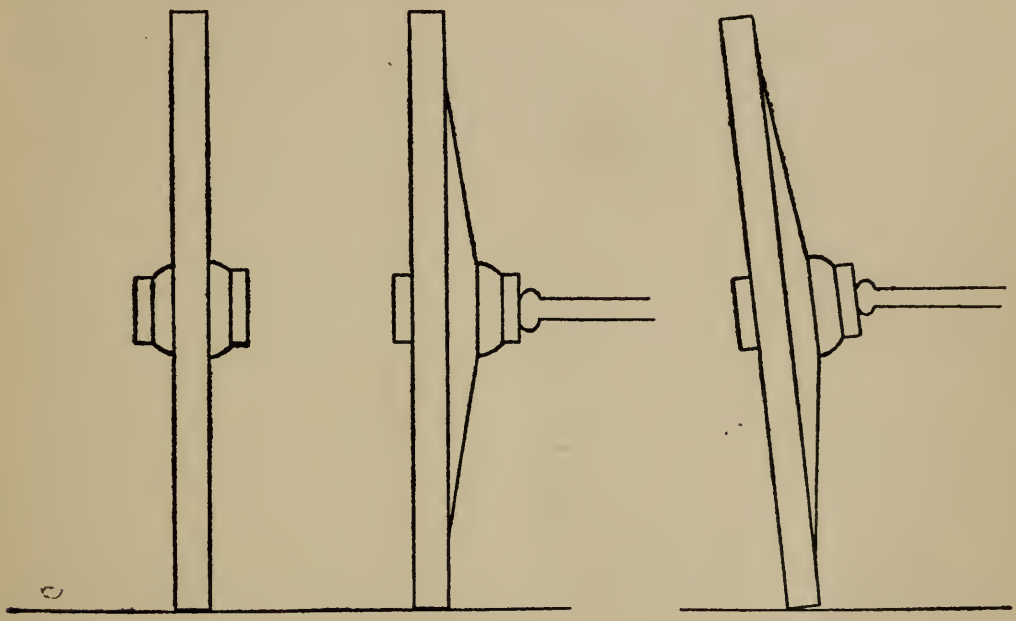


Fig. 4. Wheel without dish.

Fig. 5. Wheel with dish.

Fig. 6. Wheel with dish on hollowed axle-arm.

through shrinkage of the wooden parts of wheels, the tires, spokes and felloes frequently become loose, and this condition may lead to the collapse of the wheel if not attended to. In such a case it is necessary to have the tire taken off, shortened, and shrunk on again. This operation is known as " cutting and shutting " the tire.

PRINCIPLES OF CONSTRUCTION OF WHEELS

All wheels are built with a varying amount of " dish "

to enable them to withstand the lateral, as well as the vertical strains, to which they are subjected. "Dish" may be described as the domed shape of the wheel when laid on its face on the ground, owing to the spokes being set in a slanting direction in the nave. (Figs. 5 and 6.)

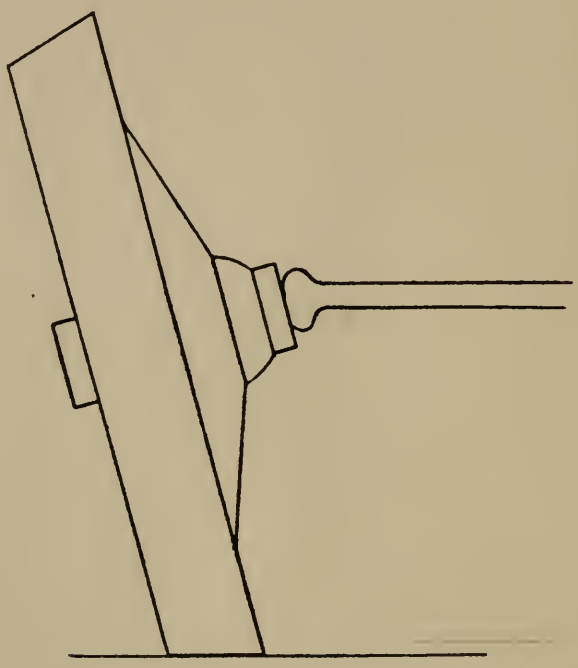


Fig. 7. Wheel with dish and bevel on hollowed axle-arm.

Fig. 5 shows a dished wheel on a straight axle-arm, which would be an impossible state of affairs, for to enable the wheel to withstand vertical pressure it is necessary that the "working spoke" (*i.e.* the one sustaining the greatest weight for the time being) should be perpendicular, or nearly so, to the ground. This is effected by giving the axle-arm a slight inclination downwards. This inclination is known as the "Hollow of the axle-arm."

Fig. 6 shows the dished wheel, with the hollowed axle-arm, and the working spoke perpendicular, but it will

be observed that the wheel is travelling on its outer circumference. In order that the tire may have a level bearing on the road surface, the soles of the felloes are given a " bevel," and the outer circumference of the wheel is thereby made rather shorter than its inner one. Fig. 7 shows, in a somewhat exaggerated form, the effect of the dish, bevel, and hollow of axle-arm in combination with one another.

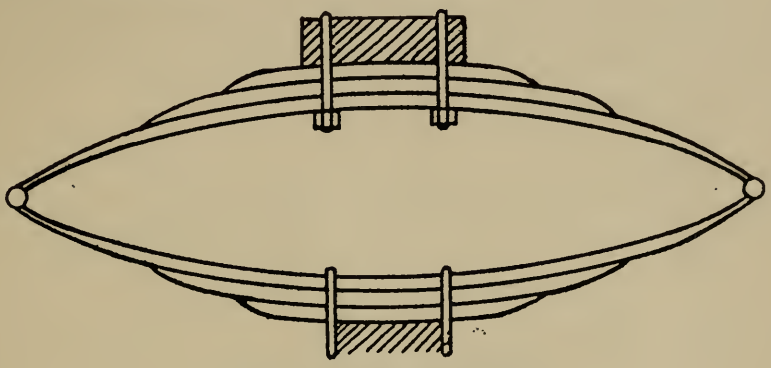


Fig. 8. Elliptical spring.

SPRINGS

These are composed of a varying number of leaves of highly tempered steel. They are divided, according to their shape, into three classes, viz.: (1) cee (2) elliptical, and (3) semi-elliptical.

Cee-springs are the long ones used in some private carriages, and to which the body of the carriage is hung by means of leather braces. They are not used for caravans.

The elliptical spring (Fig. 8) is also practically confined to carriages, but there is one example of their use on a caravan which is well known to many members of the Club, namely, in the fore-carriage of the famous *Wanderer*.

The semi-elliptical spring is practically the only one used in caravan building. (See Fig. 1.)

The strength of the springs must of course be in proportion to the load they are to carry, and there is a regular formula for working it out, in which the span of the spring, and the number, breadth, and thickness of the leaves are factors. The best way of judging of the efficiency of one's springs is to observe them when the wagon is carrying its full load. They must not yield more than half the distance through which they would have to bend to become straight.

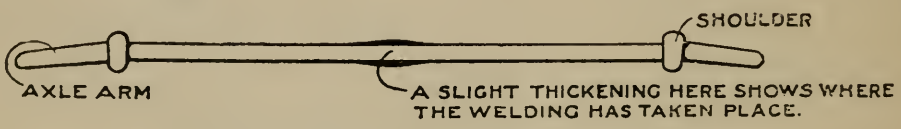


Fig. 9. Axle-tree.

THE AXLE-TREE

Fig. 9 consists of the "body-part" and two "axle-arms." The junction of the arms and body-part is known as the "shoulder."

Wooden axle-trees are often found in farm wagons and on the lorries used for transport of heavy goods. They are sometimes used in the construction of caravans of not quite the first class. In this case the axle-arm only is iron. It has a short extension, which is set in a channel cut in the wooden axle-tree, and is secured there by clips. This system seems to answer the purpose well enough, but such an axle-tree is naturally not so reliable as one of wrought iron or forged steel throughout.

The best axle-arms are forged steel on their bearing surfaces. This greatly increases their power of resistance to friction.

Axle-trees are usually made, and stocked by wholesale dealers, in two parts. These are subsequently welded together at the centre and a complete axle-tree turned out to any length desired. The hollow of the axle-arm is frequently provided for during this operation by giving the tree a slight bend in the centre instead of by drooping the axle-arms themselves.

It may be mentioned here that the axle-arm has not only a downward but also a slight forward inclination—the "lead." This is designed to counteract the tendency which the bevelled wheel has to turn outwards when in motion, and thereby to increase the strain on the washers or bolts holding the wheel to the axle-tree. The "hollow" and the "lead" together constitute the "set" of the axle-arm.

These technicalities may seem rather dry reading, but there is a certain interest in following out the way in which the dish of the wheel has necessitated in turn the hollow, the bevel, and the lead.

AXLE-ARMS AND PIPE-BOXES

The simplest form of axle is the one shown in Fig. 10. The axle-arm passes right through the pipe-box and the wheel is secured by means of a linch-pin or nut. This pattern, which was formerly universal, is now only found in army wagons, in which it is retained for special reasons, and in the commonest kind of trade vehicles. There are still gypsy caravans to be seen which are so fitted. As there is no receptacle for containing oil, wagon-grease must be used for lubricating purposes. To grease the axle-arms it is necessary to jack the wagon up and to remove each wheel in turn. As this should be done every second

or third day when travelling, the labour entailed is considerable.

Fig. 11. represents an improved form of the same axle. The wheel is held on by a linch-pin passing through a washer which bears against the outer end of the pipe-box. There is generally a hole running through the nave, just behind the hoop, for convenience in removing the linch-

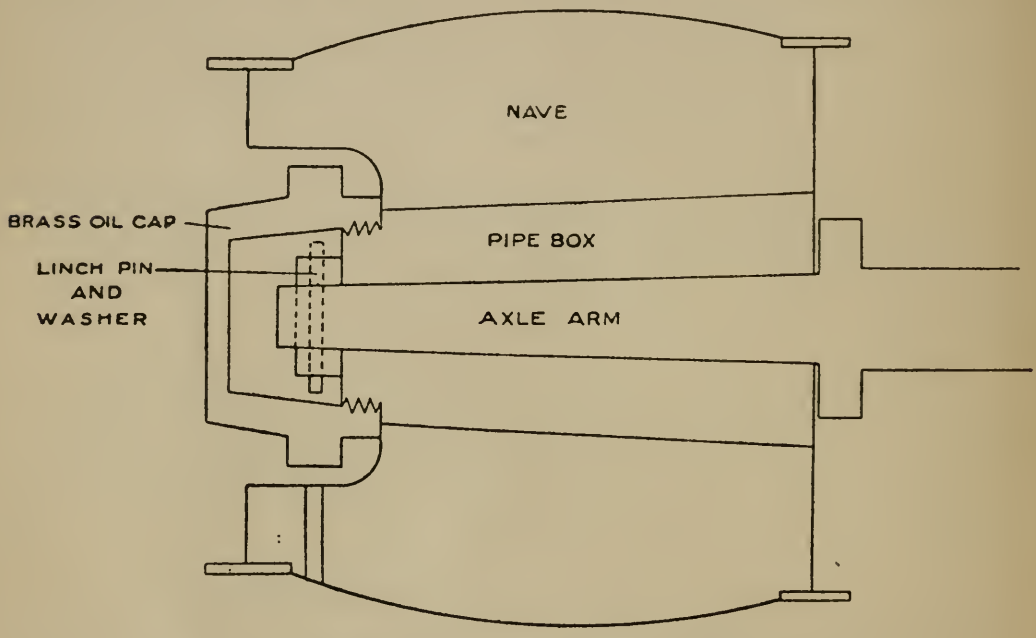


Fig. 10. Common or "grease" axle.

pin. A brass oil cap is screwed into the pipe-box. This cap provides for the lubrication of the axle-arm, but it requires re-filling every two or three days. This is the type of axle most often found in heavy wagons. Many caravans are so fitted.

Fig. 12 shows the "mail" axle, so called because it was first used for mail coaches. This is perhaps the safest form of axle existing and the one best suited to caravan work.

The axle-arm does not extend right through the pipe-box, and there is no nut or linch-pin. On the axle-arm there is a circular collar, which fits into a recess in the pipe-box. Behind this is a circular iron plate, the " moon-plate," and a leather washer. These are put on the axle before it is welded. Three bolts pass through nave and moon-plate, holding both firmly against the collar of the

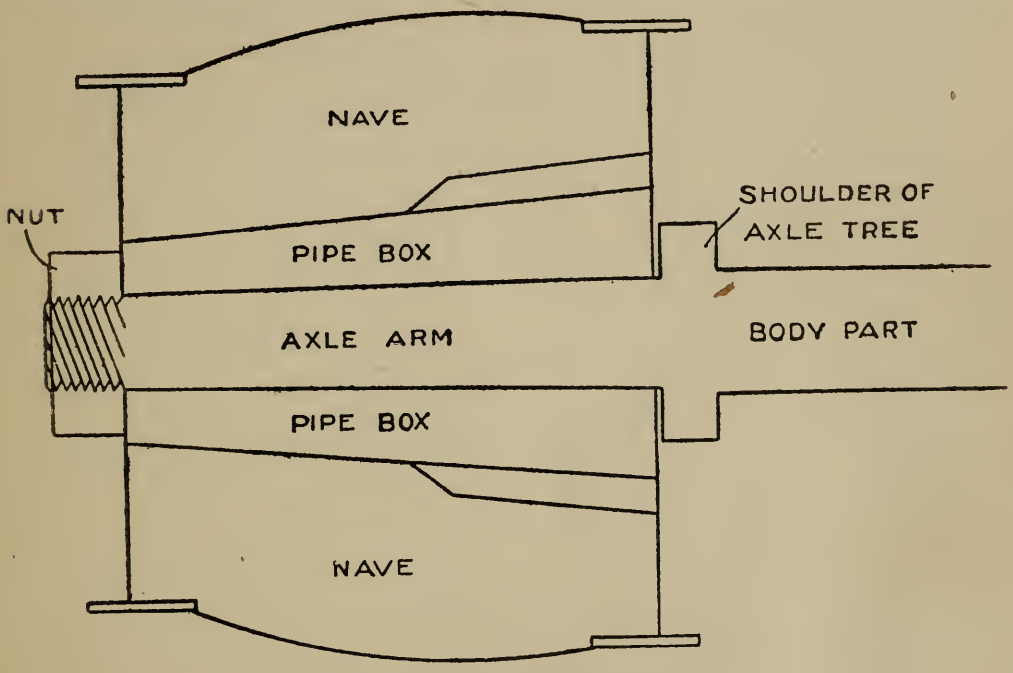


Fig. 11. Common axle, improved.

axle-arm. This type of axle may be readily recognised by the presence of the three nuts on the inside of the nave. It is generally supposed that nothing short of the simultaneous breaking of all three bolts would cause the wheel to come off. These axles should not require oiling oftener than once in ten days or a fortnight.

Opinions are rather divided as to the relative efficiency of the mail axle and the Collinge axle (Fig. 13) respectively. The latter type is the one nearly always used on private

carriages. It holds a large quantity of oil in a reservoir at the back of the pipe-box, and will go from two to three months without oiling. This is an advantage, not only as a saving of labour, but also because the constant removal of oil caps and nuts wears the thread of the

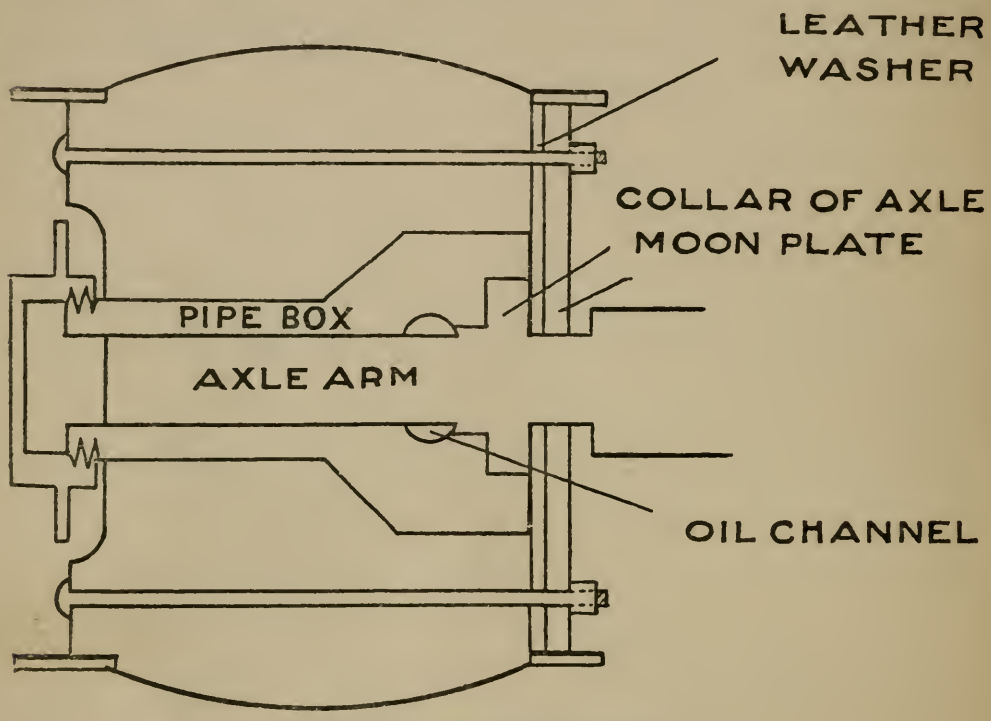


Fig. 12. Mail axle and box.

screws, and eventually causes a leakage of oil from the box.

In the Collinge axle the outward pressure of the wheel is taken by the " collet," a loose collar fitting on to a part of the axle-arm, which is flattened on two sides, so that the collet cannot turn round with the pipe-box. The collet is held in its place by two nuts on the axle-arm, which screw in opposite directions, and by a linch-pin.

BRAKES

It is absolutely necessary that a caravan should be fitted with a brake acting on both hind wheels. The drag-shoe should not be used if it can be avoided. It is good neither for the wheel nor for the road, and as it cannot be applied, as the brake can, with a varying degree of severity, it often gives the horse unnecessary

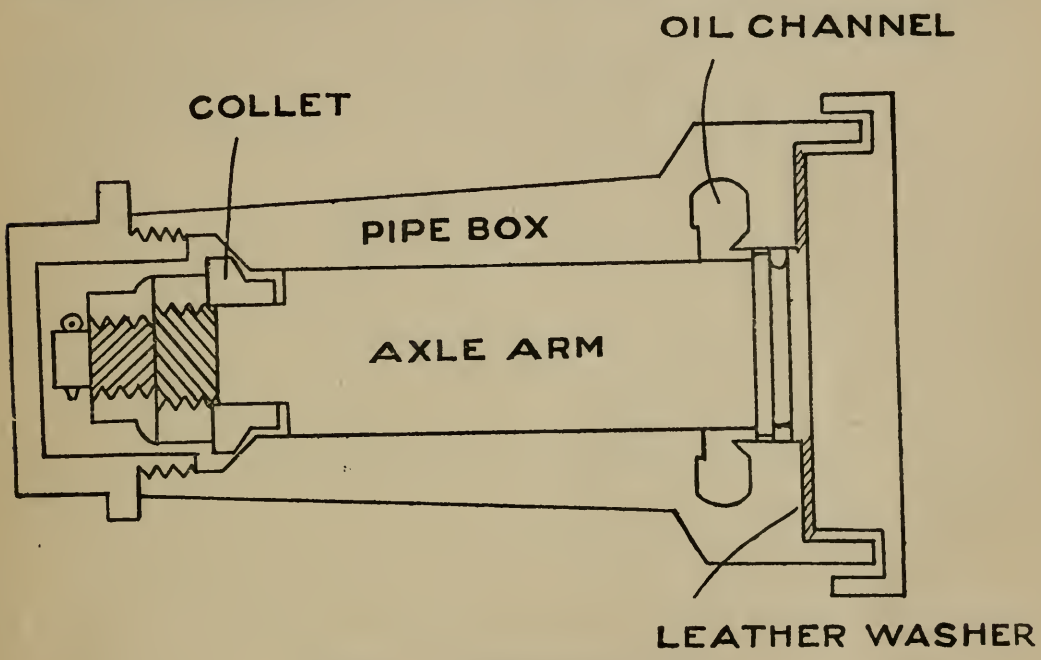


Fig. 13. Collinge's axle and box.

work in dragging the wagon down hill as well as up. Gypsy vans are sometimes without brakes, but the owners do not altogether abandon the principle. Who has not seen a rickety old wagon coming down a hill with the owner braking the hind wheel by the aid of a stout pole and his own bodily weight ? In using the brake it should be applied gradually and never with sufficient force to "skid" the wheel—*i.e.*, to prevent it turning round altogether.

The brake-blocks wear out very quickly and need frequently refacing with strips of leather. The professional traveller often uses the sole of an old boot for this purpose.

The screw type of brake (Figs. 14 and 15) is almost universal in caravans. A lever-brake, such as is used in carriages, is not so easily applied, and the lever is apt to

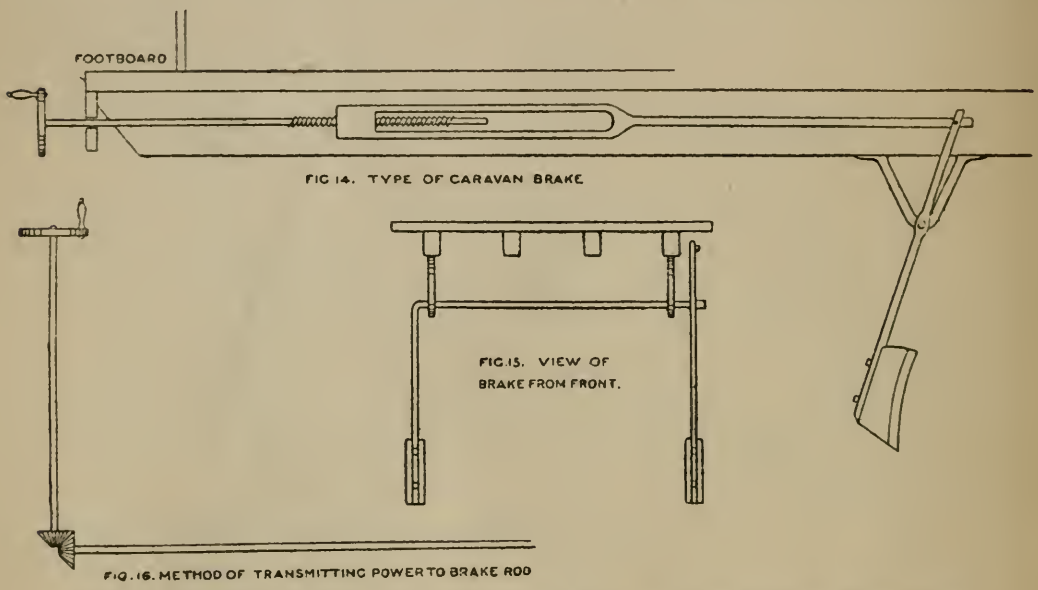


Fig. 14. Screw-brake, side view. Fig. 15. Screw-brake, front view.
Fig. 16. Method of transmitting power to brake.

jump out of its notch just when it is most important that it should not do so. Neither is a foot brake to be recommended. The only difference of opinion among caravan folk is as to the position of the wheel for operating the brake. It will generally be found just under the footboard of the wagon, on the near (or left) side, in which position it can be most conveniently reached by the driver when he is sitting on the footboard or walking by the side of the van. If the wagon is to be driven from a regular driving seat it will be found more convenient to have the

brake wheel mounted on a rod, which comes up through the platform to the driver's hand. (See Fig. 16.)

DRAG-SHOE, CHAIN AND SCOTCH

There is little to be said about the drag-shoe, or slipper, except that it must be proportional to the width of the tire. The chain used for putting round the wheel must be of the best quality, as a very severe strain may suddenly be put upon it in the event of the drag-shoe chain breaking. The usual type of scotch is that known as a "roller" scotch which follows the wheel on two chains. When not in use it should be hung up under the wagon, and it is not easy to prevent it from banging about and knocking the paint off the under-carriage and back locker. Unless the driver is working quite single-handed it will be found that a wedge-shaped block of wood, which can be carried in the crutch, is sufficient for scotching purposes. It should be secured with a long, light chain, otherwise it will not be at hand when wanted.

SYSTEMS OF DRAUGHT

The great majority of van dwellers adopt the orthodox way of travelling, *i.e.*, they never go at a pace beyond a walk, and use one horse only. This is undoubtedly the cheapest and less laborious plan, and the one best suited to large parties, heavy wagons, and a programme in which time is not an object. If only one horse is used any choice in the matter of harnessing is practically limited to the question of "farmers' draught" *v.* ordinary "van" harness. The "cart" harness, used in the "farmers' draught," is the more suitable for very heavy

horses and loads, while with lighter animals and wagons the " van " type is more in place.

In farmers' draught, the shafts are each provided with an iron D, which carries hooks for the attachment of the short trace-chains, the chain passing over the pad, or saddle, which supports the shafts, and the breeching chains. (Fig. 17.)

In the " van " harness a stout strap, known as the " back and belly band," passes through the pad and carries leather loops, the " tugs," which bear the weight

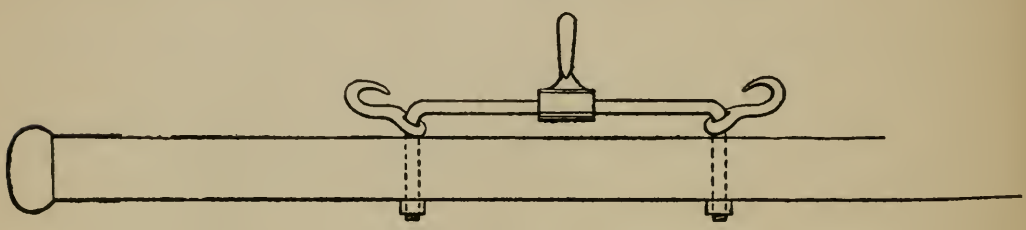


Fig. 17. Attachment for farmers' draught.

of the shafts. The " stops " prevent the " tugs " from slipping back along the shafts. With this type of harness long traces are used. These should end with half-a-dozen links of chain for attachment to the trace-hooks on the shafts.

The caravanner who moves with hired horses will find it best to have his shafts fitted for van harness, but to have holes bored in them for the farmers' draught attachments, which can be carried in the back locker, and affixed by means of nuts when required. Otherwise difficulties may sometimes arise if the hired animal turns up clad with the wrong kind of harness.

The shafts should always be fitted with couplings to take the trace of the often indispensable " chain-horse."

If two horses are to be used constantly, it is a mistake to drive them tandem fashion. An important principle

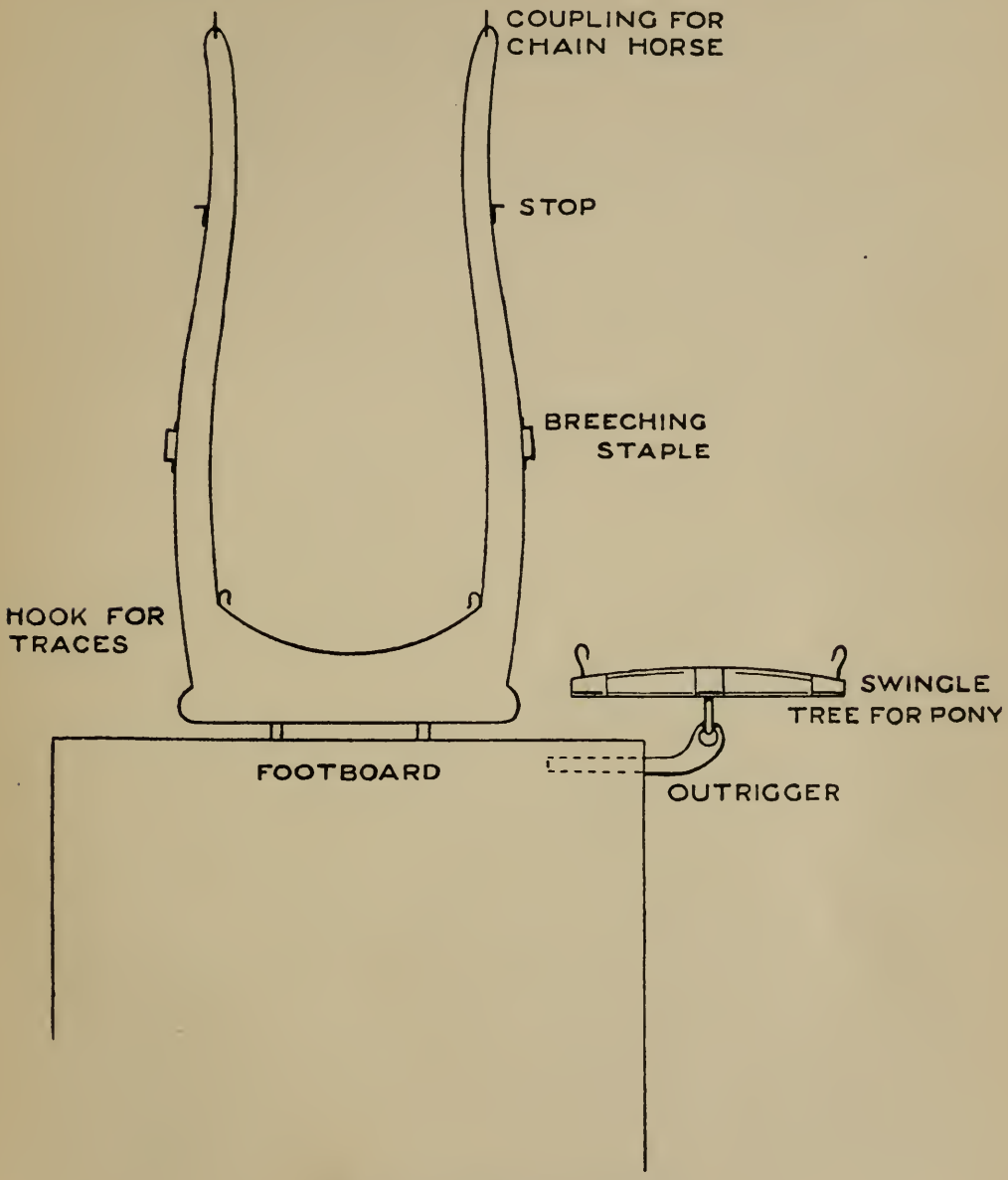


Fig. 18. Shafts and outrigger.

in the theory of draught is that the nearer the horses are to their work the better they will do it. If the two animals are nearly of the same size and weight a pole, or

double shafts, should be used. If a pony is used to assist the heavier horse, an out-rigger and swingle-tree should be arranged for him on the off (right) side. (Fig. 18.) It is obvious that if the smaller animal is hooked to the end of the shafts, part of his energy will be expended in a downward pull on the other horse's back. The swingle-tree arrangement is commonly used by professional travellers, and a stout pony hooked in in this way is a great assistance to the "working partner." The pony should be driven with a separate rein and should have a short leading-rein, which can be buckled to the coupling at the end of the right shaft.

If the horses are a match the wagon should be fitted with a pole. Double shafts are the best in the case of a heavy wild-beast wagon which requires a team of four or six cart horses to move it, as the wheel horses are given more holding-back power when descending a hill; but for any ordinary living-wagon a pole is much better. In the first place the horses are relieved of the weight of the shafts, a not inconsiderable burden, and in the second place the harness can be considerably simplified. In fact, in level country the collars and traces are all that are necessary besides the bridles and reins.

A few caravan owners who use horses which are also suitable for saddle work, travel a good deal at a trot. If the roads are good and level, and the wagon of a suitable build, the horses will often do their work more easily and smoothly at a steady trot than at a walk. Any attempt to lengthen journeys by moving at a faster pace is to be deprecated, but the lighter type of horse benefits by doing a journey of fourteen or fifteen miles at a rather quicker pace and being a shorter time on the road. Of

course, this way of travelling is not suited to a large family party, with many children and dogs, who are out for a quiet cross-country ramble, but it rather commends itself to the man travelling on business or a bachelor party on a short holiday.

Where a pair of horses and a pole are used, it is much better to let the horses pull from swingle-trees than from the bollards on the splinter-bar. It is much harder on the horse's shoulders to pull from a rigid bar than from a swinging one. The use of swingle-trees also makes the carriage better to drive, for it makes it easier to keep the pole and fore-carriage straight.

Some twenty years ago, perhaps, a party of sportsmen went on a tour with a four-in-hand team, driven from a specially fitted caravan. It was no doubt a success from their point of view, but it cannot have been a cheap holiday.

The caravanner who makes early morning marches may one day be rewarded by the sight of our largest English circus, that of Lord George Sanger & Sons Ltd., which is quite a national institution, on its annual tour of some 3,000 miles through Great Britain. Long experience of the road has caused this establishment to adopt a most efficient, and at the same time most economical, system of draught. The very handsome living carriages owned by the Sanger family are all fitted with two poles, and three horses are driven abreast. There is no doubt that this method is far less wasteful in power, besides being easier to drive, than the four-in-hand or unicorn arrangement.

SOME HINTS ON HARNESSING, ETC.

Put the collar on neck upside down, and when over the horse's head twist it round, turning it in the direction in which the mane lies. If it is at all a tight fit, take the hames off before putting it on. The collar should allow the flat of the hand to pass freely between it and the sides of the horse's neck, and the hand and wrist should be easily passed between the horse's neck and the collar at its lowest point. A too tight collar sometimes leads to congestion of the blood vessels of the brain, and to the horse being suddenly seized with a fit of giddiness when going up a hill. When hiring horses for a trip, stipulate that the collars they have been working in shall be sent with them. It tends to their comfort to use them, and they are less likely to get galled, just as a man is better off on a walking tour in a pair of boots to which he is accustomed.

See that the bridle fits and that the cheek pieces are not too short. The bit should not be so high in the horse's mouth as to make it wrinkle at the corners. See that the throat-lash is not too tight. It should admit the breadth of two fingers between it and the horse's cheek.

Do not be led away by the well-intentioned but inexperienced folk who advocate the abolition of blinkers. They do not prevent a horse from seeing where he is going, but protect him from all sorts of alarms in the direction from which he most fears attack, his rear. A horse likely to be frightened by a waving whip or window curtain is perhaps not suited for caravanning at all; but even the most phlegmatic Dobbin is sometimes startled by unexpected movements behind him, and it is just as

well to be on the safe side by ensuring that he cannot see any. The value of the blinkers is well known to those who have had much experience of driving horses of varying temperament together in pairs or teams of four.

See that the stuffing or lining of the pad is in good order, soft and ample.

If a crupper is used watch that it does not gall the horse's tail. If it does so, leave it off until the place is healed; before using it again get a piece of sheepskin put round it, with the wool outside.

The breeching should hang some ten to twelve inches below the root of the horse's tail, and should admit the breadth of the hand between it and the horse's quarters when the traces are taut. If it is too tight it will gall the horse: if too loose it will be found, on descending a hill, that the horse is holding the wagon back by means of the saddle and tugs, and not by the breeching at all.

When the horse is harnessed up loop the reins on the terrets of the saddle and put the traces out of the way over the animal's back. Back the horse quietly in between the shafts, raise the off shaft with the left hand and slip the tug over it; then go to the near side and put the tug over the shaft there. Back the horse until the tugs reach the stops, then hook the traces on. Lastly buckle the breeching to the staples.

When taking the horse out be very careful to unbuckle the breeching on both sides before touching the traces. Neglect of this rule by careless drivers is a constant source of accident. It is not very difficult to imagine the scene that sometimes ensues when the traces are unhooked first, and the horse walks forward before the driver has had time to clear the rest of the tackle.

NOTES ON THE INSPECTION OF A WAGON (UNDERWORKS ONLY) WITH A VIEW TO PURCHASE

The intending purchaser will no doubt have settled on the type of wagon he requires before going to see one. The question of the height of the wheels, and whether the hind ones should run outside the body or not, will probably be his first difficulty. The writer's personal predilection is for wheels of about 3ft. 6in., and 3ft. 8in. respectively, the hind wheels running under the body, a rather short "wheel-base," by which is meant the distance between fore and hind axles, and a wheel-plate of large diameter, as shown in Fig. 2.

The platform of such a wagon would be about four feet from the ground, or a little over, which is higher than most people care for, and perhaps too high for ladies.

The "showman" type of van, with the wheels under the body, is perhaps the best for good roads, and admits of a width of the interior that cannot be given to vans of the Gypsy type, unless the axles are extra long and the track of the wagon consequently inconveniently wide.

The higher the wheels the easier the draught. On the other hand, the lower the platform the more stable the wagon and the less chance of its upsetting on a bad road, or of being blown over in a gale of wind.

To digress for a moment, it may be asked whether any enquirer has ever worked out, in scientific terms, the effect of wind pressure on a caravan in motion. Think of the difference a head-wind makes to a cyclist, and then calculate the braking power of the same wind acting on the large surface area of the front and side of a caravan.

Probably something after the Gypsy style, what the professional calls a cottage-shaped or kite-shaped wagon,

with a low platform and the hind wheels outside the body, is best suited for ordinary touring. It will be stable, comparatively easy in draught, and if its total height is only a few inches over ten feet it will be able to go by rail on its own wheels, which is often a great advantage. If the caravan is over 10 ft. 6 in., or thereabouts, the wheels must be taken off and the van slung on to the truck by means of a crane—a tedious operation.

Caution is required in dealing with a newly painted wagon. A coat of paint and varnish hides a multitude of deficiencies, and it is far easier to judge of the real state of a wagon immediately after its return from the summer tour than after the winter "doing up" process.

The first thing to do is to look at the wheels. The junctions of the nave, spokes, felloes and tire should be firm and close. Cracking of the paint where the spokes enter the nave is often the first sign that things are going wrong. It is also at the joints that rot sets in, and it is advisable to carry a little bradawl or knife and to have a good dig into any suspicious places, preferably choosing a moment when the owner is at the other side, or has his attention otherwise occupied. Soft places and cavities filled with putty or stopping may be detected in this way. Tapping with the handle of a knife, or a small mallet, is also a guide as to condition, the ringing sound given out by wood in a good state being quite different from the dull thud that one hears when the material is rotten or worm-eaten. A certain looseness of the parts of the wheel does not necessarily imply any grave defect, as it may only be necessary to cut and shut the tires; but if there is any sign of decay about the joints waste no more time over that particular wagon. Broken spokes and cracked

felloes are easily seen. Cracks in the nave, which run in the same direction as the axle-arms, if not extensive are not a serious defect, as the hoops will hold the nave together. If, however, they run perpendicularly to the axle the nave is unlikely to last long.

Note whether the wheels appear to be strong enough for the wagon. For a wagon, weighing from 25 cwt. to 30 cwt., the tires should be 3 inches wide. It is advisable to have the tire $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wider than the sole of the felloes, so as to allow it to project a little on the outside. This will save your paint when forced against the curb, which is often unavoidable in going through a town. Note whether the tire is much worn.

Now is the time to form an opinion as to the condition of the axle-arms, and pipe-boxes. Grasp each wheel in turn by a couple of spokes and shake it violently. If the wheels rock very much on the axle-arms it is scarcely worth while continuing the inspection, but if they stand this test fairly well, then have each wheel raised from the ground by means of a jack. Any looseness that there may be will be very much more apparent when the wheel is clear of the ground. Then have each wheel off in turn. Looseness of the wheel in common axles may be due to wear of the pipe-box against the shoulder, in which case the insertion of a washer will probably put things right, but if the axle-arm itself is worn badly, a new set of axles will be needed to put the van in a serviceable condition.

Wear of the axle-arm is difficult to detect by eye alone, and measurements by means of a pair of callipers are advisable. At this stage of the proceedings, if not before, it is worth while to pay a small sum for the services of an

expert, always providing that he is in no way interested in the sale of the wagon.

Now look at the pipe-boxes, and see that they are not loose in the nave. They are only held there by oaken wedges, driven in from both sides, and these sometimes work out. The interior surface of the pipe-boxes should be examined. The boxes sometimes get cracked, and then a rough edge results which wears away the axle-arm.

The hind wheels should follow exactly in the track of the fore. The draught is rendered more difficult if the hind wheels have to make their own road, so to say, through heavy ground.

The springs should be examined to see that none of the leaves are broken or much rusted, and that the shackle-bolts, which support their ends, are not much worn by friction. Remember that the greater part of the weight of the van itself, and its load, will be on the hind wheels and springs, particularly if, as is often the case, the crutch is loaded up with tents, forage, bicycles and a hundred other things for which no room can be found elsewhere.

Test the brake and see that the brake rod is effectively supported throughout its length.

Get underneath the wagon and note the condition of all the woodwork of the under-carriage. Any portions may have become shrunk, decayed, broken or badly shaken. See that the shafts, pole, swingle-trees and splinter-bar are not rough or splintered.

The condition of all ironwork, clips, nuts and bolts, should be carefully noted, especially at points where wood and iron are in contact. It is here that loosening of the fittings chiefly occurs, both on account of shrinkage

of the wood and of corrosion of the iron. Old vans are frequently very bad in this respect.

See that neither the wheel plate nor the main pin are bent, also that nothing interferes with the full lock of the fore-carriage. Sometimes, owing to bad design, the fore-carriage will not turn as far as it ought, and this may lead to trouble in an emergency.

In conclusion, it may be said that to buy a second-hand caravan without knowing its age and previous history is a very doubtful experiment. Many wagons offered for sale have been so long on the road, and have been so much altered and patched up, that there is little of the original material remaining.

It is never worth while buying any van that is much out of repair, however low a price may be put upon it. Add to the first cost of such an article the bills for making it serviceable, and keeping it so for a year or two, and it will generally be found that the total does not fall far short of the price of a new van.

On the other hand, it is often possible to pick up a good bargain in the shape of a caravan which has been specially built for pleasure-touring, and whose owner, for one reason or another, is compelled to part with it.

The maker's name and reputation have also to be considered. The names of such well-known makers as the Bristol Wagon Company, Orton, of Burton-on-Trent, and Howcroft, of West Hartlepool, are in themselves a guarantee of good workmanship, and their productions are always more readily saleable than those of less celebrated firms.

CHAPTER X

LIGHTING: INSURANCE OF CARAVANS

"'Tis sweet to view, from half-past five to six,
Our long wax candles, with short cotton wicks,
Touch'd by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start."

HORACE SMITH.

A GOOD make-shift candlestick in an emergency, and in an emergency only, is a beer, ginger-beer, wine or spirit bottle, weighted with sand or small stones. It is far safer than a plate or inverted saucepan with a blob of wax to keep the candle upstanding. If a choice of bottles be available, the handy, old-fashioned, stone ginger-beer bottle is preferable, for it is lower and more solid, but the butt end of the candle has usually to be trimmed round, or pared, with a knife before it will stick in the rather narrow neck. This advice rather pertains to camping-out with tents than to caravanning, for, of course, in any well-equipped van the lighting arrangements are always seen to. For tent-lighting various forms of candelabra, holding one or two candles side by side, can be obtained at any of the outfitting shops. A light one is made of aluminium, in the form of a tray with shallow flanges turned up all round, hung by four chains, one at each corner, converging to a ring above, from which the apparatus can be suspended

from a ridge-pole, or hooked on to the long-arm of a " spider " from a tent pole.

Some caravans are fitted with ordinary swinging paraffin lamps, which, when travelling, are sometimes kept from oscillating unduly by having several pieces of elastic tied to the framework and made fast to surrounding portions of the van-walls. Others use paraffin lamps, or carriage-lamps burning candles on the top of springs, as wall-brackets swinging in yacht-gimbals. Ordinary piano sconces for candles I have also seen, placed here and there round the interior where light is required, such as on either side of a looking-glass on the van walls.

For night travelling (a rare event, for caravanners manage to pitch, at latest, at sundown or soon after *) two lamps are used for the front of the van, and one, with a red light, for the rear. If the red glass of this latter be removable, that is, if a piece of red glass in a brass cap be made to fit over the ordinary glass, this lamp is also available as an illuminating asset as well on a pitch. These three carriage lamps, burning hard wax or composite candles, will be found useful for carrying about on a pitch, and if they are made with loop handles they can be suspended. If the lower end of each is supplied with a spike they can, when necessary, be stuck in the ground.

I have known caravans lit with acetylene lamps, not

* Some caravanners prefer to travel during the night-time, and pitch at dawn, and then take rest. Those who desire quietness, and are worried by the noise of traffic and the grind of motors on the main roads, avoid these disagreeables by thus turning night into day. I know one caravanner who systematically travels only during the night, but then he usually remains a considerable time on one pitch. When I have to pass through a town of any size, I always try to arrange my transit through the streets *very* early in the morning, before the busy traffic begins.

only movable ones, like the cycle lamp so much used, but also with the gas laid on through pipes from a generator beneath the van, or under the driver's seat. When so laid on, the acetylene is also used for cooking, and a very ingenious cooking stove for use with this gas can be obtained, for acetylene burns with a very hot flame. The objection to acetylene (it has many good features) is the strong, overpowering smell of strong onions when, through some slight imperfection in the pipes or burners, the smallest quantity of the gas escapes.

Some vans are lit with electricity, and I know one, certainly a motor van, which, when running, lights the lamps, and when not doing so charges accumulators which will furnish sufficient electricity to light the van for many hours when the car is not running. Several vans lit in one way or another with electricity are now on the road, and there seems scope for further development in this direction, electricity being so clear and brilliant.

Then again, there are several varieties of petrol lamps, made by various firms for van illumination, which some caravanners swear by. But petrol is so inflammable, and, in inexperienced hands, so dangerous to handle, that this system of lighting has at present few caravanners who favour it.

The danger of fire is always imminent in a van. It is therefore well to be prepared, and very careful in the handling of lamps and candles. A loose curtain near the window may blow over the exposed flame of an adjacent candle and soon cause conflagration. Red hot coals may drop from the fire in those vans with fixed coal kitcheners ; a paraffin lamp may upset—all these and other causes may be the source of a fire. When a van is alight it is

difficult as a rule to extinguish the flames, for most vans are built of light wood, and being very dry they burn readily. Furthermore, the water supply on a pitch is very seldom sufficient for fire-extinguishing.

Though trivial fires have occurred in vans belonging to members of the Caravan Club, there has not, up to now, been an instance of the destruction of a van from that cause. But among the Gypsy and showmen fraternity many fires have happened in their caravans, in some instances leading to the death of one or more of the van-dwellers.

One instance * I came across may be mentioned. At the close of February, 1881, James Bishop, aged 83, died from injuries received from burning, caused by an accident in his own caravan, which had been occupied by him without intermission for the last thirty-five years. He was then supposed to have been the oldest showman in England, having started, at the age of twenty, as a bandsman to an exhibition of giants, dwarfs and fat women. Later he became a partner with Atkinson and Gillman, proprietors of a menagerie that rivalled that of Wombwell. He was afterwards proprietor of a performing seal, a Punch and Judy show, and a fine-art exhibition. During the time that James Bishop and his wife lived in a caravan there were born to them no less than eighteen sons and two daughters, all of whom were reared in the caravan, and were educated by their father in the three R's, and brought up to various trades or to the musical profession. One of his daughters became the mother of Miss Selina Young, "the Female Blondin," who walked on a tight-rope across the Thames. The

* *N. and Q.* 6th S. III. 245.

second daughter married a showman, named Wortbehoek, and was the mother of twenty-four children, all of whom were born and reared in a caravan.

The ordinary paraffin lamp is of frequent use in caravans. Many of the duplex species are used as ordinary standard-lamps, or as bracket-lamps, but these are, of course, dangerous. If one be lifted or moved about and upset, the oil is liable to escape from a broken receptacle, and then each stray fragment of fluffiness on carpet or tablecloth becomes a separate wick, and the conflagration rapidly spreads and is difficult to extinguish —sand or earth being more useful for that purpose than water. A drawback, therefore, to the ordinary paraffin lamp is that it cannot with safety be carried about in the van itself or on the pitch. At the meets of the Caravan Club I have always made it a rule to have a dozen buckets kept handy, filled with water, and half a dozen full of sand, in case of a fire taking place in a van. Luckily, up to now these buckets have not been required for real use.

There is no reason why a caravan should not be as brilliantly lighted as any house, and I have, from practical experience of its use in caravan and tent, found a very good and useful lamp to be that called the "Kelite" Domestic Lamp. This can be had as a pedestal-lamp to put on a table, or as a bracket-lamp, swinging in yacht's gimbals, to go against the wall. Its two leading features are safety and economy. If it upsets it simply goes out, and it has the great advantage for camping that it can be carried about from caravan to tent, or used on the pitch as a torch. Its illuminative power is enormous, 100 candle-power, and the makers claim that it burns

sixteen hours at the cost of 1d. It is, to all intents and purposes, an adaptation of the "Primus" stove principle applied to illumination, and, like the "Primus," burns ordinary paraffin. The mixture of air and paraffin burns in a suspended mantle, and the burner has first to be

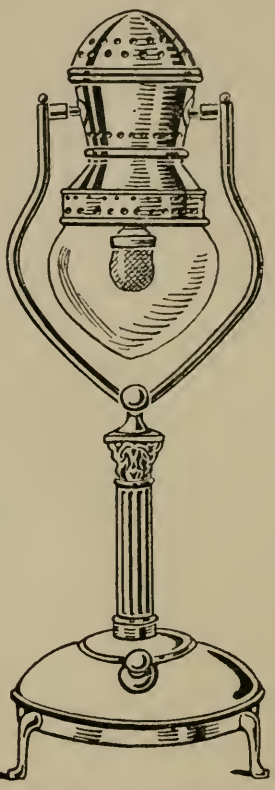


Fig. 19. "Kelite" lamp.

heated with a teaspoonful of methylated spirit. The pricking of the nipple is ingeniously done by simply giving half a turn to a knurled wheel on the outside, which is a distinct improvement on the ordinary "Primus." The pump in the reservoir, or paraffin-container, which forms the base of the lamp, needs pumping only every two or three hours. The lamp is instantly extinguished by merely turning the relief-valve, which at once lets the

compressed air out so that no more oil is forced up through the nipple into the burner. Anyone who has worked a "Primus" stove will, with ease, know how to manage this lamp. I have found it invaluable on a pitch. If anything, it is almost too brilliant, and most people have to use it with a shade in a van. I have taken it about on a pitch when rain has been falling heavily, and found it of great service on dark nights in going from tent to van and *vice versâ*.

This lamp was used at the Durbar Camp in India, and at the Caravan Meet, at Stratford-upon-Avon, in August, 1912, it illuminated the marquee, reading-tent, and the pitch generally.

A spirit-can is supplied with this lamp, which is so constructed that when it is tilted it allows just the right dose of methylated spirit to flow out down the channel in the lamp leading to the burner.

The Caravan Club has an insurance system for vans, which includes risk against fire. The policy covers all loss or damage by fire or lighting to the van, its fittings, furnishings and accessories, anywhere in the United Kingdom, and the premium is 7s. 6d. *per centum* on the total value.

The Club also has arranged an accident policy, which indemnifies owners against :

(A) All claims brought against them by the Public (excluding passengers), for Personal Injuries or Damage to Property caused by the caravan or horse while on the road, and whether they are being used in conjunction or not.

(B) All Litigation Expenses involved in defending claims.

(C) Damage to Caravan up to its full value, and including damage to the harness and lamps.

(D) Fatal Injuries to the horse, up to three-fourths of its value.

For these combined accident risks the premium is £1 15s., providing an indemnity of £150 for any one accident, and £1,000 in respect of all claims in any one year.

The Club also offers an alternative scheme, under which members, by bearing their own loss up to £5 in respect of any one claim, can obtain a Policy, in all other respects similar to the other, at a modified premium of £1 5s.

It is a curious fact that no insurance company will insure a horse against accidents merely. An insurance agent assures the Caravan Club that such is the case.

CHAPTER XI

PLANNING THE DAY AND SOME DETAILS ABOUT COST

"As merry as the day is long."—Shakspere: *Much Ado About Nothing.*

MANY people who are novices at caravanning often want to know how best to plan out the day. Of course no one answer will satisfy that rather general question; for no two parties on the road in a caravan are exactly similar in tastes, desires and general idiosyncrasies. Still, in a rough sort of way, an answer can be given which, if not directly helpful, may be suggestive.

I give the actual experience in planning out the day for six travelling together in a van with a tent. Rise at 7 a.m., between which hour and 8 a.m., if there be a river or stream handy, dress and bathe. At 8 a.m. the member of the party who is in charge of that department for the day prepares the breakfast and sets out the table for that meal. Another member, who is a horsey man, understanding the requirements of the motive power, throughout the tour makes the horse his special care. He waters the steed, gives it breakfast and makes ready for the day's task. The remaining four of the party shake out the bedding, and generally tidy-up the van after the night, and prepare it for day habitation.

Breakfast is taken at, say, 8.30 a.m. Then the whole

party co-operate in that unpleasant duty called "washing up," and setting things in order for the start. While at breakfast maps are taken out, and the day's journey planned, with the next night's pitch arranged as nearly as possible.

The van should be on the road from 9.30 to noon, when a halt should be called for lunch, and to rest man and beast. Start off again at 2 p.m., and journey till 4 p.m., making a short halt for afternoon tea. From about 4.30 go on until 6.30 p.m., when a suitable farm should be selected and permission to camp be obtained from the farmer. One member should be deputed to interview the farmer and make the necessary arrangements, site, terms, water, eggs, milk, etc. Meanwhile, the culinary member of the party gets ready for the evening meal. The total cost to each member of a party whose daily programme I have indicated came to just 35s. a week.

This leads me to say that in making up a party for the road—say of three or four—it is most advisable that one should be able to do plain cooking at least fairly well; for it is upon the wholesomeness of the food and the excellence of the cooking that the general health, and consequently temper, of the party will depend. Another member should understand the management and feeding of the horses, as upon that will depend the smoothness of the journey and the avoidance of accidents. Given a good cook and a man with this required knowledge of horses, nothing should take those two from their special duties during the trip; but these two departments should be left in their sole charge throughout.

A good caravanner thus summarised the cost of the trip* of a party consisting of three persons :—

* *T.P.'s Weekly*, Aug. 25th, 1905.

"It would be quite impossible to lay down any rules as to expenditure. We meant to do the trip cheaply, but not nastily, and we succeeded. The most important item was the hire of the caravan, and second was the hire of the horse. The van was secured for £7 for the month—and we could have had it for as long as we chose thereafter for £1 a week. The horse cost us 12s. 6d. a week—and, of course, we had to pay for fodder. Roughly speaking, for I have not been able to work out the actua cost, I should say that we spent less than 2s. a day on our mare—say, another 12s. 6d. a week. Our expenses for the first week of our trip amounted to £3 15s., including camping fees, and everything except the keep of the mare. To this must be added the cost of the van for one week—£1 15s., which gives a total of £5 10s. for the three of us. To arrive at the cost per head we must divide this total by three, which gives £1 16s. 8d. as the expenses of each of us. As, however, there was a good deal of money spent on things which will last for the whole tour, I think 30s. a week may be put down as cost of board and lodging. This, it will be admitted, is not excessive. And if each member's share of the cost of the horse and fodder, which amounts to 8s. 4d., be regarded as the price of railway tickets, travelling expenses do not come heavy either. I am sure that for less than £2 a week apiece three men can have a month in a caravan—and if they are the right sort of men they will consider the holiday cheap at the price."

Another practised caravanner, Mr. Clive Holland, has taken some trouble to go into the cost of a caravan tour, and he very wisely premises that the cost of the horses will vary according to the district. "A van capable of

comfortably taking from four to six people, as ours did (except at nights when two of the party slept at inns or cottages), will require two horses, known as the heavy van type, used to steady work and a good load. The hire of these in most towns will be found to vary from a guinea to 25s. per week ; and the cost of keeping each will work out at about 15s. to £1 per week, according to the amount of work done. Some days the cost will be greater, owing to the fact that they may have had to be fed on corn and chaff instead of grazing at the midday halt or when turned out at night." The same caravanner puts down as a summary : The hire of the van, three guineas a week : horses, two guineas : boy's wages, 8s. a week : £2 a week horses' keep : £1 10s. for incidentals, such as use of pitches, re-shoeing horses, tips, etc. : and from 10s. to 12s. per week for board, per person. "Thus," he says, " if the party consists of four persons and a boy, the cost of the holiday per week, barring accidents and the need for extra help, may be put down at about twelve guineas, or say three guineas per person. If, however, there are six in the party, in addition to the boy, the individual cost will be somewhat reduced." *

Another caravanner, equally practical, thus sums up a month's holiday spent travelling about with a friend in a caravan :—" As to the cost of the holiday, the entire month did not cost us as much as we should have spent in a few days at a seaside resort. It certainly did not exceed thirty shillings a week each, including the hire of the caravan. Our food cost us not more than ten or twelve shillings each, per week, and even then we considered ourselves rather extravagant, for I know we were

* *Pall Mall Magazine*, August, 1908.

always buying little luxuries whenever we found a fairly well-stocked grocer's shop in the villages we passed through."

A party of four girls—one of whom was an experienced caravanner—gives the result of a month's tour at about thirty shillings per week each. This is how the tour worked out :—

	s.	d.
Share of van and horse	12	6
Food	10	0
Extras, such as corn for the horse, oil for the stove, small tips, laundry, etc.	7	6
	£1 10	0

The experienced lady of this party says that in her three summers' experience she never has had any trouble from molestation by tramps, but then she always took a good watch-dog with her while on the road. She advises a thick walking skirt, as well as a linen one for really hot weather, plenty of blouses and a shady hat. An overall is useful when the dinner has to be cooked, the horse attended to or the plates washed up.

Lady Arthur Grosvenor says that the cost of van travelling is comparatively small, a day's expenses for four persons coming out at about 5s. 0½d, made up as follows :—

	s.	d.
"Three horses for one night, at 6d. each	1	6
Milk for tea, supper, and breakfast ..		1½
Meat	2	0
Eggs	1	0
Bread		5
	5	0½

"To the above, various little items must of necessity be added, such incidentals as shoeing, slight repairs to harness, etc., though of course these are not frequent occurrences." *

Personally my experience goes to show these expenses are too low. I know I take more milk daily, and I consume a considerable amount of fruit and vegetables, also butter and cheese, etc. Travelling four in my van I could not do it for the sum Lady Arthur Grosvenor gives, or anything like it.

* The Camper's Handbook. T. H. Holding. p. 359.

CHAPTER XII

USE OF PAPER IN VANNING, AND WARMTH IN THE CAMP

PAPER of all sorts and descriptions, whole newspapers, scraps, bits of whitey-brown, greengrocers' and confectioners' paper bags—keep all. Store all away in some locker kept solely for the purpose, for endless are the uses of bits of paper in van-life. Occasionally a table-cloth of a sheet of brown paper comes in handy, on the top of an empty Tate sugar-box, on a pitch in the open beside the van. For wiping out a frying pan after use nothing is so efficacious and thorough as bits of paper, and for the preliminary cleansing of knives and forks, before the final cleansing in hot water, I always use the same handy commodity. Paper admirably removes the grease and sticky bits from the breakfast and dinner-plates and dishes, and renders their final washing and wiping with a tea-cloth easy and far less messy. So never, when on the road, throw away paper. After use gather up all the small crumpled and greasy bits into a small heap, and when next you light your pipe set fire to them.

Every evening, on a pitch, I go round and collect all the bits thrown down on the ground around the van and burn them.

String, too, and twine I never discard, but cram down

into the paper-locker, or I keep a string bag on a convenient hook for its collection. To be able at a moment's notice to put your hand upon a bit of paper or a piece of string, when on the road, is often, I have found, of immense advantage and may save you great inconvenience.

The firm strong sheets of paper I fold up, as they do for table-cloths, and also for putting down on the floor of the van in wet weather, when otherwise you would bring in dirt and mud from outside on your boots and soil your oilcloth. I am reminded of the lady who, during the last Boer War, on visiting her butcher asked him which paper he took during the critical time, and he replied: "Well, ma'am, I did try the *Daily Mail*, but I find the *Morning Post* stands the fat better." In van-life both *Daily Mail* as well as *Morning Post* find their scope in the domestic economy.

Brown, or even newspaper, wrapped round the body makes a splendid protection against the rain. If you should strike a very cold night, when in van or tent, a sheet or two of paper added above you as you lie in bed will very materially add to your warmth—paper is such a splendid non-conductor of heat.

But the best of all coverings for the cold weather is an eiderdown quilt—for its weight the warmest covering known. I do not believe in a "tucking-in" valance all round, and I find the best results from the eiderdown quilt are obtained from letting it lie flat on top of you. But of course the many quilts sold as stuffed with eiderdown are frauds—they are simply stuffed with wool and very inferior in warmth-production to the real thing. Real eiderdown comes from the nests of the eider duck (*Anas mollissima*), an inhabitant of the northern parts of Europe,

Asia and America. The birds generally form their n on small islands not far from the sea shore and line th with soft white down which they pluck from their own breasts. Three quarters of an ounce of eiderdown is more than sufficient to fill the crown of a large hat.

I am not advocating turning a caravan into an old paper store, but merely desire to point out from my experience the many ways in which odd pieces of waste paper may be turned to account on the road.

When travelling in a sandy country, of course nothing is so good to " wash " dirty knives, forks, plates and dishes with as fine dry sand. In the island of Fuerteventura, one of the Canaries, of course I used sand, that being everywhere, and water nowhere. I found it quite easy to cleanse all cooking-things by repeatedly plunging them into, or rubbing them with, the exceedingly fine, hot, and dust-dry sand of which that island is seemingly composed. Indeed, I was once there in a season of great drought, of some years' standing, when wine was cheaper to buy than water ; so if I had not thus used the means at hand bountifully provided by nature I could not have " washed-up " at all. The old campers-out plan of cleansing knives by sticking them forcibly and repeatedly into the soil is, of course, well known to all who camp in the open, and if the soil is fairly dry and not of a dark sticky nature it is a good makeshift for a travelling knife-machine.

Vanners may of course carry knife-machines, but I never came across one who did, for they are so heavy that the extra weight occasioned by carrying them is not sufficiently compensated for by their utility. An ordinary knife-board for cleaning table-knives is usually carried ; and I know a lady who even reduced materially the weight

at supplied by the shops by removing the leather
from the thick piece of board it is mounted upon
d re-glueing it upon a strip of 3-ply wood of equal
imensions.

The moral of this chapter is that you should always clean off nearly all the grease before using your dish-cloth. Then the dish-cloth will be fit to use again.

Dish-cloths are the supplies that seem first to run short in an average road outfit—so always carry plenty with you—the common swab, as well as the more refined species of the genus.

CHAPTER XIII

MILK CARRYING IN VAN: COUNTRY DAIRIES: VILLAGE CONSTABLE: STOCKS: SOME HOME TOURS

IT not infrequently happens that one buys milk while actually travelling on the road in a van. On passing a farm-yard, where milking is in progress, one naturally takes a jug down from its hook in the van and buys a pint or a quart of the obviously pure and unadulterated article. Now, that jug full, or partially full of milk cannot go back on to the hook whence it came, or all the milk will soon slop out as the van jolts along. What I do in such a case is to place the jug on a spot on the stove, or in the larder, where it cannot slip, and then over the mouth put a piece of clean white paper and press down upon it a saucer. This simple arrangement I have found efficacious in keeping the milk from spilling when the van is travelling. A regular milk-can, with closed lid, is invaluable for fetching milk from a distance when on a pitch, and should always be included in the van's inventory. As it is never advisable to mix fresh milk with stale, my milk-jug and paper plan is always worth bearing in mind, for two or more milk-cans with lids are unnecessary lumber to carry about.

Some of my most agreeable experiences centre round dairies I have stopped at when on the road, in order to replenish my stores with milk, cream, butter and eggs.

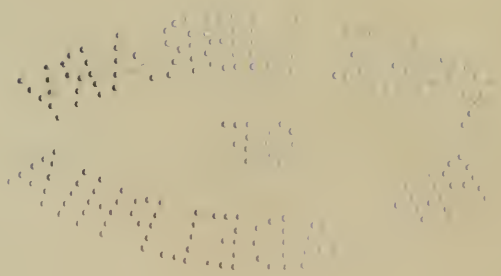
ve frequently waited in a cool, stone-paved, low-ceil-ed room to see the cream skimmed off the milk, lying bout the table in shallow pans; and that cream next morning, as an addition to the well-boiled porridge, made the dish food for the gods. Occasionally a chat with a rosy-faced damsel, the presiding Hebe of the milk-pails, with complexion resembling the commodity she was supplying me with, has led to a little *tête-à-tête* tea in the van, after an exploration of its mysteries and a lengthy explanation of its dodgy contrivances. These little encounters pleasantly break the monotony of the road, and red-letter the days. I often find on the road that the best way to break down the barriers of reserve, and also perhaps to remove any lingering suspicion among the country folk that you are not robbers of hen-roosts, is frankly to invite the curious inside and let them fully satisfy their curiosity.

At a little out-of-the-world, quaint, old-time village in Warwickshire, Warmington, where I had pitched my van and tent on the village green, I bought delicious cream, milk and butter from a dear old lady, also of the olden time as to manners and politeness, and saw the cream skimmed off with a spoon from the large milk-pans in the cool, low-ceilinged stone dairy, and took away my supply of milk still warm from the cow.

These experiences of the road are by no means exceptional, for some of the delightfully picturesque, old-fashioned dairies still exist in odd corners of England and Wales, where the buzzing whirl of the separator is unknown, and milk is still milk, knowing not boracic acid, or other horribly indigestible preservatives, or added water.

THE AUTHOR'S PITCH ON WARMINGTON VILLAGE GREEN *page 116*

THE *IDEAL* PITCHED AT SOULDERN GATE *page 119*



At a charming old village in Buckinghamshire I once bought my cream and milk from an Englishman, a bachelor, who had been to the United States of America, and had returned to this secluded spot to invest his money in dairy-farming, thus reversing the usual order of things. It was quite a novelty to see him with his own hands making butter and doing the varied work of the business usually done by dairymaids. I hope by this time he has obtained a helpmate, as sweet and good as I found his butter and cream, to relieve him of some of his work and enable him to extend his business.

It was at Warmington that I arrived rather late one evening in the month of August. Seeing a constabulary notice on a cottage facing the village green, I called and introduced myself to the solitary representative of the law in this out-of-the-way spot. I found him most polite, and eager to afford me all the help he could in the way of selecting a good pitch on the green, and obtaining a stable and fodder for "Baby," my horse, a huge youngster who laughed at a ton and a half, even up a steep incline. The constable produced a good road map of the district, and together we pored over it while he told me the state of the roads, and how to make detours to avoid really bad hills, some of the steepest of which are to be found in this neighbourhood. On the heights just above us, Edgehill, was fought the first battle of the Civil War, on October 23rd, 1642. Having comfortably pitched I invited the constable to inspect my van and gave him a little refreshment; and then nothing would do but I must go back to his home and taste his wine, which his wife makes out of cowslips, dandelion and a herb found in the fields at harvest time, the name of which

I could not identify. But I know the wine was good and warming. The village children next morning gathered round the encampment, and I had them in, in batches, to see the interior of the van, in which they were vastly interested. On this village green, on a high level, is a large pond, from which a conduit leads the water, when the barrier is removed, down to a pit just below it. This deep pit is approached by steps; and the constable told me it was the place in which all the inhabitants of Warmington had the right, from time immemorial, of washing their sheep, and it was still used for that purpose. Vanning acquaints one with curious old habits and customs.

On one side of this village green, just outside an old house, were two of those quaint Monkey Puzzle trees (*Araucaria imbricata*), looking quite novel and out-of-place in such an ancient village. I could not help recalling those amusing and clever lines on this vegetable curiosity by Mr. J. H. Macnair :—

"Are you very, very lonely, O Monkey-puzzle Tree?
With no monkeys here to puzzle—and you cannot puzzle me!
Did you really puzzle monkeys? For surely they could see
You weren't meant for climbing, O Monkey-puzzle Tree!

Perhaps, in your own country, wherever that may be,
In some warm land where monkeys live, across the shining sea,
You have golden fruit like oranges, but one as big as three
High up where none can reach them, O Monkey-puzzle Tree!

Perhaps all round in circles sit the monkeys, black and brown,
And chatter, chatter over plans, and shake their heads, and frown,
And lick their thirsty lips and long to reach your golden crown,
And puzzle, puzzle all the day how best to get it down.

It isn't kind to puzzle them, O Monkey-puzzle Tree!
Perhaps it isn't true you do—I can't be sure, you see;
But your funny name and prickly boughs, I think they puzzle me.
So still you puzzle somebody, O Monkey-puzzle Tree!" *

* *Pall Mall Magazine*, March, 1910.

THE AUTHOR'S MID-DAY HALT FOR LUNCH, "BABY" IN THE SHAFTS

page 117

Very, very lonely indeed are those two solitary Monkey Puzzle trees of Warmington Green, for it is unlikely that ever in their lives have they beheld a monkey.

I had slowly made my way to Warmington from Bicester on this trip, my last pitch before the village green at the former place having been at Souldern Gate, a lonely pitch on an eminence commanding magnificent views and surrounded with the freshest of fresh-air. I left Bicester at noon, and arrived at Souldern Gate at 3 p.m., and pulled up at the Bear Inn, kept by a genial host, one A. Bennett. It is a solitary inn by the side of the road with no houses near. I asked him on arrival if he had a paddock into which I could draw. He, with great politeness, said "yes," and showed me the way to the back of his hostelry, where an ideal small field, with wide entrance gates and enclosed with stone walls, afforded just the site I needed. A spreading walnut-tree gave us welcome shade; and we soon had "Baby" munching her corn in the stable adjoining the inn by the side of the road. Always our first consideration on arriving at night-quarters is the horse. Then we had the tent down and erected like clock-work, whilst others of the party prepared tea for instant consumption, and set about preparations for the evening-meal of a more solid description. I heard a two-wheeled cart draw up at the inn door, and ran out from the paddock at the back to see who the visitor was at this lonely spot. It proved to be a man carrying fresh fish for sale, and I entered at once into negotiations and eventually secured the head and shoulders of a fine cod. That piece of cod was soon in the top compartment of our triple steamer over the "Primus" stove; the other two compartments containing

stewed mutton and French-beans and potatoes. Stewed plums we had reserved from our last night's dinner, and one of the party was despatched to forage for cream, which was soon forthcoming, fresh and plentiful, from a dairy in the village down below. That night we fared sumptuously, and satisfied the appetites which the keen air at that elevated, healthy spot had engendered. The quaint old village we rambled through—all the little cottages with small front gardens, bright with every sort of flower, and on each front wall a plum, apricot or peach tree, at that time of year full of rich-looking, luscious fruit. I heard it was a crime of the direst description to steal one's neighbour's fruit in this village and that all these trees had been planted by the landlord: a pleasant idea that might profitably be followed in other country villages in England, I thought.

On our way from Souldern to Warmington we passed through the village of Anyho, where, by invitation of the steward, to whom we had shown our van, we went and explored the beautifully laid out grounds of the Cartwright family around the house and saw the famous Lime Tree Avenue, the Sunny Walk, the Yew Tree Walk and the old sundial in the rose garden. The church, close at hand, had been badly restored, and is noticeable for having a north door and containing the tomb of Dean Edward Meyrick Goulburn (1818-97), who succeeded Tait in the headmastership of Rugby, and whose book *Thoughts on Personal Religion* had such a great vogue when I was a boy.

The interesting feature of Anyho, at least so I thought, we suddenly came upon on the near side of the road—the old village stocks. This, of course, necessitated stopping

the van and getting out our 5 by 4 camera and taking a photograph of it. There are not now many village stocks in England to photograph, so that when one is encountered, it is always wise to seize the opportunity. Slowly travelling along the highways and byways of this country it is surprising how many interesting objects, or objects of ancient or uncertain date, there still are to photograph. Motorists who fly along the roads see really little of ancient England.

But such journeys and experiences as I have just described are merely typical of many such—no parts of our rural districts, I have found, are devoid of interest. The more one knows of such subjects as botany, entomology, natural history and archæology, the more interesting does van-life become.

A member of the Caravan Club gave me an interesting account of his actual journey in the West country. I give it in his own words: "My tour was from Bristol to Exeter by the main road, thence to Teignmouth; this we covered in four days, doing 25, 25, 19, and 25 miles per day. From Teignmouth we turned northwards, skirting the eastern and the northern sides of Dartmoor, going through Moretonhampstead and Okehampton, then to Holsworthy and Bude, on the north Cornish coast. This was a fine trip, but the roads bad. We, however, reached Bude (from Teignmouth) in five days, doing 17, 11, 15, 11, and 12 miles each day respectively. Here we pitched for a few days. Our next trip was from Bude to Saunton (between Barnstaple and Ilfracombe)—a lovely, quiet seaside place, with fine golf links and good bathing. And this was a grand bit of country, including Hartland, Clovelly, Bideford and all the 'Westward Ho!' romantic

spots. This we covered in four days, doing 11, 11, 11, and 20 miles per day. From Saunton we chose the Exmoor route home. This was very fine but very rough, and we had frequently to employ a trace-horse. We passed through Bratton-Fleming, Challacombe, Simonsbath, Exford, Cutcombe, Timberscombe, and drew into the main road at Dunster—thence, via Bridgwater, to Bristol. This took us six days, doing 19, 17, 22, 13, 17, and 15 miles on the respective days. I must add I had a splendid driver, and as good a horse. Were any member driving himself he would find this tour hard work. We averaged 13 miles every day for the 25 days we were out; but seeing we rested six full days it makes an average of nearly 17 miles for each touring day. This is quite enough, but seeing we all (including the horse) returned better than we started, I do not think it was too much. I enjoyed the touring days more than the camping days. I found, when pitched, we were all more fidgety—harder to please—inclined to consider appearances more, etc., etc.; but in obeying 'the call of the road'—wet or fine, rough or smooth—we were as happy as could be. So that my advice to caravanners is 'go.' I think I remember R. L. Stevenson saying he travelled, not to go *anywhere*, but to go. As to cost, we have no standard of requirements in the matter of personal expenditure, so I cannot see that figures would be of any service; but for horse-keep I paid 38s. for the 25 days, just 1s. 6d. per day. I had a large sack prepared before leaving, with an iron ring strongly sewn to each corner. This was filled with oats and bran, bought as required, and hitched up under the van. The horse was stabled every night with a good bed. I paid nothing for pitches, but usually

1s. per night for the horse's stabling, water-supply, etc."

It is very risky work sending a van by rail, though by steamer it is pretty safe. The shaking a caravan gets on a long railway journey is tremendous and continued; it is up and down, right and left, interspersed with frightful spasmodic jumps and abrupt stoppages.

I once sent my van some distance, and forgot to take down from the partition inside a frying-pan which hung there from a nail. The friction of that frying-pan, caused by the swaying of the van, cut the wood right through the partition.

But Dr. Gordon-Stables had even worse luck. After one of his tours in Scotland he determined to send the *Wanderer* to London by rail, en route for the New Forest. The wheels were taken off, as well as the wheel-carriages, and she was then shipped on a trolley and duly secured. The one great mistake was not having springs under her. When Dr. Gordon Stables, at the end of the journey, unlocked the door: "Something lay behind the door, but by dint of steady pushing it opened at last. Then the scene presented to my view beggars description. A more complete wreck of the interior of a saloon it is impossible to conceive." The awful shaking on the railway had forced open the door of every cupboard and locker, and all the contents were in a chaotic mass and mess on the floor—"china, delf, and broken glass, my papers, manuscripts and letters, my choicest photographs and best-bound books, butter, bread, the cruets, eggs, and portions of my wardrobe; while the whole was freely besprinkled with paraffin oil and, derisively, as it were, bestrewn with blooming heather and hothouse flowers!"*

* *The Cruise of the Land Yacht, Wanderer* (London, 1886), p. 279.

CHAPTER XIV

TENTS AND ANNEXES

A WELL equipped caravan is practically a complete dwelling-house upon wheels, and needs no adjuncts at all. Nevertheless the comfort of a caravan-tour, if several are of the party, is much enhanced by carrying one, or even more tents, to pitch near the van in a camp. Where the party consists of several of both sexes additional tents come in handy for sleeping purposes: and even if a man and wife are using the caravan alone, or two girls, or two or more men, even then an extra portable tent is most desirable for use as a bath-room, an extra kitchen or dining-room.

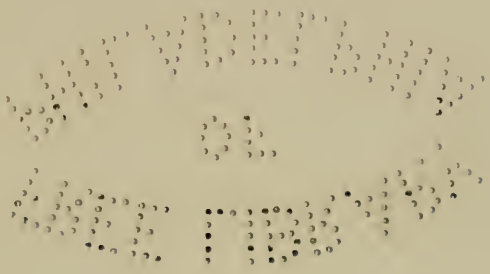
The variety of tents of a more or less portable character is practically infinite. New models and sizes are continually being invented, each of which may, or may not, possess some desirable feature; and as I am not writing a treatise on this branch of life in the open air, I can only lightly touch upon so vast a subject. My remarks are restricted to tents I know and have used, and readers must always remember that there may be, and doubtless are, many other tents quite as good, if not better, to accompany a caravan when on the road than those I mention.

In the first place, let me dismiss with few words that

LEAVING THE MEET AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON, 1912

THE AUTHOR'S PITCH AT THE MEET, STRATFORD-ON-AVON, 1912, SHOWING "RIDGE" TENT

page 125



tent so commonly seen in encampments—the Army bell tent.

It has been my lot, when a captain in the late Volunteers, so foolishly and light-heartedly abandoned, to have frequently and for lengthy periods used this form of tent; and a more disagreeable and ill-advised arrangement for camping-out it were difficult to imagine. It is one of the most difficult tents to pitch perfectly and neatly, or to strike, and for its size and weight the comfort and accommodation afforded are most meagre. It gives very little shelter in really wet downpours and is easily disturbed, even blown down, in a gale of wind. It has ropes radiating all round it over which men and animals stumble, and lastly, it is ugly.

These bell tents, why "bell" I know not, as "sugar loaf" or "pyramid" would better describe them, are so frequently seen in camps in civil life because so many are sold out of the Army, and can be picked up at times for a few shillings each. To me they are not cheap at any price; and I believe our Army is the only one that still employs so ill-suited a covering for human beings when on campaign. The tent pole right in the middle, and the absence of standing-up room except close to it, are alone two features which condemn it utterly in my opinion.

The tent I have the most liking for, not only for use with a caravan, but also when camping out with a tent alone, is the type known as "ridge tent," "patrol tent," or "emigrant tent." I have lived for considerable periods in a tent of this description and prefer it to any other. Most tent-makers supply it, under some name or other, for about £4 or £5, and it will last for years. The one I have mostly used has been 7 feet square and 7 feet

high, and would take easily on either side of the interior an Army officer's camp bedstead, leaving sufficient avenue between for a box or portmanteau on which to place a candle or lamp at night. The material I use is Willesden Green canvas, or, as it is called sometimes, green rot-proof canvas; and that made for me years ago I had in use for I don't know how many years. It only ceased active service when it was accidentally burned in a shed.

I strongly recommend this form of tent with the addition of a fly-sheet. This not only secures you against the slightest suspicion of damp in the heaviest rain, but it also forms a most convenient covered space under the eaves, in which to keep a bicycle and any stray cooking pans and articles you desire to keep in the open ready for use at any moment.

There are two varieties of fly-sheet. One covers right down to the ground and is there pegged. The other only part way, and is pegged to the ground by guy ropes. I prefer the latter. I also use a long and separate pole a few inches above the ridge of the tent, which, when travelling with a van, easily goes with the vehicle. The two poles of the tent are each jointed, that is, socketed together, so that the whole tent (with the exception of the long pole to carry the fly-sheet altogether clear of the tent) goes into a canvas bag, like a pillow case, which is carried on the rail at the back of the caravan or on the top. The material of this cover of pillow packing case should be strong, to stand rough usage, for it is better that the cover should suffer in the course of travelling than the tent itself. When camping abroad I had all the poles socketed, and thus the whole equipment made two pillow canvas cases, one for either side of a mule or horse back.

A ground sheet, the exact size of the interior, I always use, as when the tent is used for a bed-room such is most desirable.

If the ground is not level, but slopes, always pitch your tent with the head a little higher than the foot. Place the back to the windward quarter, and, if you can do so, arrange that the best view from the site is visible through the door. A hedge or the fringe of a wood will keep off wind better than a solid object like a wall or haystack, and I advise avoiding trees for pitching beneath. The constant dripping of water, long after a storm has passed over, is not conducive to an equable temperament.

I always pitch my fly-sheet at as acute an angle as possible, and allow more of it to overlap the tent in front of the door end: this 20 inches there acts as a most convenient porch to the tent.

The actual pitching of a ridge tent, such as I have described, hardly needs explanation, it is so simple and obvious. If the poles are in sections, fit them together, taking care that the right end goes into its own particular socket. Similar marks, deeply cut at either end, facilitate this. Stretch out the canvas on the ground, with the fly-sheet on the outside. Push up the two poles, with the iron spike ends leading through the small eyelet holes at the ridge of the tent-end and through the holes in the long pole carrying the fly-sheet. Place on the caps, with long guy ropes attached. Now hammer into the ground the four big pegs, supplied with the tent, that hold these four guy ropes. These four pegs, which do the main supporting work, should be driven in at a distance of 5 feet or more from the gable-ends of the tent, two in

front and two behind, one being opposite each corner. Then one person must make the long guy ropes loosely fast to the pegs, while two others catch hold of the tent poles and raise them to an erect position. They are thus held till the ropes are made tight and are supporting the tent firmly. If at first the pegs are found not to be in the right positions they are easily knocked out with the hammer and driven in again at the correct spots. The other pegs fasten the tent guy ropes, and the pegs fastening down the walls of the tent are then driven in.

A piece of string, or a long strap, made fast inside to the top of each pole, fore and aft, and stretched tight affords a most convenient basis for hanging clothes upon when S shaped hooks, made out of bits of stiff, iron galvanised wire, are hung upon it. A " spider," that is, a strap with brass hooks attached to place round the tent pole, is also a most valuable addition. A good stout strap, lined with rubber and containing eight hooks and a lantern holder, costs five shillings, and is well worth the money in extra comfort to the tent.

But even a simpler contrivance is available if you know how to make a " clove-hitch " out of a piece of string—no other knot will cling to a smooth tent-pole. So useful is this knot that it is worth while getting a coastguard or a sailor to show you how to make it.

It happened once in my travels that I broke a tent-pole, but overcame the difficulty by placing a splint of wood on either side of the fracture, lashing the whole together with soft cord. If I had not had with me twine I should have untwisted the strands of a piece of rope and used them instead.

An improved form of the " ridge " or " patrol " tent

was recently brought to my notice. It is an admirable camping-out tent, in fact one of the best I know. One variety consists of two rooms, or compartments, divided by a light curtain ; the other is made of three compartments, the front for use as a sitting or meal room, the centre as a bedroom, and that at the rear can be used as a kitchen or bath-room. These tents are made of first-class canvas, and are very moderate in price. With one of them, carried on the tailboard of a van, camping on a pitch can be made quite luxurious.

It is well to remember, every old camper-out knows it well, that if you are using a tent without a fly-sheet you should carefully avoid touching the tent on the inside during rain. By doing so, the laws of capillary attraction come into play, and you may get a dripping of water through from the outside. But should you inadvertently touch the inside of the canvas when it is raining, and thereby get a drip through, draw a finger tightly down the inside of the tent, from whence the drip emerges, to the ground. By doing so the trickles will be directed to harmless quarters. It is well that during rain, or when it is likely to rain, you should arrange furniture and impedimenta inside, so that nothing actually touches the canvas.

I have never found a tent cold, even on cold wet nights. The more the storm howls and the rain lashes outside, the cosier am I within. At night the heat and brilliant light from my "Kelite" lamp absolutely banish the shivers and make the interior warm and comfortable. In the daytime I light a "Primus," with a toaster on it, which radiates out ample heat. But here a hint—when using the stove inside a tent it is always well to put a flat piece

of wood or oilcloth beneath it to preserve the valuable ground-sheet from risk of damage.

In addition to a tent of stout canvas, large enough to contain two folding iron spring-beds, I also carry one or more of the light gossamer-fabric tents. The real test of efficiency in regard to tent material is not the thickness, weight or power of the fabric, but the closeness with which perfectly spun yarns are woven. Some of the cloths used for these light tents have as many as one hundred and thirty-six threads to the inch, in the warp: one thousand six hundred and thirty-two in a piece of fabric forty-two inches wide.

To give some idea of this class of tent (largely used by cycle campers) I may mention that the dimensions of the "Midget Canadian" are as follows: 5 feet high, 6 feet long, 4 feet 3 inches wide, 18 inches of wall height. In silk the weight is 1 lb. 9 ozs., in Tropica 2 lbs. 9 ozs., in Assouan 3 lbs. 6 ozs., and in linen 5 lbs. 1 oz. The "Giant Gypsy," which I use, is only 10 lbs. in weight. When pegged out it is 12 feet across from side to side: it pegs out to fully 11 feet long, and with the descending angle foot of the door it gives a ground-spread lengthwise of about 18 feet. The poles are made of white spruce, finished natural colour, with a display of brass ferruling that makes the whole almost ornate in its delicate finish—yet it is all strong.

Another wonderful tent is the "Canadian." Its dimensions are 5 feet 6 inches high; 5 feet 6 inches wide; 6 feet long, and it folds up into a rod 10½ inches by 4½ inches. Made of silk it weighs 1 lb. 9 ozs., of Tropica 2 lbs. 9 ozs., of Assouan 3 lbs. 6 ozs., and of linen 5 lbs. 1 oz.

Then there is the "Cabin," which weighs in lawn about

THE HOLDING LIGHT "CABIN" TENT *page 130*

THE HOLDING VERY LIGHT "CLYDE" MODEL TENT *page 131*

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

3 lbs. ; the fly-sheet weighs 1 lb., and the set of 18 iron pegs, 1 lb. 10 ozs. This, made in one of the stronger materials, needs no fly-sheet, will stand any weather, and is then known as the " Clyde."

The tent-pegs I use for a tent of this description are of aluminium, and the whole structure folds up into a marvellously small parcel. I keep it in one of those oblong, light Japanese baskets which are now so commonly used. Fragile, even fairy-like, as it looks when pegged out, this " Gypsy " tent (a misleading title, as it is not a Gypsy tent at all) is absolutely waterproof. Once, when I had it pitched near my van for the accommodation of a guest, it rained *in torrents* for twenty hours without a moment's cessation. To be exact, six inches of rain fell during that one day, and not a drop of water penetrated the frail-looking, delicate sheeting.

One or two of these tents added to the van's luggage make no appreciable addition to the weight ; and on a pitch they always come in useful for stowing away articles, such as cameras, photographic plates and odd clothing, which you want to keep handy and yet safe from rain.

Any one of these tents can easily have a ground-sheet fitted to it, and a very good and inexpensive one can be made at home out of good quality American oil-cloth—using it, of course, with the rough cotton side upwards, and the glazed side beneath, touching the ground. An eye or hole let into the middle of each of the four corners, and also into the middle of each of the sides at the edges, affords places for pegging it down with little aluminium pegs—thus preventing movement, which is so annoying and not unusual on the part of a ground-sheet. If you

use a bed in a tent with a ground-sheet, you must be sure to get four pieces of board, about 6 inches square at least, and place one beneath each foot of the bed, or your ground-sheet will soon be destroyed. Never put away a tent in a damp state. If you have to strike tent during wet weather, remember to take it out and dry it on the very first opportunity. Tent fabrics absorb an enormous amount of water, and so do all the guy ropes: therefore if rain is coming slacken all guy ropes or your pegs will be pulled out. A linen tent absorbs more water, and shrinks therefore more, than one made of cotton.

The genuine Gypsy tent is quite a thing apart—very picturesque in its blanket cover. Those who desire to adopt this form of tent for camping-out will find full particulars, admirably and practically illustrated, in *Gipsy Tents and How to Use Them* by G. R. Lowndes (London, 1890). The usual Gypsy encampment consists of the round blanket-covered tent and the open annexe, or "baulk," which is really nothing but a curtain hung all round the fire to keep off the wind. When the tent is piloted, five rods, about 4 feet 6 inches long, are set up, enclosing a sort of little yard just in front of the mouth of the tent, some 6 or 7 feet long, and a little wider in the middle than the tent itself. "This open baulk," says Mr. Lowndes, "is all very well in fine weather, but when it is wet and cold, a 'winter-tent,' as it is called, is a necessity. For this, however, very little more is required. A few pliant hazel or willow sticks are cut in the nearest hedge and lashed on to the tops of the baulk rods, the ends being carried over to meet one another, and tied over the fire. The whole is then covered in with extra blanketing, or any odds and ends that are handy, and

the cover pinned down to the tent and curtain, leaving an aperture, some 18 inches across, on the leeward side of the top for a chimney. The height of a winter baulk should never be less than 5 feet 6 inches from the ground, or the tent will be too smoky to be habitable."

To waterproof a tent, which is never advisable and only to be tolerated when the fabric is old and near dissolution, dissolve half a pound of alum in four gallons of boiling rain-water. It is essential that rain-water be used. In a separate vessel dissolve half a pound of sugar of lead (lead acetate) in four gallons of water. Let the solutions stand till clear, then pour the alum liquor into a clean vessel and add the sugar of lead solution. Let it stand a few hours. Then pour off the clear liquor, thoroughly work the fabric in it, so that every part is quite penetrated, squeeze out, stretch and dry. It is well to note that sugar of lead is very poisonous if taken internally, so do not leave it about. This treatment fixes acetate of aluminium in the fibre of the cloth. A final washing should be given to clean the cloth from the useless white powder of sulphate of lead that is deposited on it.

A simple way to waterproof a piece of cloth is to take a piece of solid paraffin, lay the cloth on a table, and rub the outer side of it with the wax until it has a good coating evenly distributed. Then iron the cloth with a medium hot flat iron, which melts the wax and makes it run into the pores of the cloth.

It is not advisable to oil a tent, as some advise. Linseed oil rots the fibre, and cloth so treated will be sticky in hot weather.

Annexes to caravans afford extra room and they are

made in various ways. Unlike a tent, which is separate from the van, an annexe is attached in some way or other to the outside. Canvas annexes of each of these varieties are to be met with. The main advantages of annexes are that they may be so constructed and placed as, for practical purposes, to become on a pitch integral portions of the van itself, extra rooms as it were. Furthermore, being dependent upon the outside wall of the van for their main support, they need not possess separate poles, in which respect they are more easily packed up and carried about than tents. In many instances they are lean-to's of canvas, the upper part attached to the van just under the eaves and the lower parts pegged out tent fashion.

In the case of a van with a door at the rear, an annexe is made to extend from the hind-end of the caravan, and practically gives another room, which can be entered in all states of the weather most comfortably without going into the open. Such annexes are common, and any sail-maker, or tent-maker, can easily construct one to fit a caravan.

There are vans with an annexe all round the vehicle when on a pitch, making three or four extra rooms. Again, some caravanners prefer that this all-round canvas addition should not be enclosed, so that on a pitch the van is encircled with what may be called a verandah.

Dr. Constant Ponder, a member of the Caravan Club, has invented, though not patented (for like a true sportsman he liberally gives his brethren of the road free leave to copy it), a capital annexe of canvas attachable to the near side of his van when on a pitch. Dr. Ponder's van is of the regular Gypsy type, and therefore has high

wheels. The canvas annexe is, to all intents and purposes, a complete bag sewn all over, the mouth being two flaps of canvas. The real shape of this bag, when placed against the van's side, is triangular. At either corner is an eye to which a hook can be attached. A pulley is affixed close up to the eaves, one fore and one aft; and a rope put round each and hooked on to the corner of the bag-annexe enables it to be instantly drawn up into position. The ropes are made fast to the wheels, and the hanging down portion of the tent pegged out. This structure is erected in two minutes, for it is put into a sack-bag case, so that the mouth is forward and the whole annexe placed on the ground in correct position to be at once hoisted up to the eaves. Besides the speed in erection its great advantage is the entire absence of draught. Being a complete bag the ground sheet is just part of the bag—there are no tucked-in curtains or flaps, through the crevices of which wind and cold may penetrate. I have myself toured with this van, and all caravanners owe Dr. Ponder a debt of gratitude for the idea. There is, of course, no reason why an annexe of this type and description should be applied to one side more than to another, the same possibilities will apply to a side annexe as to one at the rear.

An ingenious contrivance I came across when caravanning in Cornwall. A friend of mine I met on the road had a trailer attached to his light van. This was a two-wheeled trolley with a domed canvas top. An iron bar, forming a handle to the trailer, was attached to the rear of his van in the centre. This was 6 feet 6 inches long and 3 feet 6 inches wide. He used it, I observed, for carrying luggage as a rule. If he came to a steep hill he

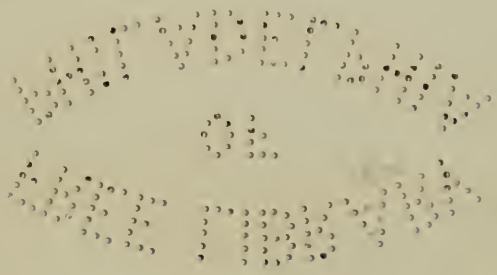
could disconnect the trailer and take the horse to the top with the van, and then return to take up the trailer and its load. On a pitch this trailer came in handily for use sometimes as a bed. The height of the wheels made the bed most comfortably distant from the dampness of the ground, and the little vehicle was kept in a level and firm position by means of two hinged poles attached to the two front corners.

This same friend, a learned doctor, had also invented an ingenious compartment at the rear of his van. The door of his van is on the near side of the end, and he has made three poles, 6 feet 6 inches long, which slide under the floor and when extended are held in position by poles to the ground. This is floored with boards ; and the door of the van of course opens into this enclosure, which is covered in with canvas. Consequently this annexe makes an additional sleeping chamber in direct communication with the interior of the caravan.

Some caravanners, besides their van, take with them a cart and horse for heavy luggage, and on a pitch this additional vehicle often helps, with the van, to form a space which is easily covered over with canvas, thus forming a large extra room. Mr. De Salis adopts an ingenious form of this type of annexe—so ample in dimensions that it serves for kitchen and dining-room.

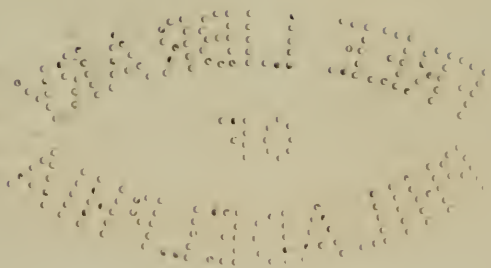
Several vans have sleeping-boxes, or arrangements for sleeping underneath the van. A van that came to the Coulsden Meet of the Caravan Club had a neat sleeping box for a man-servant beneath and across the centre. One of Miss E. F. Hamilton's vans has an ingenious canvas removable adjunct to the under-carriage, converting the

MISS E. F. HAMILTON'S VAN, SHOWING SLEEPING CHAMBER BENEATH FOR MEN SERVANTS AND RAIN WATER COLLECTOR FROM ROOF *page 136*



ALDERMAN CECIL FANE DE SALIS' VAN PITCHED WITH ANNEXE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON MEET, 1912

page 136



MRS. E. T. TOWERS'S VAN

GIFT OF
WM. ALBERT
SMITH

whole of the underneath part into a sleeping apartment for two men-servants.

Mrs. Towers's natty, light and most comfortable van possesses a removable double-kennel of canvas, which on a pitch shelters the two bob-tail sheep dogs. The entrance to each is protected from the wind and wet by a canvas flap or curtain; and it is most interesting to see the sagacious animals pushing this to one side on going in. These complete canvas kennels are rolled up when on the road and carried at the back of the van. They are placed at the rear end, and across the van beneath, facing the front, and are square, roomy compartments attached by hooks to the floor above. They are quite warm, and rain and wind proof, so that the dogs are always most comfortable in any weather.

But enough has been said to show how diversified are the annexes attached to caravans, and in no department of the pastime is there more scope for originality and ingenuity. Hardly any two annexes I know of are identical. The idiosyncrasy and individuality of the caravanner find expression in the annexe to his van.

CHAPTER XV

THE RULE OF THE ROAD

" The rule of the road is a paradox quite
Both in riding and driving along;
If you keep to the left, you are sure to be right,
If you keep to the right you are wrong;
But in walking the streets 'tis a different case,
To the right it is right you should bear;
Whereas to the left should be left enough space
For those whom you chance to meet there."

PEOPLE who use horses have duties and responsibilities placed upon them as regards public safety and highways. They must observe the rule of the road, as laid down in the 1835 Highway Act, Sec. 78. Each party, meeting, has to keep to the left, or near side; when overtaking, the slower mover keeps to the left, and the overtaker passes on the right, or off side, provided there be room to do so. If another horse, or vehicle C be approaching to meet the overtaken A and overtaker B, and is in possession of the road—so that C would arrive abreast of A sooner than B would overtake A, then B would wait and defer to C, till C's passing has left space for B to overtake A.

If an accident occur, when one of two parties A is on the wrong side, and the other B on the right, such situation is *primâ facie* evidence of the wrong side passenger being the negligent cause of damage. But this

may be rebutted by specific evidence of the circumstances, especially of those immediately prior to collision. If it appears that B could have avoided the accident by giving up his rightful berth and crossing to the other side, A may be exonerated as regards damages to B, while at the same time independently he may be open to conviction under the Highway Act for violating the road rule, or for furious or dangerous driving.*

The caravanner should remember that the pedestrian is not bound by this Sec. 78 of the Highway Act; for he has as much right in the carriage road as the caravanner. Drivers of vehicles are liable, civilly of course, if they injure him, unless by his own gross carelessness or negligence he contributes to the accident; and as regards criminal proceedings for injury to a subject of the Crown, it is no defence that the injured pedestrian was obstructive, or even drunk, so long as the driver of the vehicle *could* have avoided him.

If a highway is left in a dangerous condition, and a traveller using all reasonable care is injured thereby, the highway authority is responsible. Thus, if after mending the road a heap of rubbish is left in the highway, the authority would probably be liable should a caravanner's horse fall over it in the dark.

The matter of warranty is a large one, and I must refer readers to books on the subject, including that already referred to. Remember, that in buying a horse mere puff is not warranty. "The best horse in the world: I never knew a better horse," and so on, are mere puff phrases and do not affect a contract of sale. Warranty

* I am indebted for this exact account of the rule of the road to that excellent book, *The New Book of the Horse*, by Charles Richardson.

can be implied in certain situations. There is an implied warranty (except in market overt) that the seller has a right to sell. Even if it turns out that the seller has been himself victimised by dealing with a stolen horse, that does not exonerate him as regards the purchase from him.

When a buyer, under a warranty, has accepted and paid for the horse, he cannot repudiate the sale; his remedy is to claim damages for breach of warranty. If the seller disputes the breach of warranty, the best thing is to re-sell the horse by auction, and if it fetches less than the sale price, claim the balance as damages.

It is always best to have a warranty in writing. A warranty as to vice naturally does not continue indefinitely, neither does a warranty against crib-biting and wind-sucking, for such vices may develop after sale.

If a caravanner is selling a horse he is safest if he sells "with all faults," for then he exonerates himself from any implied or express imputation of warranty, except, of course, that he has the right to sell.

The question as to what amounts to an obstruction of the highway is naturally an interesting one to caravanners. An illuminating case bearing upon the subject was recently heard in Wales, and it is worth while summarising the circumstances and result.

At the Portmadoc Petty Sessions, Mr. William Roger Jones, a member of the Caravan Club of Great Britain and Ireland, was summoned, at the instance of Thomas Owen, Superintendent of the Police, for, on the 21st of August, 1912, at the parish of Criccieth, unlawfully leaving his caravan on a certain highway, called the Criccieth and Portmadoc Road, for a long and unreasonable space of time—viz. four hours, thus obstructing the

passage of the said road. Mr. Jones-Morris, instructed by Messrs. Lloyd George and George, of Criccieth, appeared to defend.

"Mr. Roger Jones," said the report, "is at present making a tour of North Wales in his caravan, *Dormouse*, accompanied by his wife and children. On the 21st of August they were encamped at Abererch, a little village on the northern shores of Cardigan Bay, and they decided to move on to Criccieth, a place about five miles away, which they apparently reached about 4.45 p.m. Mr. Jones had only one horse and it was necessary for him to have two horses to draw the vehicle to Criccieth. A horse was hired at Abererch, of a man called Pierce, who drove the van between the two places.

"When Criccieth was reached, it was decided to pull up close to the green, which abuts on the main road in the centre of the town, and opposite to the Prince of Wales Hotel. The inner wheels of the vehicle were actually in the ditch by the side of the road, and the outer wheels in the road. The road is wide at this particular spot, and there was ample room for carriages and cars to pass two abreast.

"Mr. Jones, accompanied by the man Pierce, immediately on arrival went to a farm, called 'Tanrhiwiau,' situate some distance outside the town, to ascertain if the farmer could let a field whereon to camp. Meanwhile the van was left in the charge of Mrs. Roger Jones and her boy, Alun Jones, both being accustomed to driving and caravanning. When Mr. Jones arrived at 'Tanrhiwiau,' the farmer could not accommodate him, and consequently he directed the man Pierce to return to the van, whilst he himself went on to a farm beyond, called 'Caerdyni,'

Mr. Jones came to terms with the farmer, Mr. Medcalf, and it was arranged between them that a trace horse should be sent down to help draw the van to the field on the farm.

"Having thus arranged with the farmer, Mr. Jones returned to Criccieth, arriving there at 5.30 p.m. Much, however, to his surprise, he learnt from his boy Alun, that a policeman had called. The officer was, at the time, standing some few yards away, and Mr. Jones went up to him to explain the delay in moving, and stated that he was waiting for the trace horse from the farm. The constable's attention was also drawn to the fact that the van was not in any way obstructing the road, as different classes of vehicles were passing to and fro. Without any demand to move the van, the officer pulled out of his pocket his note-book, and demanded Mr. Jones's address, which was readily given to him. Just then the trace horse arrived, and the van was moved from the green to the farm, where it arrived at 6.45 p.m.

"At the hearing of the case before the magistrates, the constable went into the witness-box and stated that the van had remained on the highway for four hours and was an obstruction. Mr. Greaves, the chairman of the Bench, had motored down to the Court in his car, which he had left in the main road, close to the Court-house. Mr. Jones-Morris, addressing the Justices, contended that there had been no obstruction. He cited the recent case of *Rex* v. *Bartholomew*, where a defendant was indicted for unlawfully erecting and maintaining in the middle of the roadway of a public street a coffee-stall. The stall was of a permanent character, having gas and water laid on to it from the mains. There was sufficient room for

the passage of traffic up and down the street each side of the stall; the Court, in that case, though holding that there had been an obstruction, decided that it did not appreciably interfere with the traffic of the street, and the indictment was quashed. Mr. Morris also referred to the case of *Rex* v. *Mathias*, where it was decided that an obstruction or nuisance at Common Law is that which prevents the convenient use of the highway by passengers. After dealing with the legal authorities, the advocate turned to the merits of the case. He strongly urged that the constable had made a mistake as to the time the van remained in the road. Pointing to the Chairman's car, which was still outside the Court-house, he remarked, 'there was no more obstruction than there is, say, with that motor car, which seems to me, as the defendant's advocate, to have been providentially placed where it is.'

"Mr. Roger Jones, the defendant, gave a full account of what had occurred, and related his conversation with the constable. He, however, denied that his van had obstructed the free passage of the road, or had remained in a stationary position for four hours, as suggested by the police. Mr. Jones's evidence was substantially corroborated by the man Pierce, who fixed the time of arrival at Criccieth at close on 5 o'clock.

"The next witness was Mr. Benjamin H. Newman, barrister-at-law of Liverpool, a member of the Northern Circuit. Mr. Newman was staying as a visitor at Criccieth. He testified to the arrival of the van at Criccieth, and the length of time it had remained on the road, and also maintained that the vehicle was in no way an obstruction, and that different cars were able to pass

along conveniently. After hearing the little lad, Alun Jones, as well as Mr. Medcalf, the farmer, who proved that the van reached his farm before 7 o'clock, the Justices decided to dismiss the summons."

So ended a case of some concern to caravanners, conveying as it does a moral as well as a practical lesson. Always draw up well out of the line of traffic when compelled, from whatever cause, to be stationary on the highway. Take carefully the time, and have witnesses to prove also how long you remain, and never stay in the roadway longer than you can help. If you should happen to get into trouble while on the road in Wales—well, there are worse firms to defend you than that of Messrs. Lloyd George and George.

With regard to the choice of a site for pitching, it is well to observe that there is no legal right to pitch on roadside waste, but custom has allowed the practice, and the usual rule in most of the counties is that you remain on the one pitch not more than one night, and then must move on at least 100 yards. It is well to avoid pitches which, from the quantity of oddments on the ground, such as old boots, rags and broken pans and jars, have evidently been the camping-ground of gypsies, tinkers, and itinerant sellers. It is not pleasant to be disturbed, after you have " turned in," by the inundation of a band of gypsies or dirty, insanitary half-breeds. The caravanner will, as a rule, ask permission to camp; and it is well clearly to arrange terms before drawing in to the site.

Ask the farmer to give you, if possible, an enclosed field, where there are no cattle, in which to pitch; and do not camp near a stack, in case of fire. The two

essentials of a pitching-ground are nearness to a good water supply and a level spot on which to draw your van. If you buy your milk, butter and eggs, etc., from the farmer, you will find in most cases he will not charge you for the actual pitch.

CHAPTER XVI

THE CARAVAN HORSE

THE importance of the horse to the caravanner is great, for it is upon the well-being of the motive-power depends his progress and comfort on the road.

The subject is so important and technical that I felt it were better to obtain the assistance of an expert than to tackle it myself. My friend, Captain C. Hull, of the Army Service Corps, a practical caravanner, who has had to do with innumerable horses in the course of his profession, has most kindly given me, for the benefit of my readers, the following notes on the subject :—

In judging a horse he is ordinarily subjected to a double examination (a), as to age and soundness (b), as to his suitability for his work by practical experiment.

I do not think the caravanner need concern himself with the examination under (a). If he think it necessary, let him pay a qualified man to do it for him, but a horse which is long past its prime, and which no veterinary surgeon would pass as sound, will often turn out to be the very animal for the caravanner. Age, of course, takes from a horse's value—but that cuts both ways—if he fetches less when you part with him, he costs less in the first instance. The only real objection to old horses

is, to my mind, that if they get poor and out of condition they take longer to recover than young ones. Comparative unsoundness does not matter much for caravan work; but of course a horse that had to be constantly thrown out of work for lameness or other causes would be a bad bargain.

The examination under (b) is really important to the caravanner, who should never think of buying any horse unless it is either an old acquaintance, or he can get it first on trial; say on hiring-terms, with the option of purchase.

Before starting on a trip with the new horse he should try it in draught, not necessarily in the caravan, and make sure that it will not jib at hills, or refuse to pass any mechanical horror on the road or railway. This trial should be a thorough one, for on the good behaviour of his horse the safety and comfort of the caravanner in a great measure depend. If this preliminary test is satisfactory, the next thing will be to take the road in earnest. Then the horse's manners in the stable and field, as well as on the road, should be noted. Some horses are a perpetual nuisance through their restless habits: they kick or slip their halters in the stable, or if turned out in a field gallop about, worry other horses, scramble through fences, and generally manage to spoil the night's rest of the unfortunate owner, who is constantly having to leave his warm bed, pull on his gum boots, and go and see what Dobbin is up to. But it is true that the heavier type of horse is less prone to these vices than his smaller brethren. Ponies, especially, seem to have been served out with a double dose of original sin.

Another very important point is that the horse should

be what the groom would call a 'good doer' or a 'good grubber'; or what in Ireland would be termed 'a good trencher-man.' A horse which refuses his feed after a moderately severe day's work is never any good, but in this connection more is said later on.

As far as size, shape and make go, I should recommend the caravanner to be over—rather than under-horsed. I generally drive a pair of light horses myself that can be used for saddle work, but of course this is economically unsound, and one stout cart-horse would pull as much and cost less to keep. If a horse is lacking in health or vigour it is generally fairly obvious. He will appear listless and wanting in muscle, and his coat will be rough and staring. It would take too long to discuss questions of shape, but it may be remarked here that horses which are not well 'ribbed up,' that is, which show a pronounced hollow between the last rib and the point of the hip, or which appear much 'split up' when viewed from behind, are often wanting in endurance.

Sound feet are essential, and it would be well to hear the shoeing-smith's opinion about them. The horn should be in good condition and not broken. A corrugated appearance of the wall of the hoof is a sign of serious lameness in the past.

A horse's colour is absolutely immaterial, except for the fact that animals with much white about them are difficult to keep clean.

Sex does not matter much either. All other things being equal, I should prefer a gelding to a mare for harness work.

Not the least pleasure in a caravanning life is the sense of emancipation, of shaking oneself loose from bad old

customs, and the dictates of fashion, which go with it. I therefore believe that the real caravanner will not need telling to set his face resolutely against the cruel fashion of docking horses' tails. The operation itself is bad enough, quite as painful as having a finger hacked off with the kitchen-chopper, and having the stump burned with a red-hot iron, without any anæsthetic; but the after effects are still more cruel, as anyone who has observed the behaviour of a docked horse in a fly-infested meadow in summer is only too well aware. I can never see this familiar sight without wishing to put the responsible miscreant in the horse's position, with his hands tied behind his back. The late Captain Hayes, who had an unequalled knowledge of horses, and whose books are familiar to all who have made any study of equine matters, was most emphatic in his protest against this practice. In spite of the fact that docking is contrary to common-sense, ordinary good taste, and the law of the land, it still continues to be the rule and not the exception.* Hogging the horse's mane is a comparatively harmless practice, though, of course, it does deprive the animal of a certain amount of protection against sun and flies. Rather over a century ago things were worse, for the wiseacres of those days used to cut the horses' ears off, by way of improving their appearance.

FORAGE AND FEEDING.

The caravanner will perhaps be exercised in his mind as to whether his horse should get a daily ration of corn, or should depend on grazing for his livelihood. I think

* Cart-horses are not docked as a rule. My remarks apply to the carriage-horse and "vanner."

it rather depends on circumstances and the amount of leisure the horse enjoys. There is no doubt that a horse can be kept in good condition and fit for severe, and even fast work, without corn, but to get the best work out of him he should have part of his ration in a concentrated and more nourishing form. It is partly a question of time. The horse, in a state of nature, grazes 22 hours out of every 24. Everyone who has turned his horses loose at night must have noticed how little they lie down.

They generally do take a nap at some time during the night, but it rarely lasts more than an hour or so, and they are on their feet and grazing again. If, therefore, the horse is kept for hours on the road, or in the stable, it follows that he cannot get all the grass he needs during the remainder of the day and night, and that he should have a feed of corn to make up for it.

A golden rule is to feed little and often. The horse's digestive apparatus differs widely from that of the carnivorous animals (man included), and it is a physiological necessity for him always to have something for his gastric juice to do. It will not hurt Fido in the least to go without his dinner, or to fast altogether for twenty-four hours, though the lady of the caravan will probably angrily dispute this theory. Fido's master, too, will probably be the better for longer intervals between his meals. Not so Dobbin, who will suffer in various ways, and be tortured by the pangs of hunger if kept more than four or five hours without food. The various unpleasant stable tricks that horses acquire are nearly always attributable to long hours of weary waiting for the next feed. Of course, horses habitually have to wait longer

than four of five hours, but it is not natural for them to do so.

Regarding the watering of horses, there are two main rules to be observed: (1) Do not give water until at least an hour has elapsed since the last feed of corn. Neglect of this principle is apt to result in attacks of colic, a complaint which is a much more serious affair for Dobbin than his master. Hence it is an invariable stable rule to water before, and not after, feeding. (2) With due regard to (1), water your horses as frequently as possible. The more they can be got to drink the better for them. A prejudice exists against watering horses when they are hot; but modern veterinary opinion is rather against withholding water from sweating, and consequently thirsty, horses unless, of course, the water is icy cold.

Provided that good and abundant grazing is obtainable, which is often not the case, I think that the horse might be allowed to shift for himself on resting days, and that the following programme might be followed when on the march. Assuming that a start is made at 8 or 9 a.m., I should water at the first opportunity after starting. Horses generally do not care to drink early in the morning, especially after grazing at night; but after an hour on the road they will be glad to see the water bucket coming. About 11 a.m., or noon, call a halt for at least half an hour and put the nosebag on, which should contain three or four pounds of oats and a few handfuls of chaff. Oats should not be given unmixed with chaff, as greedy horses bolt them whole and a large proportion is consequently undigested. The day's march will probably be over about 3 p.m., when the horse should be again watered and turned loose. About 7 p.m. I should water

again, and give a similar feed to the midday one. If horses are stabled, instead of being turned out, they require at least three feeds a day, and it is far better to divide their rations into four portions. A draught horse of above the average size, say 16 hands, should get at least 12 pounds of oats and 12 pounds of hay daily.

If there is only one horse to feed it is most convenient to buy oats a bushel at a time (*i.e.*, about 40 pounds). The usual corn-dealer's charge for this will be about 3s. Hay is sold by the truss, of 56 pounds, at about 2s. 6d. A sack of chaff would cost about 2s.

It would take too long to describe all the various qualities that distinguish good forage from bad, so I will content myself by warning the caravanner to reject anything that has at all a musty or mouldy smell about it.

GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF THE CARAVAN HORSE

The horse is a hardy animal and stands exposure remarkably well. He will take little harm from being turned out in all weathers, but a night spent in an ill-ventilated stable will often result in an attack of catarrh. A visit to a country stable in the early morning, after the ostler has carefully closed the generally inadequate means of ventilation over-night, often makes one wonder how the horses have managed to survive at all. If your horse is stabled, see that the windows and doors are left open as far as possible.

Horses which are doing fast and regular work require grooming every day. This operation, which should be performed with a stiff-bristled body brush, vigorously applied, is intended to clean the animal's skin, rather than

put a polish on his coat. It is, in fact, a kind of massage, and its value lies in its property of increasing the activity of the skin and assisting it to get rid of waste matter. Regular grooming of this kind is scarcely necessary for horses roughing it in the fields, but they should be well brushed over daily with a dandy brush. The curry-comb will come in useful for scraping off the mud and disentangling a matted coat, though it is not really intended for these purposes, but for cleaning the body brush.

It may be necessary to tie horses up at night. In the army, where a large number of horses have to be secured, and where each horse must have his own place in the line, it is customary to use pickets. The horses are attached by head-ropes and heel-ropes, 'fore and aft,' if one may use a nautical expression. I do not advise this method for the caravan horse. Unless the head and heel-ropes are exactly the right length the horses are sure to get hung up in them in some way or other, and 'rope-galls' result, which are most difficult to heal. Besides this, the ropes and pegs are very disagreeable to handle in wet and muddy weather. It is not advisable to tie the horses to the wheels or any part of the wagon. I have found it the best plan to put a rope round the trunk of a tree and tie it tightly some three feet from the ground. The horse's head-rope may then be made fast to this.

MINOR AILMENTS AND INJURIES TO HORSES

Refusing Feed.—Generally a result of exhaustion. Try to get the horse to eat a little by feeding him by hand, damping the corn, or tempting him with a carrot or two. Keep him warm and quiet. Make sure that he has had

all the water he wants. I have known a horse refuse his feed after a hard day's work for want of a drink. The water was bad, or slightly brackish; he would not drink it, and consequently could not eat his corn. At the first halt the following morning, which took place by a roadside spring, he drank three buckets of water straight off, and then ate as if he would never stop.

If the horse is seen to be trying to eat, but dropping his food instead of swallowing it, examine his lips, tongue and teeth. He may have a wound somewhere, or a rough edge to a tooth which is hurting him and requires rasping down.

LAMENESS.—May be due to such a variety of causes that it is only possible to refer to it briefly and in general terms. The most common cause of temporary and sudden lameness is the picking up of a stone. If a horse appears to be going unsound, examine his feet one by one to make sure that no stone is wedged between the shoe and the frog of the hoof; also look out for nails in the cleft of the frog. Horses frequently pick these up, nearly always with one of the hind feet. A stone is easily removed and the trouble is over; a prick with a nail is a much more serious matter, and veterinary assistance should be obtained at once in this case, and in all others where the cause of lameness is not easily ascertained.

WOUNDS AND INJURIES.—The most common are galls from some part of the harness. Remember, that prevention is better than cure, and keep a good look-out for any signs of chafing. If they do occur, the pressure, or chafing, must be relieved in some way or other—*e.g.*, a different collar (or breast harness) may be used, a

folded blanket placed under the harness saddle, the breeching made to hang higher or lower.

The only other cure is cleanliness. There is no medicine or ointment that will heal wounds ; they heal themselves, and the process is infinitely more rapid when the wound is kept, as the doctors say, 'surgically clean.' So antiseptic dressing and bandages are necessary wherever they can be used, if only to keep the flies off.

If a horse comes down on his knees and breaks the skin, the wound should be carefully washed and freed from dirt and gravel as much as possible. If, however, the wound is very deep and the joint involved (in which case the joint oil, or *synovia*, will be seen to be running away) it should be poked about as little as possible, and veterinary assistance obtained at once.

Colic.—Some horses are particularly subject to this, and are consequently useless to the caravanner. If ordinary care is exercised in watering and feeding it very seldom occurs in the normal animal. A horse with a pain in his inside betrays the fact by his extreme restlessness. He will try to lie down, paw and stamp about, look round at his flanks and appear generally uneasy and anxious. He should be walked gently about and not allowed to lie down and roll. The nearest farmer will know the usual and simple remedies, but it is always as well to consult a veterinary surgeon as well. He will be able, in almost every case, to tell the cause of the attack and how to avoid it in future.

CHAPTER XVII

ODDS AND ENDS OF VAN AND CAMP-LIFE : SOME WRINKLES AND PROBABLY SOME CHESTNUTS

THERE is such a variety of folding furniture now made by well-known and reliable firms that it were quite superfluous for me to attempt to describe any of the many articles that are admirably adapted for van and tent use.

Chairs, arm-chairs as well as plain, tables, beds, baths, water-carriers, stools and a host of other handy and compact articles can now-a-days be bought at any camping-out fitter's, all more or less collapsible.

I have found one or two of the plain, three-ply top, square, folding-tables that are now made very light in weight, most compact, exceedingly strong and firm, under which you can put your legs at dinner with comfort, a feature which some folding-tables do not possess. Placed against, and fastened to, the wall of the van, they occupy the minimum space of any tables I know.

Then I find the lath-spring mattress better than the usual wire-spring for camp use—they do not get so rusty. But a very good bed is that made on the plan of a concertina, which shuts up into a small table-like structure, and expands into a canvas bed when opened. It can be bought for a guinea and is most useful in a van.

The officer's W. O. Valise, fitted with a cork mattress, is also a most handy extra to have in a van, as it affords a comfortable bed for use on the floor or in a tent.

The clothing to take on a van-tour needs no special remarks. Ordinary clothing suffices—if anything rather under than above the usual standard as regards cost and fashion. Woollen clothing is much preferable to any other material.

As to women's clothing on the road, I can only speak with hesitation and from very limited experience. My nieces, when travelling with me, wore some sort of brown overalls to do the work of the van, cleaning, cooking, etc. This garment is always kept on a hook, handy, so that it can be donned or discarded at a moment's notice. When going about the pitch some women, I observe, have a method of hitching their petticoats up and preventing them draggling about their heels, an excellent plan for displaying a pretty ankle, as probably they very well know.

Some women on the road affect real Gypsy costume and colours. I know an artist who vans with his charming and beautiful wife, and she dresses in gorgeous Gypsy costume with rows of beads round her neck, and they are good beads too. Though not a Gypsy, she is of that lovely type, so that the costume suits her style of beauty better than any other. Dorset is the happy ground where this van is to be met with, and if you should happen to come upon the lady sitting on the top of the steps of a Gypsy van singing to the villagers, as she often does, for she has a magnificent voice, you will have the sight of a delightful picture and your ears will be charmed.

A pair of thick, easy-fitting, quick-to-put-on boots should always be ready to be slipped into when a pitch

has to be negotiated in wet weather. For waterproofing boots the excellent Norwegian recipe is to boil together two parts of pine-tar and three parts of cod-liver oil. Soak the boots in this, rubbing the mixture in while hot. This process will make the boots not only waterproof, but will also keep them soft for months in spite of repeated wettings.

A good all-over mackintosh (really waterproof, not sham, as are so many of the cheap ones) also should have its own special peg. A pair of sound leather gaiters is advisable. I also take with me a pair of comfortable good leather slippers. A warm dressing-gown I have found invaluable on rising early for making a preliminary start on the breakfast.

Then a few extra blankets, coloured, I use no others, for use in cold weather, and a thick driving-coat should also be carried.

Two thin shirts, worn one on top of the other, are warmer clothing to the body than one shirt weighing as much as both. This is, of course, because there is a layer of air between the two garments which acts as a non-conductor of heat and so helps to preserve the heat of the body from radiating away. When you spread a blanket on the hard ground and lie upon it, you realise this scientific fact, for the weight of the body presses out the non-conducting air.

Similarly, if you want to feel really warm in the coldest weather put on your thin summer overcoat, and over that again put on your large winter overcoat, and the delicious warmth will surprise you. Two coats worn thus are vastly warmer than one heavy coat, even if this latter weigh more than the two others put together.

If you suffer from cold feet you will find wearing two pairs of socks, even quite thin ones, much warmer than one thick pair.

In this climate of ours at home we cannot conveniently take up our bed and walk. We require something more than a mere sleeping-rug, a praying carpet. If a ready-made bed be not desirable to be carried about on a camping-out expedition, a good plan, I have found, is to take a narrow bag of good, stout bed-ticking, two and a half feet wide by six and a half feet long. This can be filled with hay, straw, or even dry leaves. If the filling material is likely to be damp, spread the ground-sheet of a tent on top of the bag and it will be quite safe to use for sleeping upon. A separate pillow-bag of the same material, to be similarly filled in emergencies, is also a very useful addition to van or tent. A pillow of this crude description is much more reposeful than a makeshift one of a coat rolled up, or a saddle. These bags are also serviceable for other purposes when not employed for sleeping upon; and should a casual guest arrive needing a night's lodging they afford a fairly comfortable makeshift mattress for the floor of the van, or in a tent. I have often slept on the ground enveloped merely in a blanket where, had I had with me one of these convenient bed-bags, I could have filled it with sweet heather or fragrant bracken, and enjoyed a sound sleep instead of the spasmodic, intermittent repose consequent upon the hardness of my couch. As one gets older one gets wiser, or ought to. I do not give the dimensions of the pillow, for each person has his own idea as to what dimensions and shape are best fitted for his repose. A pillow that suits one person will not another.

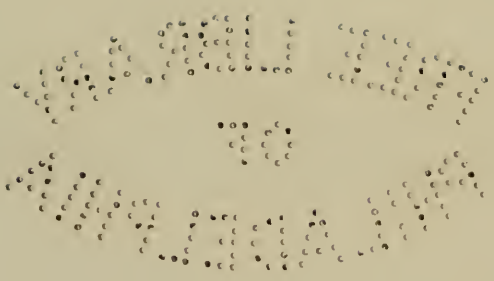
But when I am on the topic of odd beds and contrivances to ensure sound repose on the road, I must mention a very clever ("cunning," our American friends would say) invention for van use in this connection.

Those who may find it irksome, when tired out with the day's walking and labour, to have to take the bedclothes out from a locker or cupboard and make up the bed in another part of the caravan, will find the sleeping-berth settee, invented by that capable caravanner, Sir James Moody, the best arrangement yet contrived ; and I wonder more caravanners have not adopted it. By a simple movement, occupying only two seconds of time, almost like magic it is at once converted into two ships' berths, ready to get into, the beds having been made in the morning before turning the berths into a settee.

But talking of beds and sleeping arrangements, I must make special mention of a novel and interesting invention. One of the most practical and inventive caravanners on the road, and she is on the road all the year round, is Mrs. Towers. Her neat, extremely light and natty one-horse van is a perfect object lesson of what a van should be. In order to put up a friend she had been accustomed to carry about with her a trestle-bed to erect in a small tent. Her van is drawn by one horse and the shafts are in one piece, such as you see in farm vehicles, not unlike a U. It occurred to Mrs. Towers that as she had to carry about this shaft-structure, and on a pitch always unfasten it and stow it away beneath her van, she might turn it to useful account. She did, and made it into a spring-mattress for use in her tent, and left off lugging about the iron spring bedstead. A simple deal folding-frame supports the two ends of the shafts and another the rear

INGENIOUS BED MADE FROM THE VAN SHAFTS. INVENTED BY MRS. E. T. TOWERS

page 160



portion. Then a rope, laced across from side to side all down the shaft lengths, forms the resilient portion of this ingenious bedstead. On striking camp the arrangement is quickly unlaced and the shafts go back to their original occupation. Ingenuity can hardly go further than this!

Lady Carbery has designed an ingenious arrangement for saving space in packing away beds in a touring caravan. The three-tier nest of occasional tables, fitting one into another, is well known, and that is the principle adopted in this clever contrivance. Across the end of the van a spring bed (iron or lath) mattress is laid on two supports, or brackets, affixed to the wall on either side. Beneath this two similar beds on light, strong legs with ball castors are run in. The second bed can be the full width of the van, the third or lowest will be slightly less in width (or length when taken out). In the daytime the three beds disappear as beds, for the top one has placed upon it all the blankets, pillows, etc., of the tier of beds, covered with cretonne reaching to the floor so that the eye rests upon a comfortable couch or lounge at that end of the interior. The two under beds have extension heads folding flat. In the night-time these two movable beds are run out and can be placed in any convenient position in the van, annexe, or adjoining tent. The saving of space, when the van is used as a "keeping" room in the daytime, by the adoption of Lady Carbery's invention is therefore apparent.

I have found an army spade, or rather entrenching tool, a most valuable addition to a van's impedimenta. It comes in handy for many operations.

The "Contour" Road Books are almost essential for

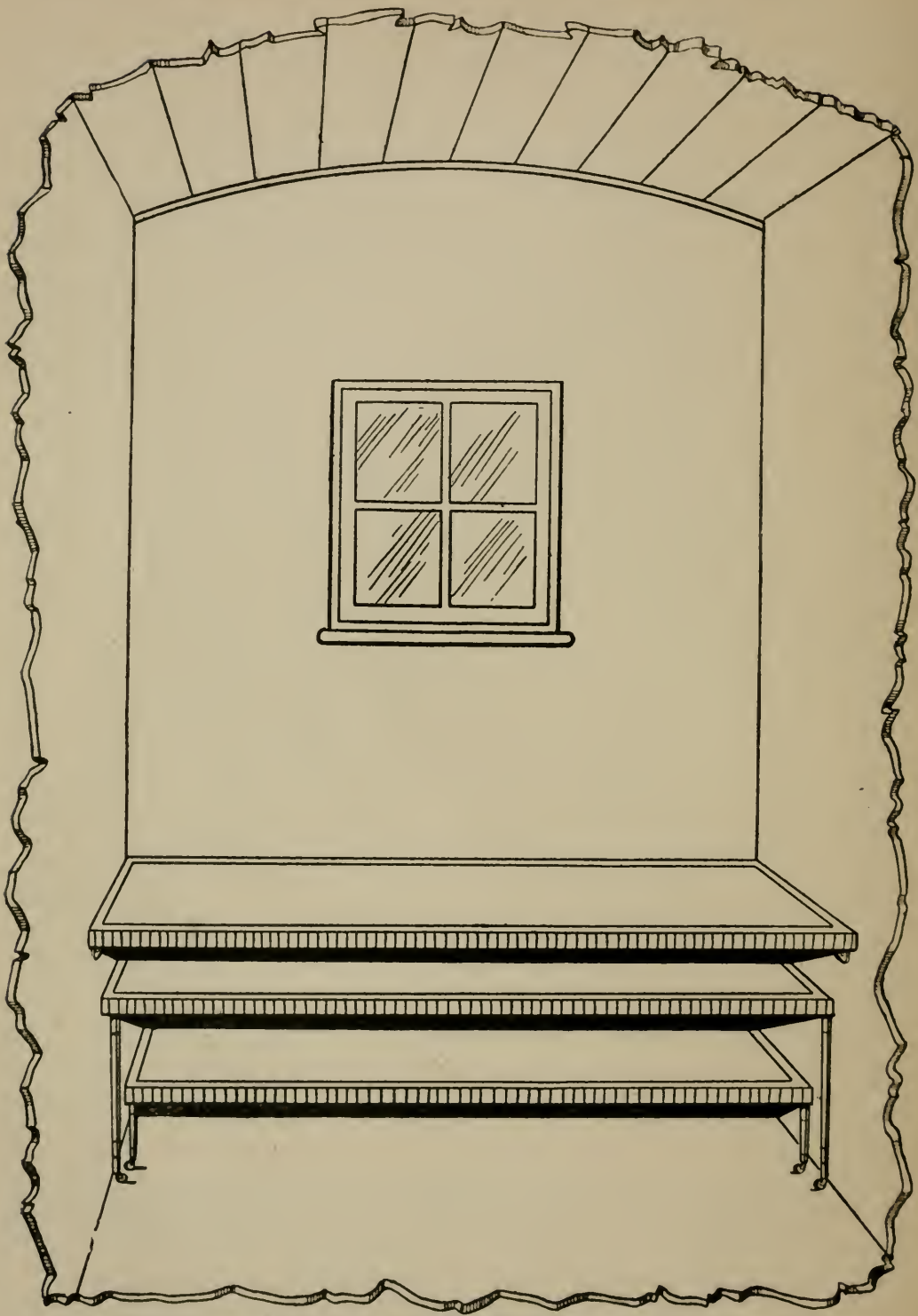


Fig. 20. Lady Carbery's Nest of Beds for economising space.

caravanning, for hills and their steepness are factors that need careful study, attention and often preparation for. The ordnance maps, too, are necessary, but not so important, in my opinion, on the road as are the "Contour" maps. An aneroid barometer fixed to the wall of the van takes up little space, adds only slightly to the weight, and is a valuable addition to the van's equipment.

I was once caravanning in Surrey, and foolishly enough, thinking I should travel over no steep hill, left the shoe at home. I had to go down a very steep hill which I could not avoid, so was in a dilemma. What I did was this. I patiently waited at the top till a heavily laden brewer's dray came along. I watched the man, with envy, adjust his powerful shoe and whilst doing so got into conversation with him, and in order to interest him took him over my van. I then led up to the steepness of the hill in front of us, and told him I had forgotten to bring a shoe with me. He, looking at the weight of my van, was sympathetic. I finally arranged with him to lend me his shoe and chain, after he had reached the bottom. I walked with him down, and then he and I between us lugged his heavy shoe and chain up to the top of the hill and adjusted it to my van, so that we reached the bottom in safety.

Cooking utensils are far lighter when made of aluminium than of any other metal, and also far quicker to cook with, therefore economical of fuel. Personally, I dislike tea-cups and saucers made of this metal as they are so hot and unpleasant to handle. It is important to remember that aluminium vessels should never be washed with water having soda in solution—that compound destroys the metal. The earthenware fireproof

pots, made in Provence and elsewhere, are excellent for cooking in, and, besides, are so comely, even artistic, in appearance that they can be placed straight away on the table as they come out of the oven, fireless-cooker, or steam cooker, thus dispensing with all the labour of "dishing-up."

Enamelled ware I have largely used for tea-pots and cups, and find it admirable, as no breakages ensue.

Few people can make a good hot fire in the open. The way I do it is first to lay three or four good-sized, stout dry sticks on the ground as a foundation, with just the ends touching and radiating from the centre small circle. Across these, where the ends meet, I lay a course of dry twigs or splinters of wood—the dry leaves found under pine and fir-trees, and fir-cones, are excellent. On these, at one side, that from which the wind blows, I place my tinder-paper, bark-shavings, paraffin-rag, or whatever it may be. Then, on the top of all I put two or three large sticks, but smaller than the bed or foundation sticks, over this a layer of larger twigs and so on, building up the pile. On the top, as the fire burns down, I put the ends of more large sticks. The ends of these large sticks at the bottom of the fire can then be pushed into the fire zone, as the ends there get consumed, and so the fire is kept going. The real secret of all such fires is to have several stout dry sticks, about four feet in length (the ends of which are in the fire), so that you have plenty of wood outside to shove into the fire-zone when you need to make the fire up, or when it gets slack. If these sticks radiate from a centre you always keep your hottest spot in the same place, so that if your kettle from the iron hook is swung there the fire is retained beneath it—the desirable feature of

HOW TO START AN OUTDOOR GYPSY FIRE

page 164

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out-of-door fires, not always obtained for any length of time by any other means that I know of. It is a great thing to keep your fire at the place where the fire ought to be.

A simple form of fire, and one you often see in London streets when they are "up," at which the watchman warms himself and the navvies cook their steaks, is that made in an old zinc pail or iron bucket pierced with holes, rudely made with a pickaxe, and placed on two parallel bricks some two inches apart. In such an old bucket a fire of coke, coal, and even wood or turf (peat) may be kept going all day, and it is a useful makeshift that often comes in most handy on a pitch. As an extra fire for stewing upon, or boiling a saucepan, I have found it admirable when the dinner was more pretentious than usual. When not in use the pierced bucket can be carried beneath the van on a spring-hook.

Quietly vanning, as we are so fond of doing, through pleasant lanes and over lonely downs, it is still a sad fact that it is quite impossible for the majority of us to cut ourselves quite adrift from the trammels of civilisation. It is sometimes necessary to receive letters, even if they be not answered. Most letters, it is said, answer themselves if kept long enough. I know most do when I am travelling on the road.

In order to be sure that all my forwarded letters are handed to me over the counter at a *poste restante*, I have adopted a simple device that has often quite mystified the youthful country post-office clerks. When a batch of letters, etc. is sent on to me from home to a country post-office, I have the figure, signifying the total number despatched at one time, plainly written in blue

pencil (black ink, of course, would do, or ordinary pencil) on the flap of one or two of the letters, or on the postcards or newspapers forwarded.

Thus, suppose eight communications are forwarded on to me in one batch by one post from London, to await my arrival at Slowcum-on-the-Moors post-office. I enter the post-office and ask the young lady for my letters. She hands me over a newspaper, a postcard and three letters, and says that is all. I turn over the letters, and on the flap of one of them I find an " 8 " in blue pencil. Thereupon, I at once with my politest smile inform the fair genius of His Majesty's mails that there are still three communications for me undelivered. She, with astonishment writ large on her face, asks me how I can possibly tell how many were despatched. As I still persist in my assertion that three more await me, and ask her kindly to go through the batch again, she at last accedes to my importunity. When eventually she hands over to me the three missing communications she looks at me half askance, and probably thinks I have imbibed some of the Gypsy lore from my long connection with the road.

If you do not yourself cycle always try to include in your party one who does. Do not hire a boy, youth or man to tend your horse unless he can use a cycle. As Dr. Gordon-Stables says : " Without a cycle one would sometimes feel lost in caravan travelling."*

I have saved myself all sorts and kinds of unpleasantness on the road by the use of a cycle. Sometimes one loses one's way, and then the cycle is at once called into requisition to ride rapidly on and enquire at the nearest house or cottage as to one's whereabouts.

* *The Cruise of the Land Yacht Wanderer*, p. 332.

To ride on in advance and select a pitch—to ride on and inspect one if it has already been settled—is advantageous in order to see that the " draw in " is wide enough, and to arrange how to " take " it, and also to determine the exact position on the pitch which the van is to occupy. All are cycle duties of no mean importance.

Then, too, in a narrow lane the cyclist of the party rides on in front to stop any other vehicle from entering until the van has passed through; and on his way he will keep his eyes raised aloft to observe if there be any low-down overhanging boughs, which might carry away the chimney pot or the Caravan Club pennon pole.

For posting letters, sending telegrams, and for shopping at the village or town nearest to the pitch, a cycle comes in most useful. The cycle is the attendant sprite and the good fairy of the caravanner.

When vanning with a small separate motor car as the motive power, the motor takes the place of the cycle for utility when on a pitch; but when actually on the road a cycle is still appreciated and needed.

A convenient plan for carrying a bicycle when on the road, so as to have it ready for instant use at any moment without stopping the van, is to have a spur or horn of wood, about eight inches long and two inches thick by one wide, firmly screwed on to the middle of the end of the tail-board or cradle at the rear. Upon this protruding peg it is easy to place the bicycle, and it is then in the right position for lifting off without at all interfering with the luggage or other articles in the rack.

When arriving on a pitch you will of course select the most level spot for the van, and if the ground slopes you have to consider the position of the bunks, remembering

it is best to sleep with the head highest. The question of wind and sun at sunrise are also factors not to be lost sight of.

It is well to carry four small boards, or iron plates, and draw the van on to these on a pitch on any soft ground, or on ground likely to become soft should it rain. These plates will prevent the van sinking in and causing your bed to slope. As a rule, I find wheels never sink in evenly, the off hind-wheel, or the near fore-wheel, always have separate ideas of equilibrium. I have noticed that each of the four wheels of a van possesses individuality. This ought not to be so, but it is. One wheel will constantly get hot on the road, whilst the other three will remain cool, and for no apparent reason. These boards, or iron plates, also make it much easier for your horse to start moving the van when you again take to the road.

Next, when pitching, screw in your four legs, one at each corner of the under-carriage; or, if they be hinged, let them down. These legs are best made with an extending screw in each, which lengthens or shortens the leg by means of a key or rod. With these legs you can more or less level your floor, and also relieve the springs and render the interior of the van rigid and the floor more like that of the room in a house. It is not pleasant when moving about the van on a pitch to find the floor vibrating and the cups and saucers jingling together. At night, too, when you turn over in your bunk it is preferable not to feel the whole vehicle vibrate. If others are sleeping in the van it is still more necessary that the van should be rigid.

If it is raining, or likely to do so, you will put on your indiarubber tubing to each of the rain gutters, and lead

the ends into baths or buckets on the grass for collecting rain-water for your morning's ablutions. This gutter, running along the length of either side of the van close up to the top, need be only two inches across, just a strip of zinc turning half over, but ending at either extremity in a lead tube about two inches long and protruding fore and aft. The two collecting rubber tubes are fixed to these gargoyle-like additions to the roof at the end, whence water will run off the roof according to the van's inclination. The length of the tube is just enough to reach the ground. When actually raining a tube can be brought in through a window, or the door, and allowed to discharge the rain water direct into the wash-basin, thus saving much trouble.

If you are going to remain any length of time on a pitch, it is well to cut out a small pit (stacking the turf close by to be replaced on the top when you move on) to act as a receptacle for refuse. The position of this pit should have your careful consideration, and of course it should not be close to the van.

It should be the caravanner's ambition to leave a pitch absolutely tidy—not a vestige of paper, potato peelings, cabbage stalks or any other refuse should be visible. I have, in a trip, followed immediately after another member of the Caravan Club and used the same pitches. He had left each one so spotlessly clean and tidy that I had difficulty to see where his caravan had actually stood. This is as it should be.

Then again, when on a pitch do not allow a lot of pots and pans, and odds and ends of impedimenta to lie around the van, or tent, on the grass. It is in careful attention to these apparently trifling details that lies

the outward difference between the gentleman of the road and the tinker. Your pitch should look at all times like your own lawn.

I wish I had kept a log of *all* my travels at home and abroad. Let the youthful caravanner take the hint. I have kept a good many, it is true, but if I had to start on the road again I would systematically enter up each journey in a small book. The usual reporter's note book is what I find the most handy, briefly putting down the various villages and towns passed through, the time of starting and arriving at each pitch, and any interesting occurrences of the day or night. If you do not note these particulars *at the time* they soon escape your memory. The feeling is—I have so often experienced it: "Well, that is so remarkable an occurrence I shall be sure to remember it"—but I do not. A week or two afterwards my mind is rather hazy on the subject; in a month I begin to mix it up with some other event: in two months it fades quite away, and is merely one in a confused mass of experiences.

From a log, even if most tersely worded, it is always possible to bring back to the memory the events of a trek: and if carefully thought over with this bare skeleton of facts, the whole story will at last emerge clear and unmistakable.

Dr. Gordon-Stables evidently felt the same. He says: "If one does not write up his log while on the road, day after day, it is quite impossible to tell after a time where he has been, what he has done, or what he has seen. And if one keeps no log at all, then a gipsy-life is just a dream of yesterday."*

* *Leaves from the Log of a Gentleman Gipsy in Wayside Camp and Caravan*, p. 110.

Many things I have touched upon in this chapter may seem to some readers to be childishly trivial—but then life is made up of trivialities, and on the road it is often some trivial matter that makes or mars comfort and even health. Before starting on a caravan trip do not think you can waste time or thought over the preparatory details. Particularly see that you have a warm, comfortable bed, and plenty of good, suitable clothing, especially sound, water-tight boots. I have known enthusiastic people recklessly start on a van tour and give it up in a short time owing to colds which have been caught, and even rheumatism acquired. I have never known the careful, thoughtful person so troubled, but, on the contrary, I have frequently heard it remarked by experienced caravanners that they never catch colds, nor do their children till they once more take up house-life. That is my experience too.

CHAPTER XVIII

VARIOUS CARAVANS

"Autant de têtes, autant d'opinions."

AMONG the yachting fraternity there is great diversity of opinion as to which type of vessel is best. Some think a cutter the only form of craft that affords true sport, others incline to the yawl, others to the schooner. There are again yachtsmen who do not need a yacht for racing, but only for comfort and for leisurely pottering along around the coast, so a fast cutter is passed by and their affection centres on a roomy coasting schooner. Amateur yachtsmen, who do not ship "paid" hands, need a craft easily worked. Thus the explanation of the great differentiation amongst yachts is easily understood.

It is just the same with caravans. For instance, some prefer a caravan whose interior forms one large saloon, convertible into a bedroom at night, but which, during the day, hides all signs of sleeping arrangements with jealous care. Mr. Bertram Smith, an expert caravanner, thinks otherwise.*

"The ideal caravan has three rooms, a dining-room, a bed-room and a kitchen, and as the length of the whole must not exceed eighteen feet at the outside, it will

* *The Whole Art of Caravanning*, p. 25.

readily be seen that there is plenty of scope for ingenuity in making the most of our very limited space. It may perhaps be thought that we are attempting too much in trying to pack in a whole suite of apartments in this manner, but it will be found, curiously enough, that the more divisions we can crowd in, the more space we shall have. For what we require, above all else, is wall space ; and with large windows in the sides, and four beds, which must of course be against the wall, we shall find there is little enough. Every division means wall space on both sides of it. Curtains are much better than doors between the rooms, for the swing of a door, when open, is apt to eat up space. Every available inch must be used for some good purpose, and everything must be handy. There must be no unnecessary traffic back and forth. The cook should be able to reach utensils and condiments without rising. The housemaid (or shall I say 'van-maid'?) should be able to lay the table without disturbing operations in the kitchen. The linen press should be in the bedroom. Bookshelves, maps or writing-board, in the sitting-room. It means a vast gain in comfort generally if every one can reach what he needs without rising ; and it will reduce to a minimum the amount of moving back and forth, with its usual accompaniment of treading on the dog."

The caravan thus depicted has the bedroom at the rear end. A corridor runs up the centre, and two beds, one above another on either side, like bunks in a ship, fill the whole space from the rear wall to the partition. These beds are curtained in front. A square chest of drawers is at the far end of the little corridor. Above this is a window. "The bedroom may be six feet or rather

more in length. The dining-room is about seven feet long, and has two tables, one at each side, and four cane-bottomed chairs, one in each corner, fitted to the partitions which run across the caravan. All these tables and chairs hinge on to the wall and shut down, so that in a moment one can completely clear the room and use it as a bathroom, or for any other purpose. For the rest, every inch of wall available in this room is occupied. There are two little corner cupboards in the roof, a diminutive bookcase of small volumes and maps, a pipe-rack, a writing-board, numerous little brackets, shutting down on the same principle as chairs and tables—these are always useful—and if there be a spot where there is no room for anything to project, a mirror is screwed flat on the wall."

The kitchen, in this ideal van of Mr. Bertram Smith, is surrounded by movable panels, and has a curtain drawn at the back of it. Here is a stand for the stove, a little folding seat for the cook, a corner cupboard above, and on the other side a similar corner cupboard, with shelves for tumblers and holes for them to fit into, hooks for cups, etc.

The usual and typical Gypsy van has the highly ornamented door in front, with large brass knocker, and the interior is a brilliant array of bright brass fittings—gaudy, heavy and useless, and a massive iron, coal-burning stove. Such a van shows a greater esteem for Aldus and Elzevir than for Virgil and Horace. A friend of mine bought such a van from a Gypsy and at once started on the road. After a day's arduous struggle up hill and down dale, carrying all this useless lumber with him, he cleared the lot out, dumped it down at a wayside village blacksmith's,

and departed merrily on his way, a wiser and a lighter-burdened man.

A simple, one-chambered van I once had became a bed-room at night, a keeping-room by day. It had seven feet clear head-room inside. A door was in the centre at the rear, in two pieces or panels, each sliding back. Three steps were permanently in front of the door leading down to the road, so that when moving on the road the van could be entered or left. The driver's seat ran along the front, and a small door on the near side afforded entrance and exit thereto. A large window behind the driver was hinged at the top, and so turned right up and was fastened to the ceiling when air was needed in the van, and in hot weather. The plan of hinging windows at the top is a great convenience in caravans, as when open you get the full open area absolutely free from all protuberances and awkward obstructions. A window that hinges at the side—even in two halves in the French fashion—is always in the way when open, and a nuisance.

A set of lockers, three in number, with lift-up flap doors on the top, were on the floor along and fixed to the off-side. These were 14ins. wide and the height of a usual chair. Two long, light benches, placed close to them at night, afforded a good long bed; the four horsehair mattresses, used as cushions by day, being placed on top. Each of these benches was in length just one half the length of the van, and exactly the same height as the lockers on the floor on the off side. The four cushions (2ins. thick) were therefore, of course, interchangeable.

On the near side, a set of four small lockers ran along the length of the van, with doors hinged to open downwards. These four lockers were placed just 4ins. from

the top of the van on the near side, *not* close up to the ceiling. Along the top of these lockers there was consequently formed a long shelf, four inches in depth, upon which sticks, umbrellas, newspapers and all sorts of odds and ends could be placed, and most handy I found it. A table, in two sections, hinged against the near wall below this line of lockers folded flat against the wall at night and went right out of the way; and just above, an iron-hinged spring-mattress could be set out at right angles to the wall.

At the rear of this van a small compartment made a little recess on either side upon entering by the outside steps. In the little compartment on the near side a zinc-clad shelf, with locker below, afforded place for the "Primus" stove and the cooking utensils; and in the little compartment opposite, on the off side, was the washing-basin and toilet glass, etc.

This van was one of the simplest and cheapest I have ever used, and it could be built for from £40 to £60.

Another van, of quite a different type, in which I have travelled is called the *Ideal*, and of it I give a rough plan. It was not so named by me, and is of course not ideal, for no van is. In nearly every make of van there are points of superiority or suggestions of advantages, which the intelligent caravanner books up in his mind for use at some future time when he builds the ideal van, but curiously enough the ideal is never forthcoming. Still, if in vanning we can't realize the *Ideal*, we can at least idealize the Real.

This van I am describing is divided into two compartments, one of which, the rear one, is principally the kitchen and is fitted with a coal stove, while the forward

compartment contains a double bed. Another single bed, sliding under the double bed, can be drawn out into the rear compartment at night. The partition does not go up to the roof, but leaves an air space of some two feet, and is made of light, 3-ply wood, and a curtain continues the compartment to the near side. With the wheels inset, a width of six feet four inches is obtained inside this van. The clerestory, or dome roof, give a height of six feet four

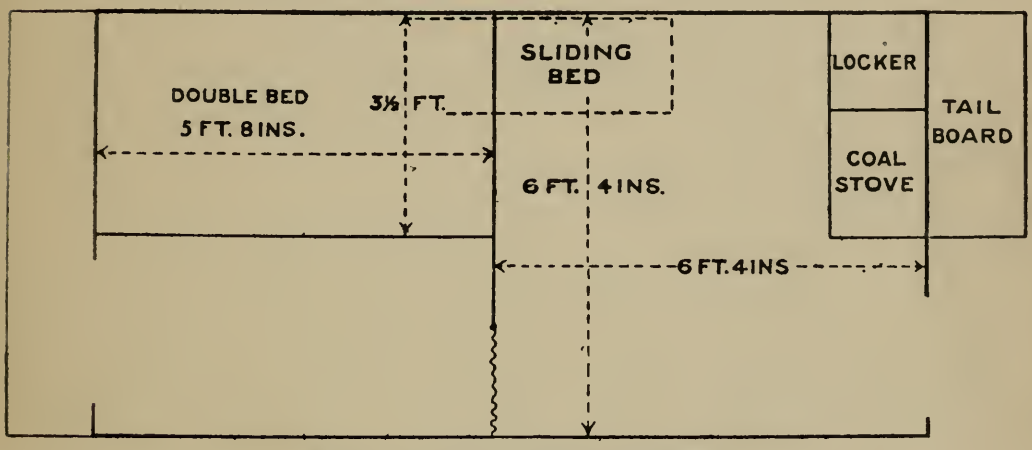


Fig. 21. Caravan *Ideal* floor-plan.

inches; and the weight of the van and kitchen range amounts to one ton, without baggage.

Though I have travelled in this van I never used the stove, only the top of it as a stand for my two "Primus" stoves, so that the iron stove might be discarded and a zinc-lined table placed there, with locker and shelves beneath for cooking utensils. Then, in my opinion, the van would approach a little nearer to its name. Small lockers, not seen in the diagram, are on the near side, close to the door in the rear compartment; and two opposite them on the off side. The door at the rear is approached by two steps, the treads of each of which afford entrance

to two small larders. There is also, adjoining them, a long locker of two shelves, opening outside between the tail board, on one of which I kept vegetables, and on the lower, blacking brushes, swabs, and such like dirty but necessary utensils.

This van had an E.C. on the near side, in the corner behind the front door, with a panel-opening in the outside for removing the pail. The van was painted white outside, and looked very pretty when pitched on green grass embosomed in trees, but it had this disadvantage, which I only discovered when I got on the road—horses shied at it. I suppose the startling colour was too much for their nerves, they being not accustomed to meet such a light, ghost-like-looking large vehicle.

Great bargains can sometimes be picked up in caravans. An example came under my notice a year or two ago. An Australian came over to the home-country with his wife and children, and in order to show the younger generation what rural England was like, he bought a light, modern caravan to sleep four. He bought a horse for £14, and a set of harness for £5. What he paid for the van he did not tell me. After spending a most enjoyable and healthy fourteen weeks touring through the south of England with his van, he sold the horse for £10 and the harness for £2. He left the caravan about forty miles from London in an inn yard at a small village; and as he could not take it back with him to Australia, which he would very much have liked to do, he was obliged to sell it, and at once, as he had to leave unexpectedly. The buyer got the caravan, completely furnished as he left it, with a "Primus" stove and other fittings, for exactly £5!

CHAPTER XIX

DR. GORDON-STABLES' *WANDERER* AND OTHER CARAVANS

THE late Dr. Gordon-Stables was a great apostle of life in the open air; and he may also fairly be considered the pioneer of modern caravanning.

In a letter to me, from "The Jungle," Twyford (Sept. 30th, 1907), amongst other matters relating to the recently formed Caravan Club, he writes:

"I can't get to town for a week or two—been laid up with bronchial cold, the curse of so-called civilisation and living in houses. I'm always fit, from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter, while in my caravan, but as soon as I go under slates I require acclimatising, and suffer in the process." In conversation with him it was always the same story, a growl at the necessity of having to give up life in the van and return to house-life.

In a letter written in June of the same year to another correspondent he said, *inter alia*: that caravanning "is the most pleasant way of travelling in existence, the most romantic and independent. I ought to know, being the 'pioneer' of the 'sport.' After eighteen years on the road one knows something, I can tell you. In my large saloon caravan, the *Wanderer*, I have gone everywhere and done everything. To children, too, caravan life is

in itself a liberal education. I am just starting on a tour, and shall camp this season on Gunton Cliff, Lowestoft, though I much prefer my native Highland home among the Grampian Hills. The East coast beats the West, except in beauty and scenery. It is drier, and more bracing and sunny. The South coast is a bit too hot, but I recommend the tonic air of Hastings, Folkestone and Bexhill. Deal is delightful, and so jolly old-fashioned. Then Southwold is nice, Mundesley quiet and pretty, Cromer excellent (I am speaking as a doctor). Filey and Bridlington are very nice (especially Filey, because it is free-and-easy, and you haven't got to wear your Sunday clothes on the sands). Saltburn and Whitley—yes, and Whitby—most salubrious. As to Scotland (the Highlands), see it once, and you'll wonder you ever went abroad. Wales comes next, then the wilds of Cumberland, then Derbyshire. I had influenza for six weeks last winter, and so I went to Lowestoft to pick up. Grand! All sunshine and ozone! The North Cliff is the sweetest and best."

His van, the famous *Wanderer*, is still extant, and is unquestionably the best known caravan in this country. Concerning this historic vehicle, the following letter by me appeared in the *Times* on July 21, 1910:—

"This famous caravan, the pioneer of Vanning as a pastime for health and pleasure, is, by executory instructions, to be sold, by auction, at the late Dr. Gordon-Stables' house, 'The Jungle,' Twyford, on July 28th. For some twenty years, Dr. Gordon-Stables travelled about the country in this van, and most of his numerous books were written in it. I understand from the executors that the *Wanderer* can be bought privately.

Will not the South Kensington authorities purchase it, and place it in the Museum? It can be obtained for a modest sum. I venture to say that, if placed there, it will prove a very great attraction to the innumerable young persons who have read some of the 150 books, which (nearly all) saw therein inception. This is just one of those cases where a Minister of the Interior is needed, to act on his own judgment, and swiftly, with a moderate sum to expend behind him."

Needless to say nothing was done. There are heaps of things in the museum not possessing a tithe of the historic interest of this van. So the van went under the hammer, and was most fortunately bought by members of the family, and is still associated with the name of Gordon-Stables. At the Meet of the Caravan Club, in July, 1910, at Coulsdon, in Surrey, it was the chief attraction on the pitch—Mrs. Gordon-Stables, and Miss Ida M. J. Gordon-Stables, inhabiting it.

The *Wanderer* is a caravan of the saloon type, and was built to order by the Bristol Carriage and Wagon Works Co., Ltd., at a cost of about £300. Its outside measurements are: length, 18 feet, width, from hub to hub of wheels, 6 feet 7 inches, and extreme height 10 feet 8 inches. It has double-skinned walls of panelled mahogany. The dome on the top does not run the whole length of the roof, but only over the central part. The entrance door is at the back, approached by one or two steps, and admits to a small pantry, where, on the off side, is the "Rippingille's" oil cooking-stove, and, on the near side, the wash-stand. From the pantry, sliding doors admit to the main compartment—the saloon—at the far end a door giving access to the driver's seat. On

the near side of the saloon is a fixed sofa bed with long locker beneath, and over against this, on the off side, is the folding table. The saloon is large enough, of course, for a folding bed to be placed as well as the fixed couch.

The van is a heavy one, weighing about 2 tons, and, of course, requiring two horses to draw it.

"The *Wanderer* is quite a Pullman car, and cannot be turned on narrow roads, while its great height causes overhanging trees to form very serious obstacles indeed."*

Dr. William Gordon-Stables, R.N., who was in his seventieth year when he died, in 1910, was a Banffshire man. After taking his medical degree, he served nine years in the Navy, and subsequently travelled through India, Africa and America, and made two cruises to the Arctic regions. The Caravan Club, in which he was much interested from its beginning, sent to his funeral a wreath, with the lettering on a card :

"From the
Caravan Club of Great Britain and Ireland,
in loving remembrance
of
their Vice-President
and
Companion on the Road,
William Gordon-Stables, M.D., R.N."

He was very, even passionately, fond of dogs, of which, at various times, he owned more than 200. In the garden of "The Jungle," at Twyford, there are several mounds, on which are recorded the names and qualities of favourite dogs which were buried there.

I remember once when he came up to London to see me, and have a talk over the Caravan Club, I went

* *The Cruise of the Land-Yacht Wanderer*, p. 188.

to the station to meet him. He arrived accompanied by a rather large dog, intelligent-looking but of no particular breed. He introduced the animal to me as a caravan comrade. When we got outside the station, I hailed a taxi and in we two got, but not the dog. He most deliberately walked to the front of the vehicle, and then as coolly to the rear, gazing apparently up in the air, as if inspecting the make of the front and back. To my astonishment the animal then returned to the pavement, in a line with the door, and lay down, with his head between his outstretched paws, his intelligent eyes fixed upon us in the taxi. The driver was meanwhile impatiently waiting for the animal to get in. I was too astonished to speak. Dr. Gordon-Stables laughed and said : " He has never seen a taxi before, and is waiting to have the horses put to, and he can't tell at which end they ought to be ! "

The caravan *Pathfinder* is in several respects unusual, if not quite unique. In the first place it runs on three wheels only, and is easily drawn by one horse. The main door to the saloon is at the rear, and there is besides, near the front on the near side, a " kitchen entrance "—as Mr. Robert A. Scase, the owner, calls it—formed of double doors which open square. These, when thrown open on a pitch, with a portable wood roof and a curtain in front, make a sort of protruding recess convenient for a bath, etc. On the off side of this remarkable van, on the outside, a man's bunk lets down on chains, with an outer canvas cover for shelter, in which the horse attendant or driver sleeps comfortably. In the inside the saloon measures 8 feet 6 inches by 5 feet 6 inches, and is 6 feet in height : the kitchen end, forward from the interior,

is in two compartments, and is about 5 feet 6 inches by 4 feet—altogether the outside of the van measures about 14 feet in length. There is a bunk for sleeping on either side of the saloon, and one in the kitchen, a hanging-wardrobe, a writing-table, book-shelves, and a large locker for deck chairs under the floor. All the windows and kitchen door are filled with railway spring-roller blinds, and small lights open over the windows for ventilation. The saloon is mahogany and "Lincrusta" fitted. Altogether this very compact, light and convenient van contains some twenty lockers or cupboards, inside and outside and its lowness enables it to be placed in an ordinary coach-house when laid up for the winter.

The *Pathfinder* has successfully negotiated some of the steepest hills of Cumberland, for the front wheel has a good brake, also the hind wheels, and on descending steep inclines a slipper is attached as well. Another advantage of this van is that, being three-wheeled, it is only liable for the 15s. tax.

One of the lightest and most compact vans in this country is the *Lady-go-lightly*, so named because of her neat natty garments, and the easy way in which she can trip from pitch to pitch. I know her well for I have lived in her, and so thoroughly understand her ways and moods, and am able to appreciate her many good qualities.

The *Lady-go-lightly* is a one-horse, one-chamber van, 7 feet 2 inches long by 6 feet 4 inches wide, and 6 feet 3 inches in height. These are inside measurements, but there is, in addition, a remarkably wide covered driver's seat with ample room for two. So she is quite small, daintily *petite*.

THE *LADY-GO-LIGHTLY* ARRANGED FOR NIGHT *page 184*

THE *LADY-GO-LIGHTLY*.—INTERIOR LOOKING AFT. *page 184*

When she is on a pitch, this front portion, or driver's seat, makes practically another small chamber or closet, as it can be enclosed by a light awning which screens the occupant from publicity.

The door leading into the van is in front, but on the near side of the driving-seat, and is fitted with a strong lever lock such as you find on the doors of Continental hotels. This door can be kept open when on the road. The roof projects considerably over the driver's seat, and a leathern curtain can be attached thereto on the near side, and a waterproof apron, so in the wettest weather driving this van is comparatively comfortable, more comfortable than is the case with any other horse-van I know.

The roof is made of light wood, covered with sail cloth painted white, and is quite waterproof. The side walls are of the same materials, with a strong, close-meshed galvanised wire netting inside to prevent damage to the canvas. These materials cause the extreme lightness which is the predominant feature of the van.

There are two windows, a large one, 31 inches by 23 inches, just behind the driver's seat, and a small one high up at the back, so that when these two are open a current of air flows right through the van, making it very pleasant in hot weather, as I have found. These windows open inwards and upwards, and when open are fixed quite out of the way against the roof of the van. Screens of woven wire fit into the windows, so that they can be kept open at night, and flies, gnats and other similar undesirables excluded.

There are two 27-inch-wide, spring beds, with hair mattresses, and at night these can be placed side by side;

but in the daytime they fit one upon the other on a double chest of drawers, forming a most comfortable sofa. By the head of the bed, abutting on the large window in front, is a little let-down bracket which I found most useful, as I am fond of reading in bed; and on the bracket I placed a candle which, when just turning over to go to sleep, I could blow out without getting out of bed—always to me a very desirable luxury.

The chest of drawers contains four drawers, measuring $28\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 19 and $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

There is also in this van a well-designed secret place for valuables and documents; but I am not going to say where this is, or how it is constructed.

A good many vans I know have secret places, and when you come to think of it this is not strange. A van is so often left alone on a pitch that it is peculiarly susceptible to the wicked attentions of the evil disposed. A casual thief might well enter a van and snatch up some articles and make off during the temporary absence of the caravanner, but it would take him some time to discover a secret place where money was hidden.

The most common form of secret place is made at the end of a drawer, often the bottom one of a chest of drawers. About 2 inches at the far end is partitioned off, and a small door made leading into it at one of the two sides. This door is made to be flush up with the side of the drawer and shows no outward sign of hinges or knob. It is merely a piece of the side sawn through, and so arranged that it can be detached by the thumb nail placed beneath it.

Before the days of banks, secret places were very common in houses, and the ingenuity and originality

displayed in making receptacles for money, jewels and papers were endless. A favourite place was the bedroom; and often, if the bed was one of those with a kind of reredos against the wall, in the wall itself at the head behind the curtains there. In many noble mansions to this day that is still the position of the jewel safe.

The bed and chest of drawers in the *Lady-go-lightly* are on the near side, and opposite them, on the off side, are three tables, which at night time can be instantly turned up against the wall of the van, but which, when down, make a table, 4 feet 6 inches long by about 6 inches wide, at which three people can conveniently dine at once. In line with these tables, at the back, is the stove, with two oil lamps and external openings, on which three vessels can be boiled simultaneously; sink, wash-hand-basin, with top and waste pipe, and a water tank above, which holds about ten gallons and which can be filled from the outside or inside—no small advantage.

Beneath the van are two large wells or cupboards, one especially ventilated for carrying provisions, and the other for stowing crockery and kitchen ware. These are approached by trap doors in the floor of the van, so that food and cooking things can be obtained at any time in any state of the weather without going outside, a very great advantage as I have often found. The back wall is a rack for hanging clothes on and also a nest of shelves, fitted with places for crockery, knives, forks, spoons, etc.; and over the sofa, or bed at night, is a long hanging basket, very light, for articles such as sticks, umbrellas and light things, and there are besides many other most convenient hooks and shelves in various parts of the interior.

The van is foreign built, made by Messrs. Huber, of Lucerne, in 1904.

The horse can be tethered at the back of the van, where there is a small rack for hay, and both hay and oats can be carried under the box-seat. The van has a pair of shafts, and the harness is of unusually strong Swiss leather, of rather unusual and picturesque appearance. The under-carriage is good and strong (including patent axles) and there is a powerful brake and a large shoe. The front wheels pass freely under the body of the van so that it can be turned round in a very little space.

This is the van which is used by the Bishop of Stepney when he travels in Kent during the hop-picking season to visit the hop-pickers.

Four good and reliable caravans, designed and built by the Bristol Wagon and Carriage Works Co., Ltd. (see Figs. 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29) are here illustrated. Three of the plans are of smaller vans, with the entrance in front and the sleeping berths at the rear; these are 6 feet, and 6 feet 6 inches wide. The interior arrangements are sufficiently shown, and are quite understandable from the floor plan which is given of each. They are neat, well thought out, strong, road-touring vehicles.

Another, more pretentious, and of course more expensive van, is much larger with more elaborate internal fittings. The driving platform is 3 feet wide, from which a door on the near side leads into the main saloon, where are two bunks—one on either side—a wardrobe and chest of drawers, a portable table and other conveniences. Curtained off from this, at the rear, is the kitchen department, with wash-stand and cupboard, and a door at the end affords another entrance from the rear.

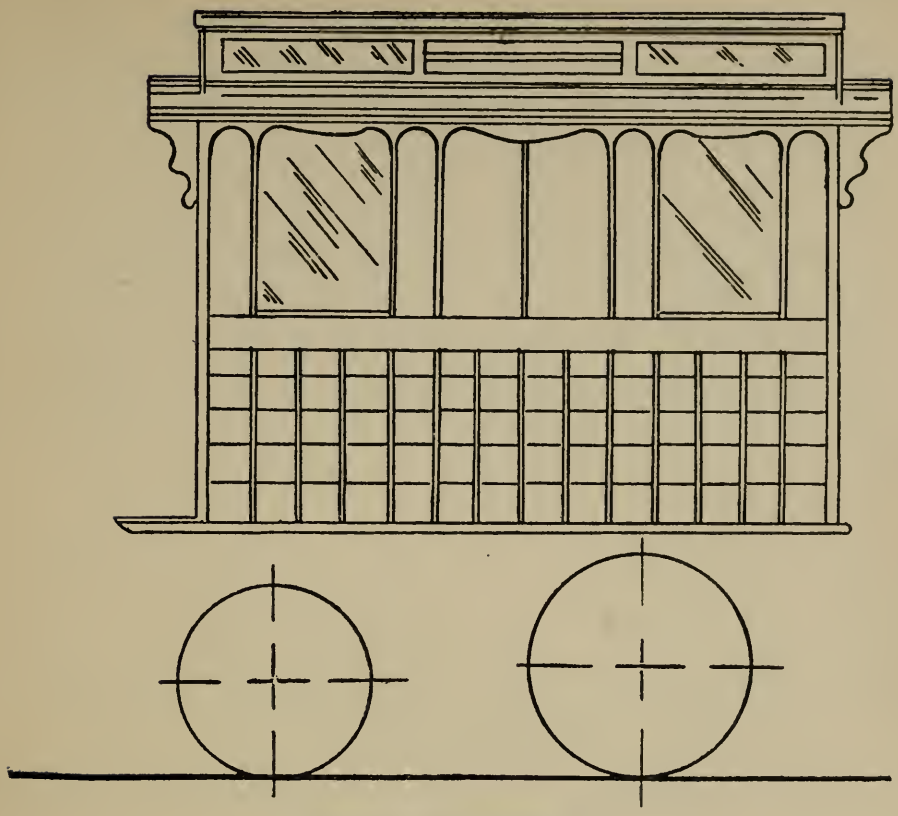


Fig. 22. Very light van.

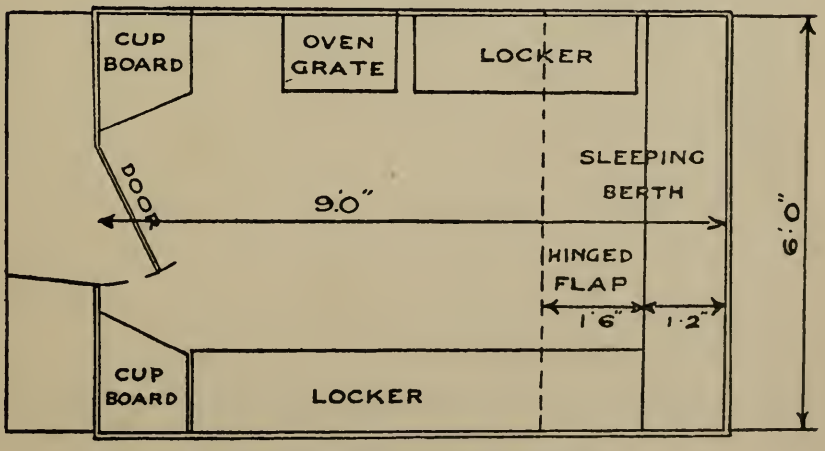


Fig. 23. Floor-plan of the above caravan.

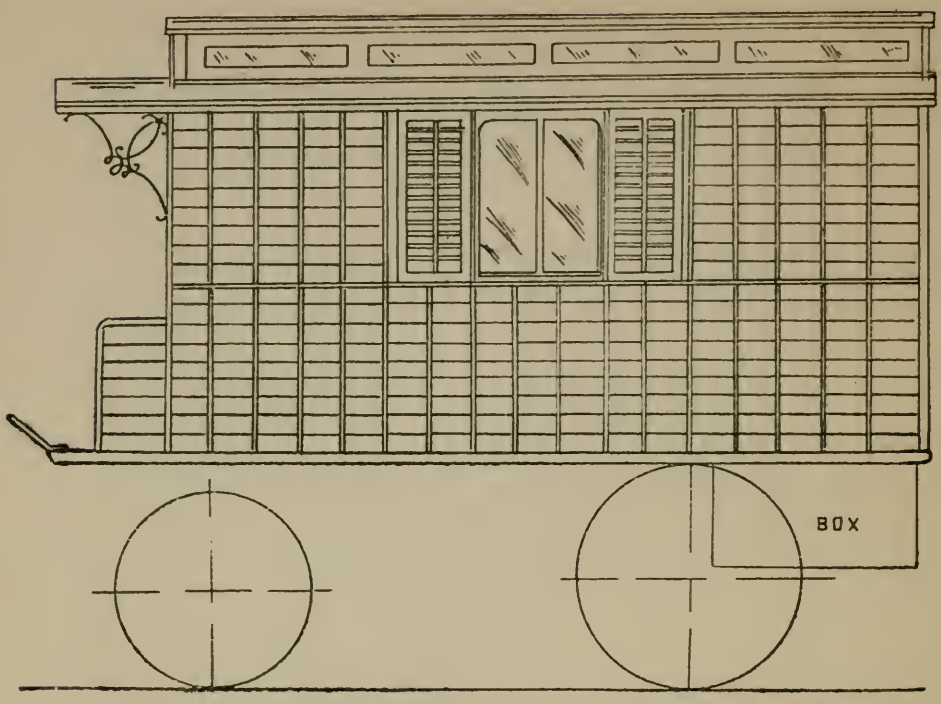


Fig. 24. Van with Persienne shutters. Shafts for one horse. Wheels with 2″ tyres.

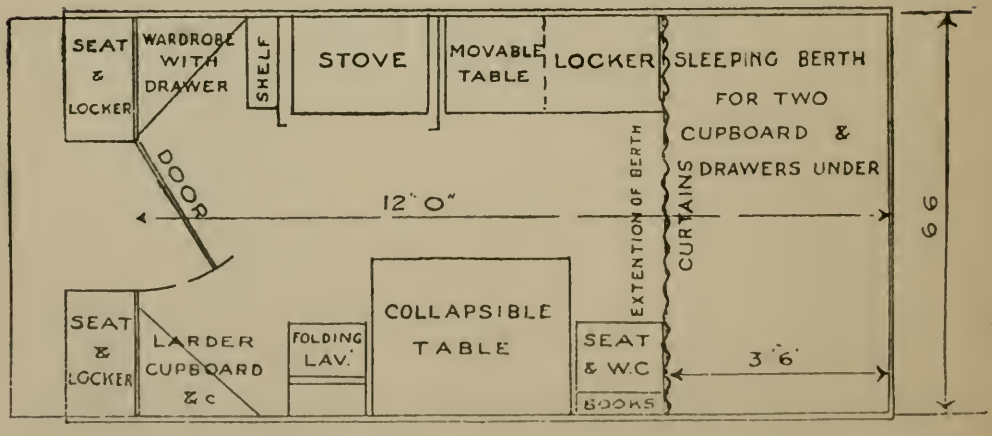


Fig. 25. Floor-plan of the above caravan.

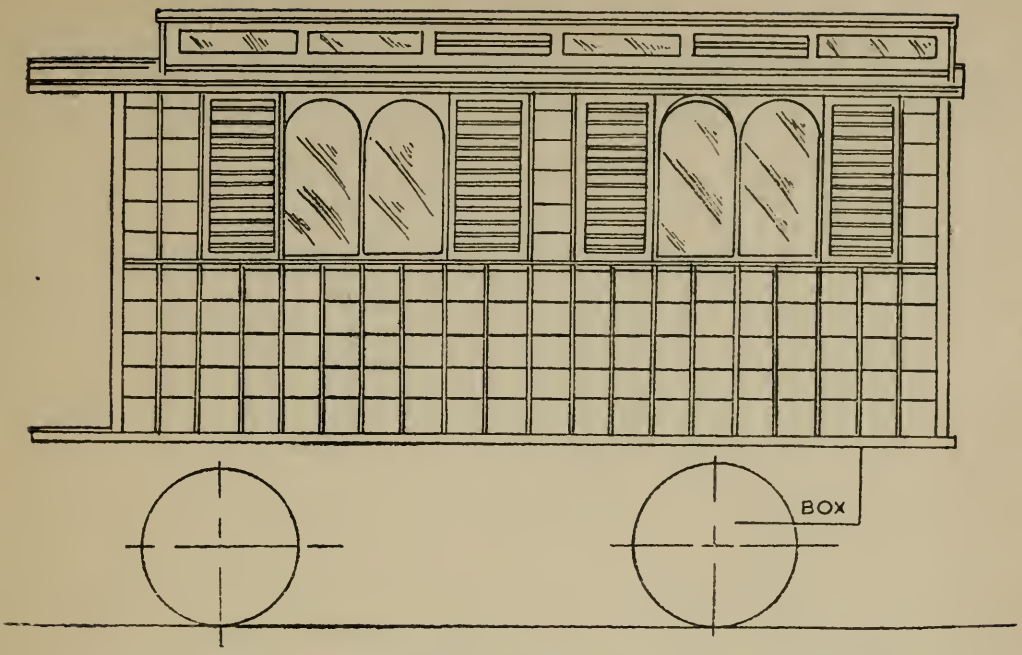


Fig. 26. Van with shafts for one horse. Wheels 2′ 6″ and 2′ 8″. Tyres 2″.

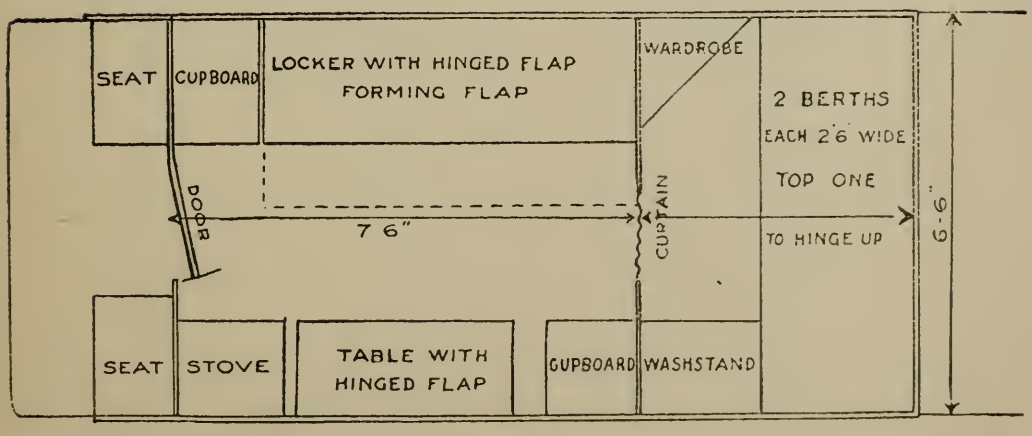


Fig. 27. Floor-plan of the above caravan.

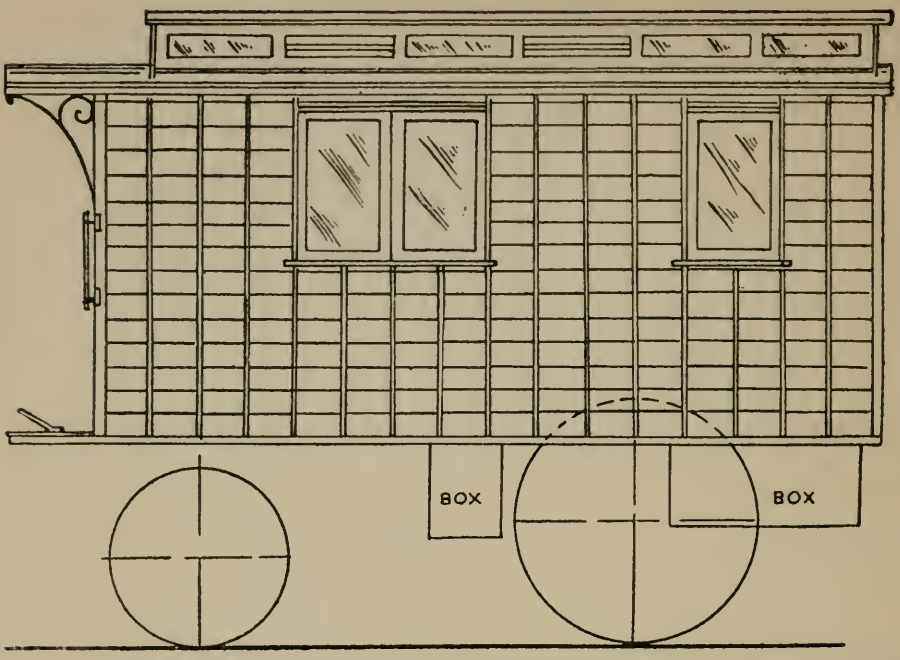


Fig. 28. Van fitted with pole for pair of horses or shafts for one horse.

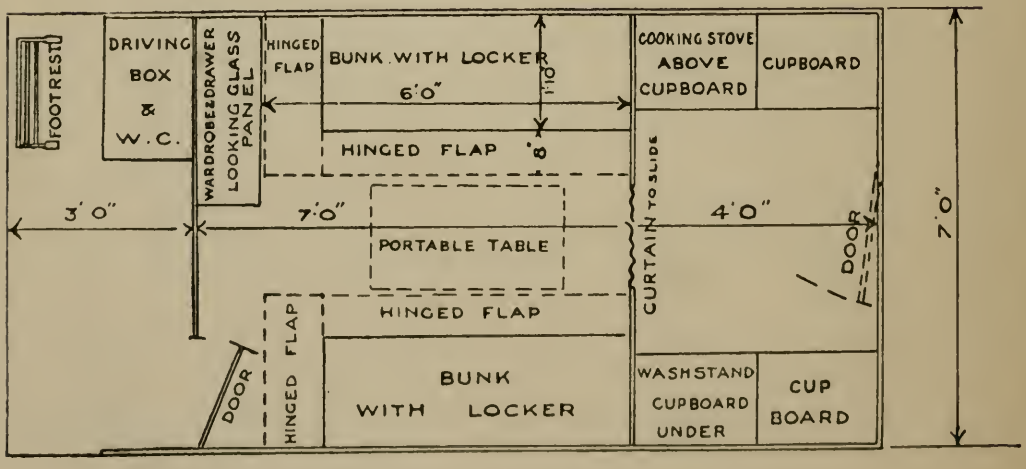


Fig. 29. Floor-plan of the above caravan.

CHAPTER XX

A CARAVAN WEDDING AND SOME VANS

TO deeply attached lovers a honeymoon in a caravan might sound idyllic, and that being so it is extraordinary that so few have tried it. To Gypsies, of course, owning caravans, there is nothing unusual in honeymoons (and afterwards) being spent in the house on wheels, but among other classes of the community it is exceptional. One enthusiastic caravanner, Mr. Leonard Richmond, was married on July 8th, 1911, to his cousin, Miss Elsie Richmond, at Umberslade, near Birmingham; and after the ceremony the happy couple were driven from the church down the long avenue to the waiting caravan, in which they departed for the bride's home. After the reception, Mr. and Mrs. Richmond left in the van for their honeymoon, and had an extended tour, in most leisurely fashion, over the Malvern Hills to Gloucester, and so to the Thames, and finally to their home pitch at Pinner. It is not at all unlikely that the example thus set will find imitators.

Mr. Richmond is the possessor of more than one van. His *Kerri* is of the Gypsy type. The floor is 4 feet 6 inches from the ground, so that it is well removed from the dampness of the earth and low-lying mists, the height inside being 7 feet 6 inches. There are roof

extensions, fore and aft; and a complete awning, with a gore in each corner, affords a wide and continuous verandah round the van on a pitch, an ingenious and delightfully novel addition. Across the back of the interior is a double bunk, 3 feet 6 inches wide, with a space beneath shut off with doors, which can be used

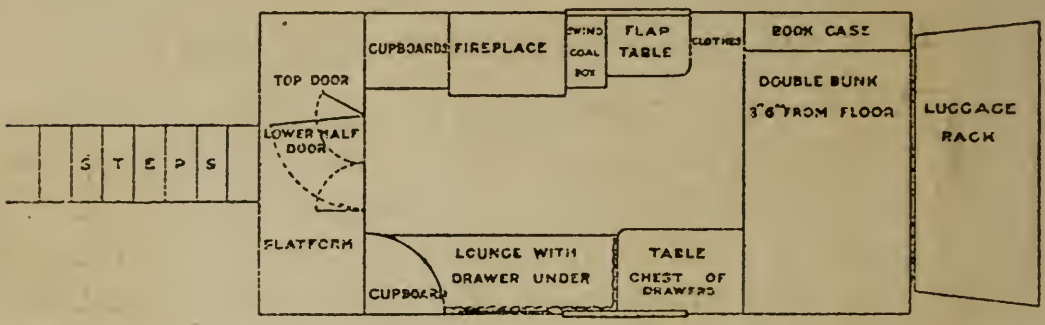


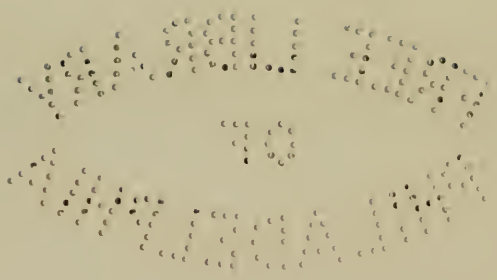
Fig. 30. Mr. L. Richmond's *Kerri*, floor-plan.

as another bed recess or for storage of baggage or other purposes.

The interior is tastefully fitted up with plate glass, mahogany and gilt. The exterior is panelled and richly carved and gilded. There are cupboards inside, and a fireplace, with overmantel, mirror, etc., and long compartments under the floor for tent poles, roof ladder, etc.

The *Arcadian*, a well-constructed and thought-out saloon van, belonging to the same owner, shows so many admirably devised contrivances for practical use and comfort that it is certainly one of the most attractive vans on the road. It is a dandy, dainty craft throughout. A careful study of the plan reveals its marvellous compactness. It contains a good-sized wardrobe, a wine cellar of ample dimensions, a wash-hand stand, such as one has in the cabin of a liner, two luxurious lounges,

MR. L. RICHMOND'S *ARCADIAN*. INTERIOR LOOKING AFT



a grand sideboard, with folding bed beneath, and a first-rate piano. This latter is a " Dulcitone," the best piano for caravan use, in which the soft sweet tones are produced by the pads striking tuning forks. Some of my sweetest memories of the road are associated with this van—afternoon tea therein, and songs by Mrs. Richmond,

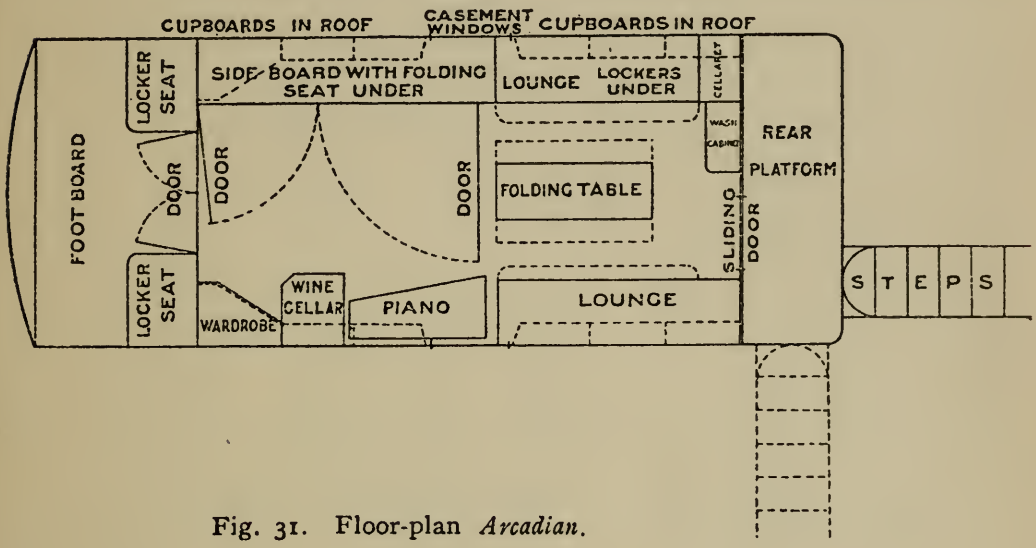


Fig. 31. Floor-plan *Arcadian*.

charmingly and soothingly rendered, and accompanied on this strange, entrancing instrument.

The plan sufficiently shows the character of the *Arcadian*. She is practically a delightful sitting-room by day and a well-furnished and extremely comfortable bedroom by night. A novel feature is connected with the steps to enter the van at the back, attached to the rear platform. These steps are fitted with a pivot, or swivel arrangement, enabling them to be used at the side as well as exactly at the rear, and while the van is travelling they clip up under the rear platform, which, in turn, can itself be folded up close to the rear of the van.

A duplex oil swinging lamp affords illumination at

night, but Mr. Richmond informs me that he is about to light this van with electricity, and intends to use the current for heating in cold weather.

Between the exterior and interior woodwork is a layer of cork, which is a very slight additional weight to the van but greatly adds to its comfort as, being a non-conductor,

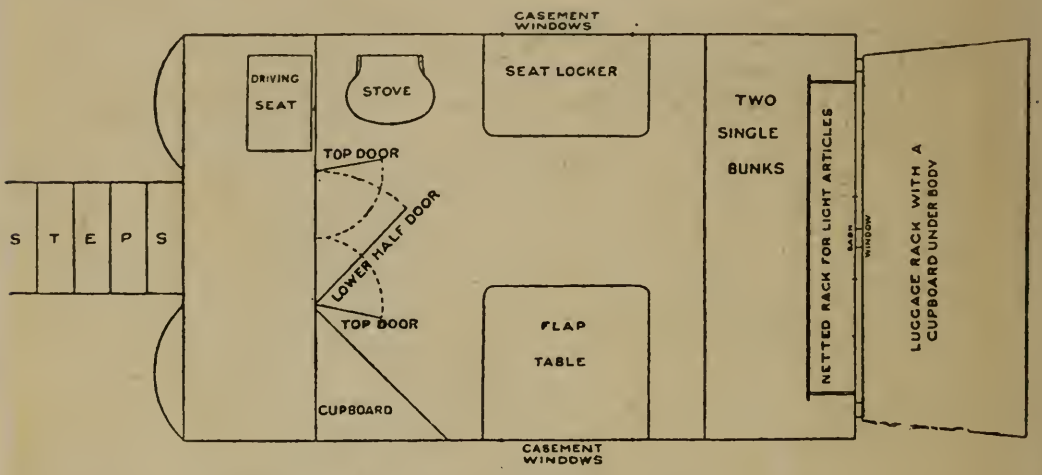


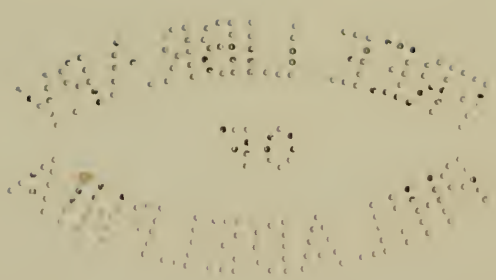
Fig. 32. Mr. L. Richmond's *Scout*, floor-plan.
Roof extensions fore and aft. Height to floor, 3′ 6″. Height inside, 6′ 3″. Wheels, 3′ and 4′ 3″.

it tends to make the interior warm in cold weather and cool in hot weather. In fact, this layer of cork takes the place of the air space in double-skinned vans.

Mr. Richmond also has a small van called the *Scout*, a plan of which I am able to give. It is of the Gypsy type and exceedingly compactly arranged.

A remarkable van in several respects is Mr. F. Geoffrey Smith's *Rolling Stone*. The framework of the body is constructed of gaspipe tubing, in sections, connected with screwed joints, so that lightness is combined with stiffness. There are three bunks at the hind end, one above another, and I took a photograph of that portion when occupied

MR. F. GEOFFREY SMITH'S VAN, INTERIOR LOOKING AFT, SHOWING THE THREE BUNKS *page 196*



by three lively youths. On entering by the door in the centre of the front of the van, a distinctly novel feature is met with on the left-hand side. In the corner there is the pantry, with the cupboard door not uselessly hinged, as is usual, at the side, but hinged *at the bottom*, so that it turns down, and along the off side of the van, and forms a convenient table.

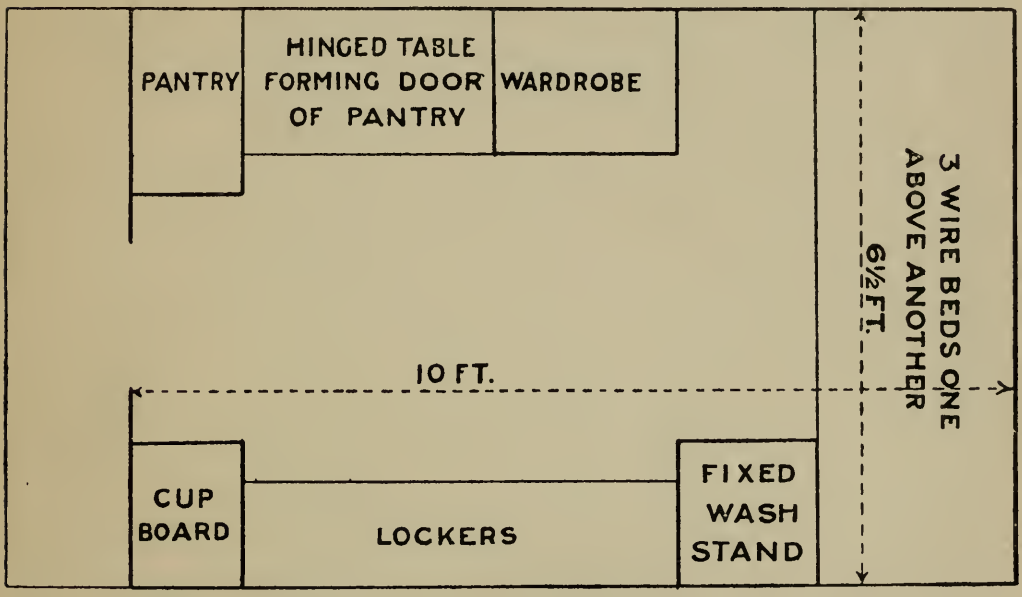


Fig. 33. Mr. F. Geoffrey Smith's *Rolling Stone*, floor-plan.

Weight is further saved in the *Rolling Stone* by the large outside bunkers or lockers beneath the floor at the rear and in front being made of leather. The van has a wheel brake and also a hand brake, the under-carriage, which wheels on rubber tyres, the brakes acting on the drums of the axles, being particularly strong.

At the meet at Stratford-on-Avon, 1912, a van of the Gypsy type was shown, which possessed the good feature of a wide tail board and good safe or pantry at the rear,

with an awning above so that it can be got at comfortably in the wet.

The pretty and also compactly comfortable *Tally-Ho!* of Miss Simmons, 10 feet long by 6 feet wide, has a bed on the off side, which is a sofa by day, in addition to the transverse seat and bed at rear. Three ladies usually

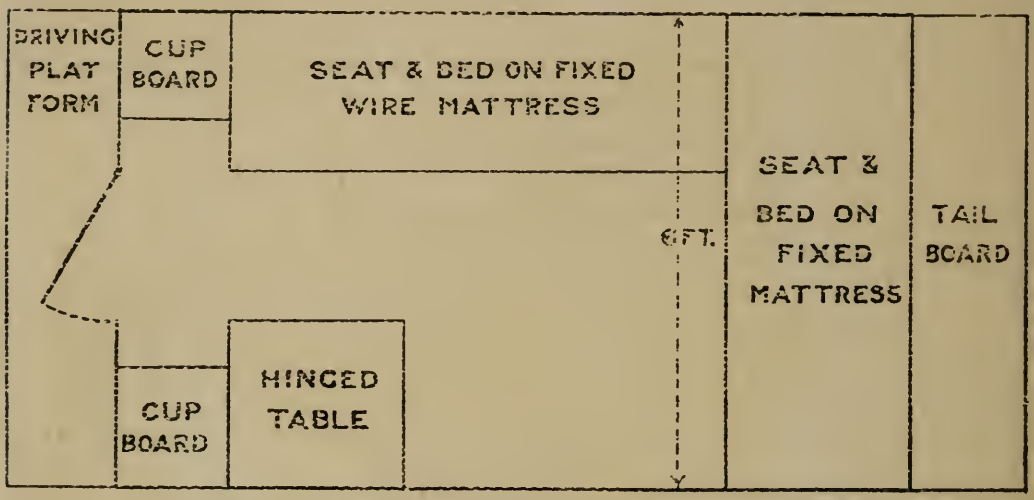
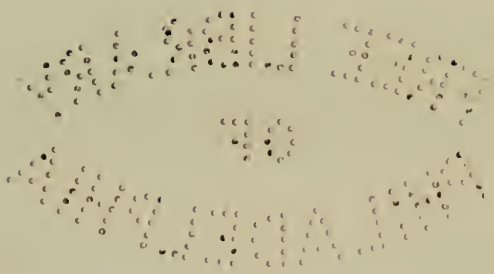


Fig. 34. Miss Simmons's *Tally-Ho!* floor-plan.

occupy this van, their object being the exploration of districts where fishing, shooting and hunting prevail. The van was originally a showman's, and the quaint decoration of the interior has wisely been preserved by the present owner. The van is used as a bed-room by night and as a sitting-room by day, the cooking operations being performed in a waterproof canvas annexe attached to the side of the van. This annexe rolls up along the entire length of the side of the van, where it is secured in position by straps. The ground-sheet also plays a double part. When the van is on the road it acts as cover for the camp-bed, and any luggage is carried on the tail board.

MISS GRACE A. SIMMONS'S *TALLY HO!*

page 198



A van which the owners have used as a kind of week-end cottage hovering around the town in the Midlands where they live is named curiously *The Perinik*, which is a corruption or contraction, as you please to regard it, of peripatetic picnic. This also is of the Gypsy type, with the usual internal arrangements, but with a convenient corner-cupboard in the off-front corner.

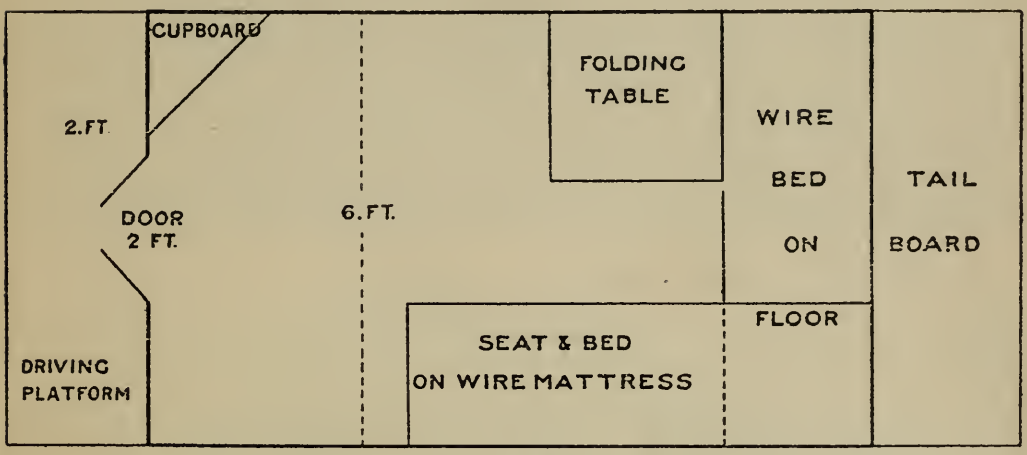


Fig. 35. *The Perinik* floor-plan.

A wonderfully light and compact van, containing every necessary comfort for two persons, is the pony caravan *Maisonette*, planned and owned by Mr. Bertram Hutchings. It weighs only eight cwt., and contains two bunks, one above the other, running along the entire offside. The entrance is by a door in two halves in the centre of the near side. The interior is six feet four inches by four feet six inches. The front of the van is hinged and drops down, and when on a pitch is supported by two slender posts, forming an extension six feet long, thus making a large table ; or at night, when enclosed with an awning, is convertible into an extra sleeping compartment. For driving, the upper half of this hinged front folds down,

and the driver sits inside and from thence the pony is directed. The van is built of quarter-inch pine wood,

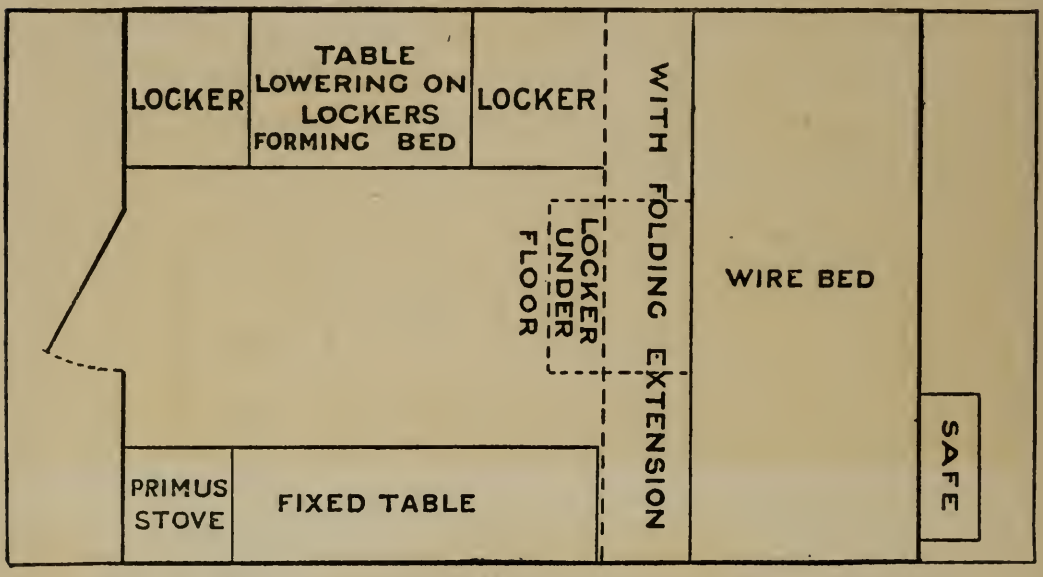


Fig. 36. Messrs. Fortnum and Mason's Exhibition caravan, floor-plan.

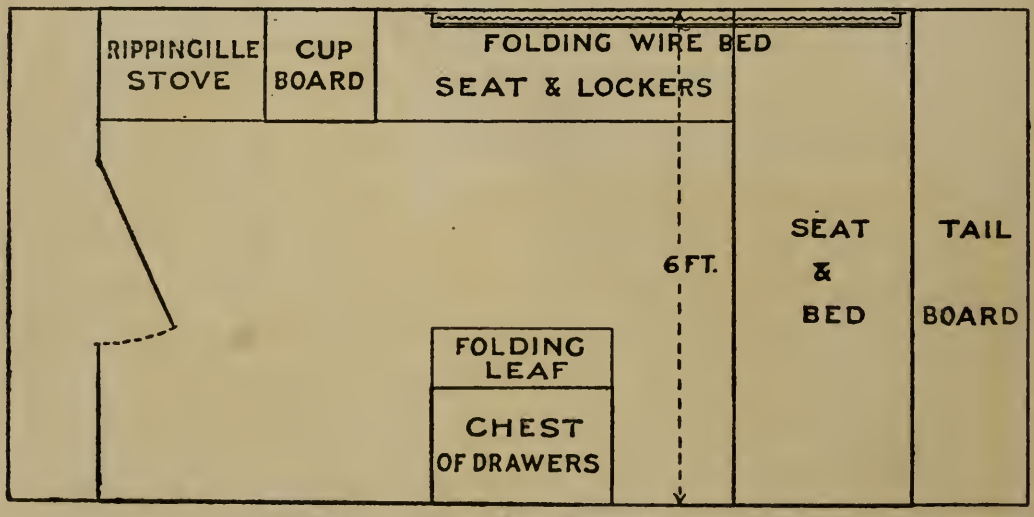
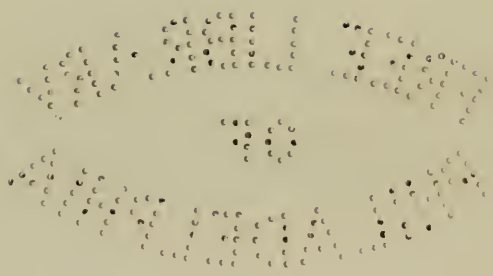


Fig. 37. Mr. Harry Keep's *Nutshell*, floor-plan.

with three-ply pantry and box behind, above which is a protective awning, which also keeps rain and sun off the back window. The cooking is done on a " Primus " stove, below

MISS GRACE A. SIMMONS'S *TALLY HO!* SHOWING KITCHEN ANNEXE *page 198*

MESSRS. FORTNUM AND MASON'S EXHIBITION VAN, SHOWING REAR-END AND PANTRY
page 200



the table on the near side back corner. When this van is taken on the road, in conjunction with a small tent for lavatory purposes and cooking in, it forms one of the most compact and lightest equipments yet made for two persons, and can, of course, go anywhere—up hill and down dale.

A light van, considering its size and capaciousness, is

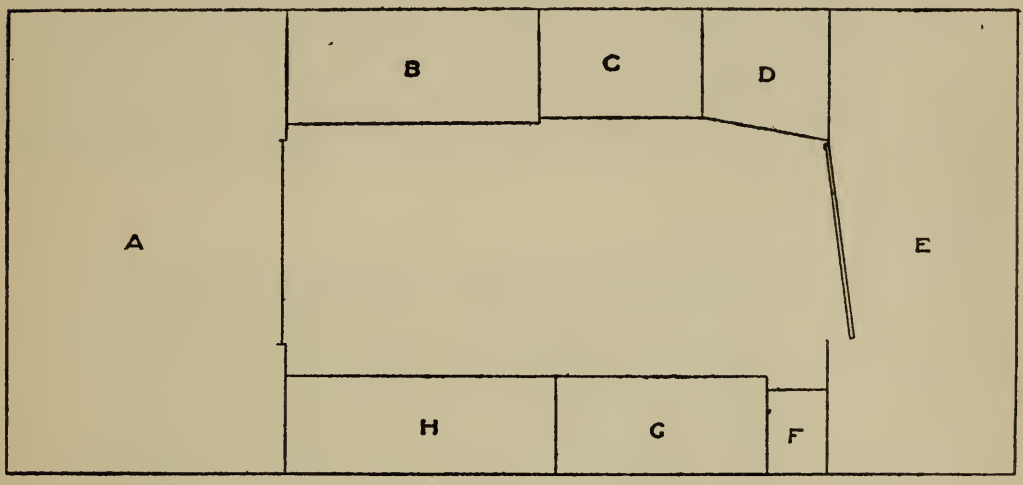


Fig. 38. Alderman C. Fane De Salis's van.

A Cupboard under bed (2′ 10″). B Chest of drawers. C Locker (2′ 9″ high).
D Cupboard (6′ 2′ high). E Footboard (4′ 5″ from ground).
F Cupboard (6′ 2″ high). G Cupboard (2′ 1″ high). H Locker (1′ 5″ high).
Total height of van, 11′.

Mr. Harry Keep's *The Nutshell.* It is 9½ feet long by 6 feet broad internally, and when weighted with two tents, two passengers and two bicycles, came to just 35 cwt. The internal economy is clearly shown in the floor-plan.*

To show how neat and tidy may be the inside of a van one has only to glance at the interiors of two vans of

* I am indebted for the floor-plans of this van, and of *Ideal*, *Tally-Ho ! Perinik*, and *Rolling Stone*, to my friend, Commander E. Eldred, R. N., who kindly made them for me at the Caravan Club Meet at Stratford-on-Avon, August, 1912.

Mr. Bertram Hutchings. One of these shows the stove fire, and also the "Primus" and a convenient corner cupboard. The other interior view incidentally shows an ingenious bathing arrangement on the wall. A long-handled brush is connected, by an indiarubber tube, with a water-tank placed against the wall. The water runs through the handle of the brush and sprays out amid the bristles, so that as you rub yourself down the water flows against the skin. For use, a turned up water-proof bath is put on the floor of the van, on which you stand. When you have had your morning tub and scrub, you just take up the shallow bath by the two handles and empty it outside.

The strong, well-built van belonging to Alderman De Salis, J.P., is 11 feet long. (See plan on previous page.)

A good example of what is known as a Showman's Living Van is that belonging to Captain C. Hull. I give a full description of this and several other vans.

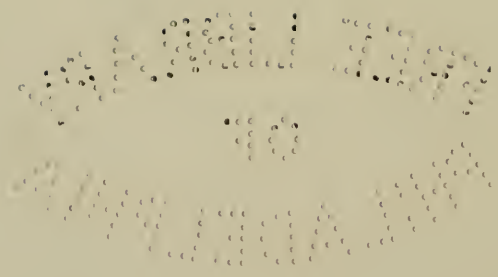
BODY.—6 feet 6 inches wide by 12 feet long (including 1 foot of front platform). Two sash windows on near side. Back window, upper half of door glazed and divided in two parts, vertically. Shutters to side windows, crutch for the tent, hind locker under body. Saloon roof. Body painted dark red, roof white.

UNDERWORKS.—Hind wheels, 3 feet 8 inches, front, 3 feet 6 inches, running under body. Mail axles with brass caps and brass bell hoops. Screw brake. Wheels and under-carriage painted primrose yellow, lined scarlet. Pole and shafts. Steps.

INTERIOR FITTINGS.—Double bed, closed in by sliding-mirror panels. Below bed, two shallow drawers. Space between drawers and floor closed in with sliding-panels,

MR. BERTRAM HUTCHINGS'S PONY VAN *MAISONETTE* *page 199*

MR. BERTRAM HUTCHINGS'S PONY VAN *MAISONETTE*
THE OFF SIDE, INTERIOR



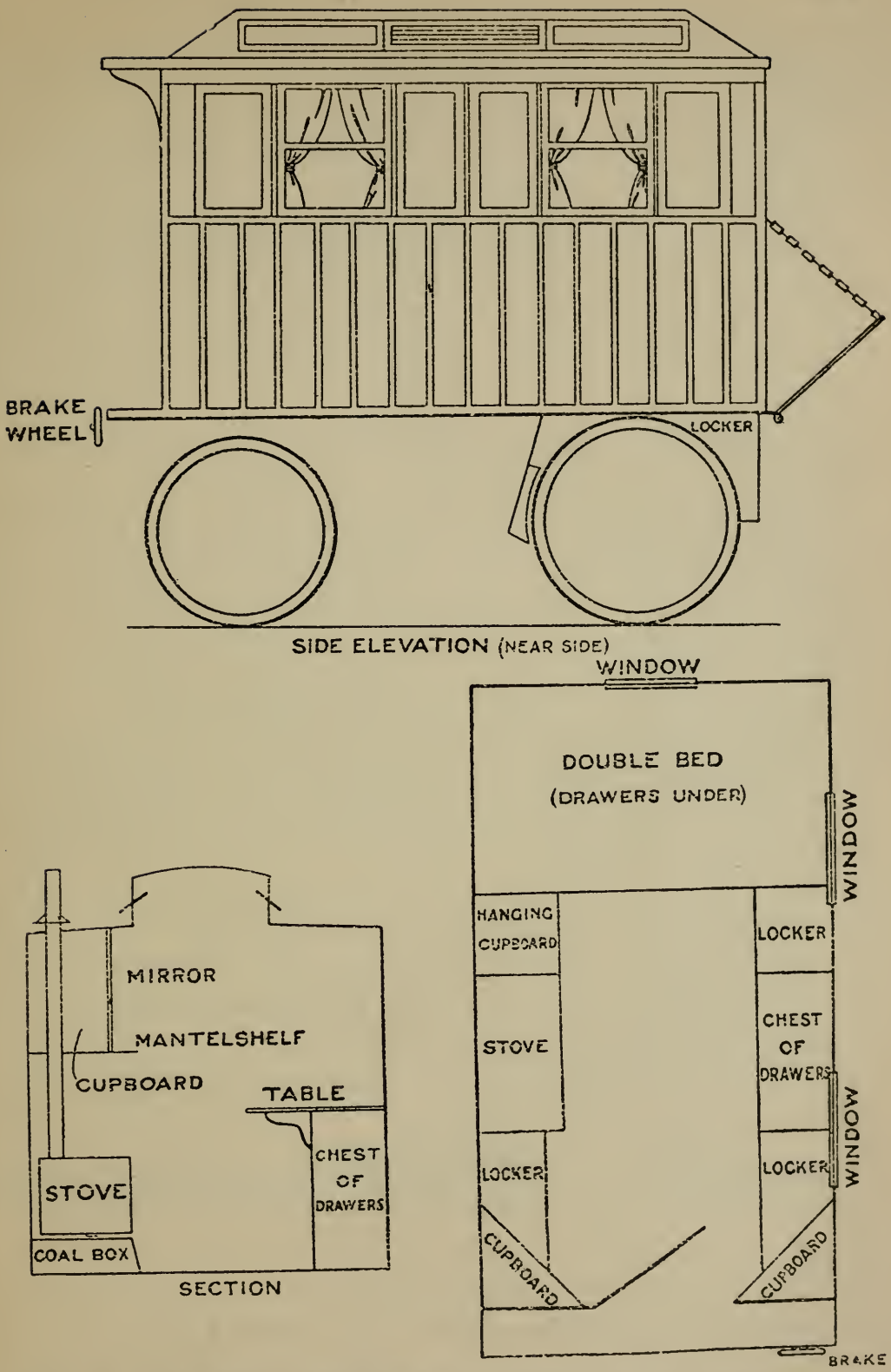


Fig. 39. "Showman" type of caravan belonging to Capt. C. Hull, A.S.C.

and can be used as a cupboard or to accommodate two more sleepers.

NEAR (*left*) SIDE.—Two lockers, chest of drawers (forming table) and angle-cupboard.

OFF (*right*) SIDE.—Hanging cupboard, mantelshelf, with brass rail and mirror, stove, locker and angle-cupboard. Bracket and oil lamp.

STOVE.—Range, with brass guard-rail and brass-fronted coal-box.

The interior is grained and the floor is covered with linoleum.

Another excellently planned and constructed caravan is that belonging to Captain C. Hull, and built from his own design and under his supervision. It is really a canvas-topped touring wagon.

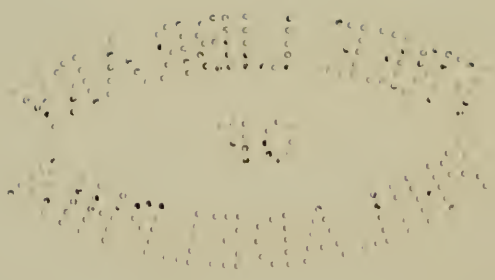
BODY.—5 feet 6 inches by 12 feet long (including 2 feet of front platform). Upper part of best Willesden canvas, stretched over hooped battens and painted, and projecting 7 inches on either side over wheels. Ends boarded in. Inner lining of matchboarding. Layer of felt between canvas and inner lining. Casement window in each side and back. Upper half of door glazed and divided in two parts, vertically. No shutters or crutch. Tunnel locker for tent, with door at each end. Large hind locker under body. Two seat-lockers on front platform. Extreme width of body, 6 feet 8 inches. Body painted dark green: window frames, etc., white.

UNDERWORKS.—Large hind wheels, running outside body, full lock, mail axles with brass caps and brass bell hoops. Screw brake. Steps. Wheels and under-carriage painted scarlet, lined dark green.

INTERIOR FITTINGS.—Fixed bed at end, 6 feet 4 inches

INTERIOR OF MR. BERTRAM HUTCHINGS'S VAN, SHOWING BATH BRUSH AND TANK ON WALL TO LEFT

page 202



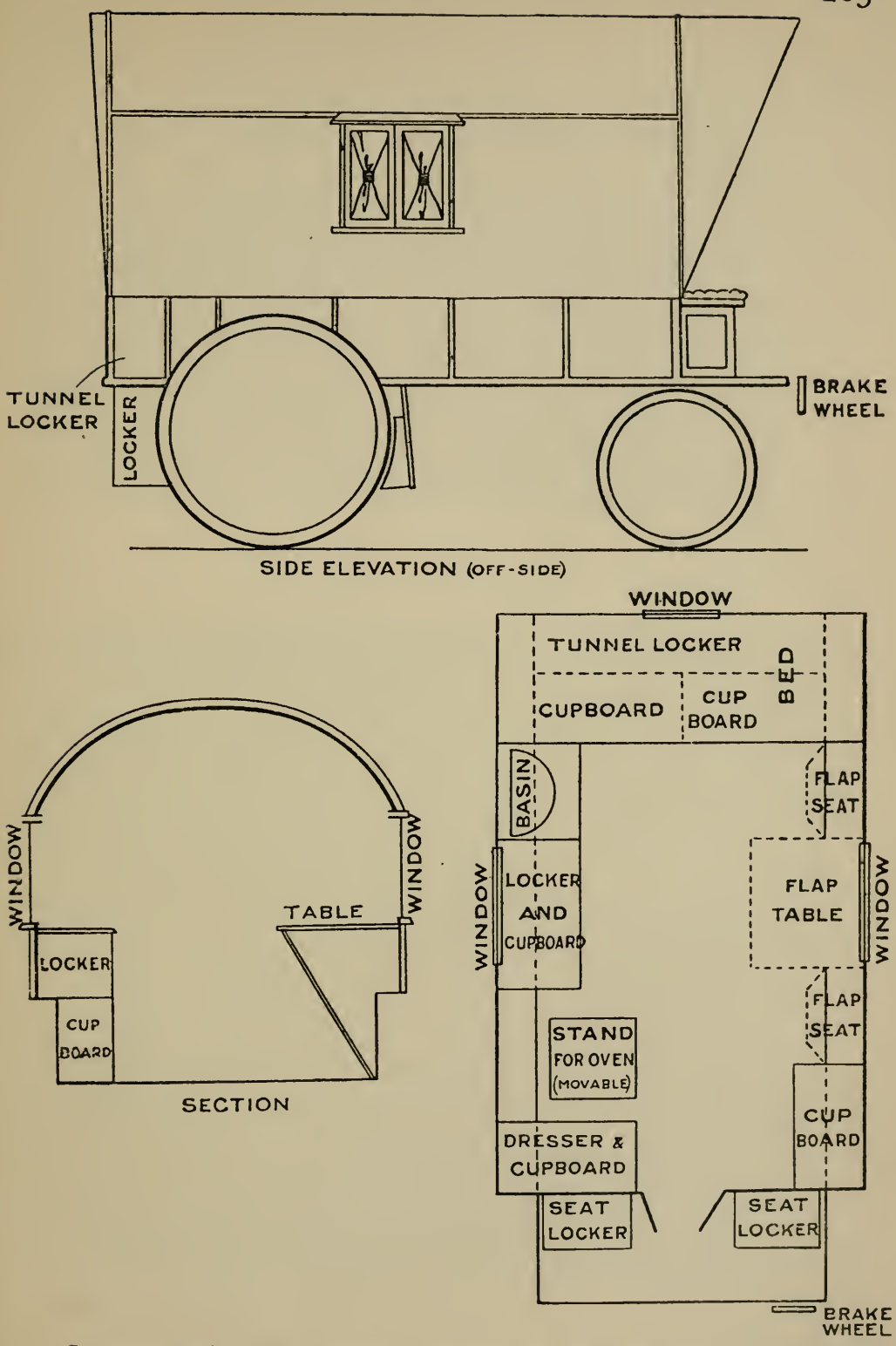


Fig. 40. Canvas-topped, touring caravan, designed and built by Capt. C. Hull, A.S.C.

by 2 feet 3 inches. Two cupboards under bed: hinged stretcher-bed over, which lets down during day.

NEAR (*left*) SIDE.—Flap seats and table. (Room for a camp bedstead this side when seats and table are down.) Large cupboard.

OFF (*right*) SIDE.—Lavatory basin, with waste pipe through floor. Locker with cupboard under. Movable stand, with drawer, for stove. Dresser, with cupboard under. Interior painted light green, panels and dome enamelled white. Floor covered with linoleum. Stove, with copper boiler, "Primus" lamp and all utensils. Can be used in or outside van.

Another good example of a light touring-van is shown in the three plans, one of the side elevation, one of the floor plan, and one of the *inside* of the back wall, showing arrangement of framework and panels where the dotted lines indicate the height of the beds.

The annexes to Mr. C. Arthur Pearson's two caravans, shown pitched in the photograph, need hardly any description. They afford abundance of extra space under cover, and one makes an excellent bedroom for two beds. What a toilet tent should be like is shown in the photograph of that adjunct to caravan life, belonging to the same caravanner.

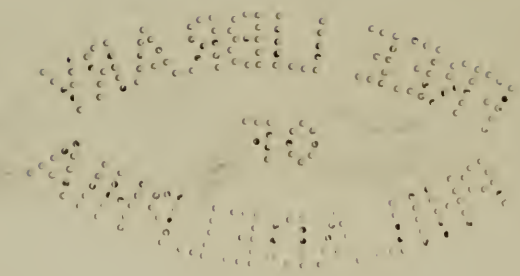
A van with distinct individuality is that belonging to the well-known artist, Miss Charlotte L. Sheppard, who had it constructed from her own designs. This lady had lived for ten years on a Nile boat, and so when she turned her attention to caravanning, she planned her van to represent, as far as possible, a comfortable cabin. In this she has obviously succeeded, for the interior of her home-on-wheels is at once suggestive of a cosy home,

MR. J. JOHNSTON GREEN'S *HALCYON* BEFORE LEAVING BUILDER'S YARD

page 208

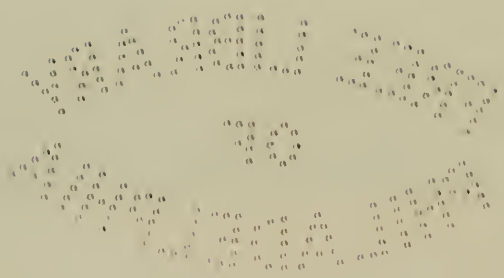
MRS. COUCER GREEN'S VAN *PERINK*

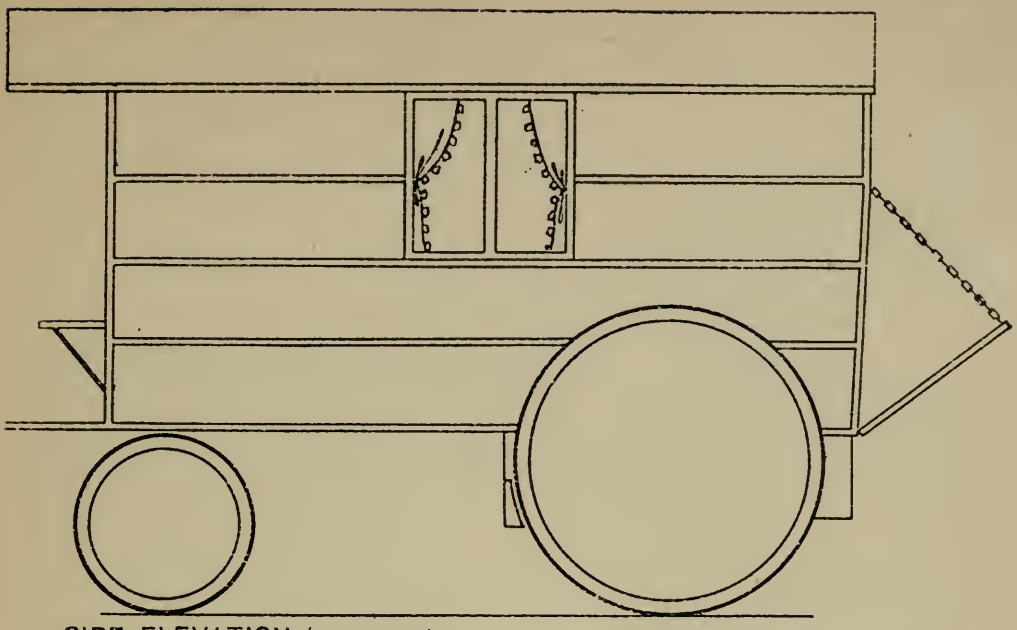
page 199



MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON'S VANS PITCHED WITH ANNEXES

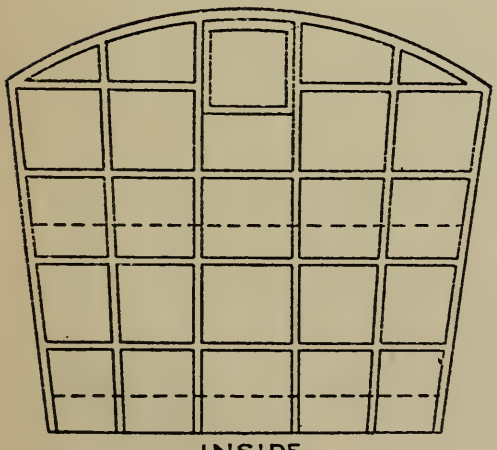
page 206





SIDE ELEVATION (NEAR SIDE)

SCALE - 1/24



INSIDE

View of back wall, showing arrangement of framework and panels. The dotted lines indicate height of the beds.

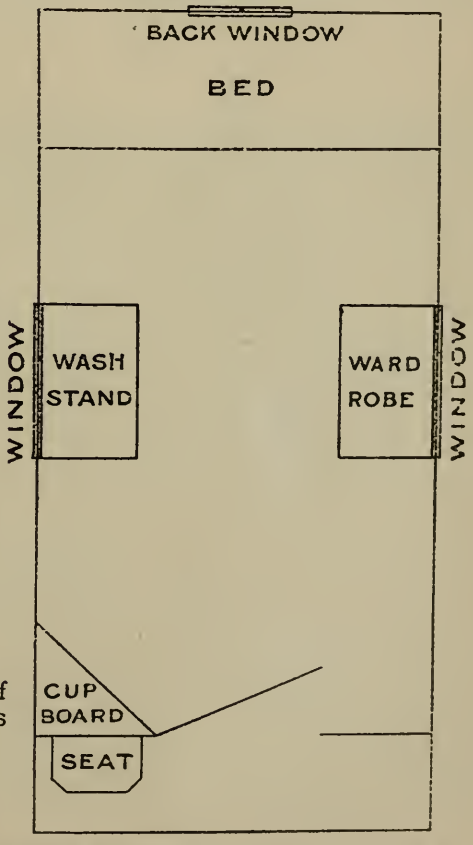


Fig. 41. Plans of Capt. C. Hull's light touring caravan, 6′ wide by 13′ long. Interior height, 6′. Weight, empty, 15 cwt.

and a more intimate acquaintance confirms fully the first impression. *Egypt*—for so is she named—is sixteen feet long, and six and a half feet wide. In the centre, the height inside is six feet, gradually sloping slightly to the sides. Her wheels are distinctly low—lower than the average—to enable the van to travel by rail, it being only necessary to remove the chimney and to wheel her on to a truck. Certainly the low wheels convey the impression of heaviness, but so lightly is she built that she weighs only a little over a ton. Inside, at the rear, there are, on either side, two berths with spring-mattresses—six feet long and two feet four inches wide. Under the berths are four large drawers, and above each bed is a netted rack, like those usually found on board ship. The *Egypt* is lined with three-ply wood and is fitted with a "Hostess" stove. The interior contains only two cupboards and is devoid of partitions, so that there is ample space inside for carrying out the object for which the van was constructed—painting. In short, *Egypt* is a good type of a movable studio.

Mr. J. Johnston Green, of Birkdale, in constructing his new van, *Halcyon*, set out so to arrange the internal space that ladies would be able to sleep at one end and gentlemen at the other, without having to pass through each other's compartments. This was effected (as will be seen from the floor plan) by ingeniously contriving to have the kitchen between the two.

The *Halcyon* is 18 feet long and 6 feet 6 inches wide, and she weighs 25 cwt. She is constructed of mahogany, painted outside and polished inside.

The table in the kitchen is lined with asbestos sheeting, not only on the top but also on the sides, and the roof

MR. H. P. RICHARDS ON THE ROAD

MR. HARRY KEEP'S VAN AND ANNEXE AT REAR.

page 201

SMITHSONIAN
INSTITUTION

above it is covered with sheet zinc, so that the danger from a blaze up of spirit or paraffin is minimised.

The bedroom sleeps two comfortably, and, at a pinch, two others could sleep under the fixed beds. The main room sleeps one on the locker with the lift-up flap, and

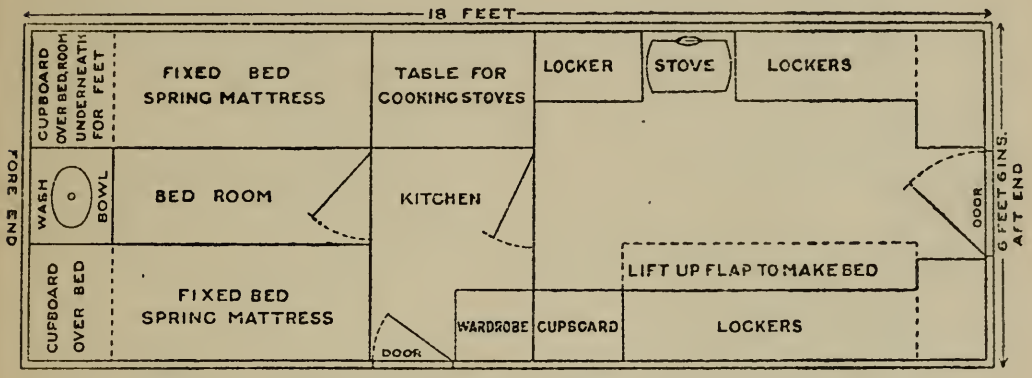


Fig. 42. Floor-plan of Mr. J. Johnston Green's *Halcyon*.

another across the end, by laying a board between the wide end of the locker-seats. The other features of this modern, up-to-date touring-van are obvious from a consideration of the plan. Mr. Johnston Green writes me :

" My wife and I and a maid lived in it for four months last summer (1912), and were most comfortable, having almost every convenience that one gets in a good house."

CHAPTER XXI

MOTOR CARAVANS

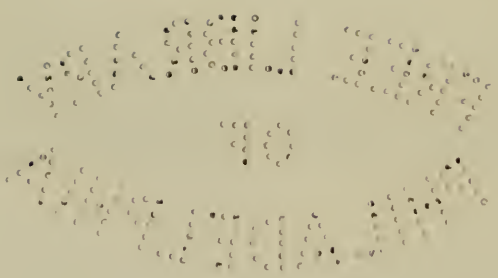
MOTOR caravans are at present few and far between. They total up to only a fraction, and a small fraction too, of the total number of caravans on the road.

When one considers the enormous advances motoring has made in other directions, it is singular that, as applied to caravanning, the industry is so apathetic. One reason, at any rate, for this is that as a rule motor carriages are exceedingly heavy—so heavy that the caravanners inhabiting motor living-vans have usually to sleep and eat in the yards of the best hotels and inns ; for if the vans were to draw up on fields they would sink in and be troublesome to re-start. It is a nuisance to have to " jack up " and put running planks down after each pitch. Hence the usual route of motor-caravans is confined to the main thoroughfares. This is unfortunate, as caravanners are a set of people who positively dislike the main thoroughfares and highways, and much prefer the byways.

If the object of caravanning (as it is with the vast majority of its votaries) is to see the distant, out-of-the-way parts of the country, and that without hurry, then a motor caravan seems to be out of place, and somewhat

INTERIOR OF MR. BERTRAM HUTCHINGS'S VAN

page 202



contradictory to the true spirit of the pastime, a remark that applies to the bulk of motor caravans as they now are.

The great drawback, then, to most of the existing motor caravans is their weight; and until the makers can produce a really light, tough vehicle, of not more than a ton in weight, motor caravanning will remain in the background. But as soon as lightness and prettiness take the place of the usual somewhat oppressive clumsiness, obtrusive heaviness and extreme plainness up to now associated with motor vans, they may become more general.

I have noticed that most motor caravanners just journey from one first-class hotel to another, put their van up in the yard and only use it for sleeping in—taking their meals at the adjacent hostelry. This is hardly caravanning as most of us know it. But there is ample room in England for motor caravans as well as horse caravans, and the ægis of the Caravan Club covers both varieties.

The owner of a palatial motor caravan, more like a tramcar than anything else I know of, whom I once met on the road, told me his car could "do" ninety miles a day, and that the previous night he had slept at a place some eighty miles distant, and on the morrow he would sleep at a spot in the south, which it would have taken me in my van seven or eight days to reach. He carried a capable chef, a first-rate wine cellar, swung underneath, and he fared sumptuously every day. His van had a winding staircase from the inside to the top on the outside; and there, reclining in easy chairs and well upholstered lounges, the caravanners could catch fleeting glimpses

of the scenery close to the main roads as they whizzed by. The length of this caravan was so great that it could not draw into some of the inn yards—for in such places its night quarters usually were.

A large expensive motor caravan came to one of the Meets of the Caravan Club, but was unable to draw in through the entrance gates owing to its length. Had it achieved its entrance I was afraid it would have sunk into the field, as the weather was wet and the ground soft.

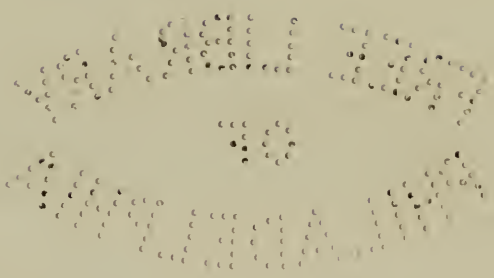
The axiomatic rule, equally applicable to horse caravans as to motor-driven caravans, is that the larger and heavier the van the nearer it must keep to the busy haunts of man. In other words, the lighter and more mobile your van, the further you can penetrate into the wilds of the country ; the further you can get away from civilisation.

The builders of motor caravans seem to me to be unable to get away from the trammels of their business, to depart from the traditions of mahogany-panelled vehicles, with enormously strong and stout ribs, bracings and absurdly heavy fittings, which have come down to them from the days of the old family coach, through a sojourn in the dust-loving and cumbrous compartments of a main-line, first-class railway carriage.

Why does not some motor builder, and surely there must be such in this country, absolutely throw overboard all the pre-conceived ideas inherited from an out-of-date race of coach builders and start afresh ? Let the motor power be the lightest used in the newest aërial machine, and let the body of the caravan be of three-ply wood, or even of canvas. Let the under-carriage be of

MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON'S VAN TENT *page 206*

MR. BERTRAM HUTCHINGS'S *GIPSY QUEEN*



hickory, or built on the same system as a light American buggy—than which I know no lighter or stronger vehicle. When such a motor living-van is evolved, as I can foresee it will be, with a maximum speed of not more than six miles an hour, smooth running and little vibration, motor caravanning will become popular.

The principle of lightness should, of course, not be carried too far, for stiffness is essential to a vehicle of the roads, whether motor or horse. It is especially subjected to bumps and jolts at any moment. A twisted frame and shifted windows, cracked panels and other disasters may overtake a too-light van, and a high wind may overthrow it altogether. Windows, too, desirable as they are, should be in moderation, for many windows in a van must tend to weaken construction.

An ingenious way of overcoming the objections to a motor caravan, on account of heaviness and clumsiness, and yet at the same time combining the advantage of motor transit, came under my notice recently. The owner of a small motor car, to seat two, has had fixed on the front of his caravan an iron bar, which can be attached by a simple contrivance to the back of the motor carriage, which then draws the van at the rate of some five or six miles an hour. When my friend arrives at his pitch the little motor vehicle is detached and can go off exploring the surrounding country or catering. This ingenious combination of van and motor life has its obvious advantages. The great heaviness of a powerful motor van is overcome; and yet the advantages of motor transit practically obtained. There is no horse "to eat its head off" when remaining days or even weeks on the same pitch, yet the scenery,

antiquities and other attractions of the neighbourhood for miles around can be seen with ease and comfort. The charming possibilities of this aspect of caravanning should lead to many imitators.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, the first practical motor caravan built in this country is that belonging

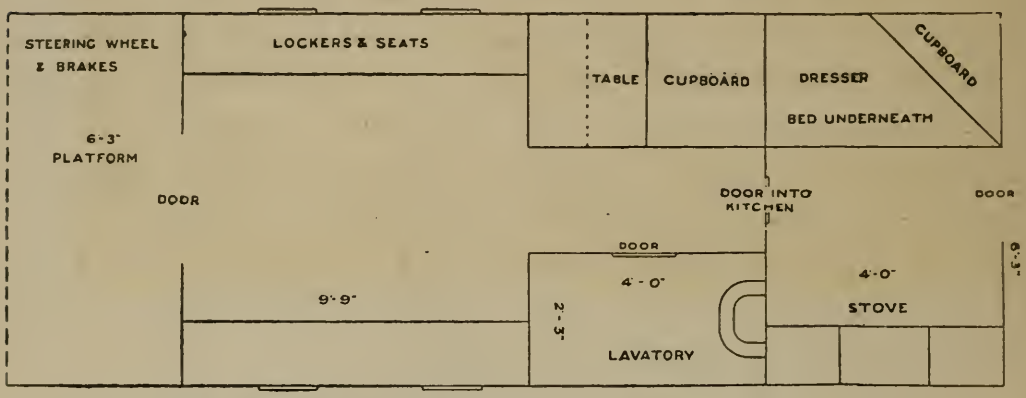


Fig. 43. Mr. J. W. Mallalieu's motor caravan, floor-plan.

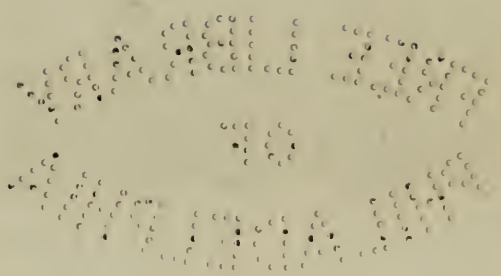
to Mr. J. W. Mallalieu, of Wavertree, Liverpool. The first run of this van was to Buxton and Chatsworth, after which a pitch for a month was made in the delightful vale of Llangollen, immortalised by George Borrow. Since then many happy holidays have been spent by Mr. Mallalieu and his family in various parts of Wales and Scotland.

The interior of the van is divided into three compartments, dining, and sleeping room, kitchen (which contains the cooking stove), and the lavatory, with every convenience. Six beds can be made up, in addition to one in the hotel for a maid.

The length of this motor van over all is 21 feet 9 inches, and the width 6 feet 6 inches. The height is 10 feet 6 inches. The wheel track is 5 feet 4 inches—the rims on

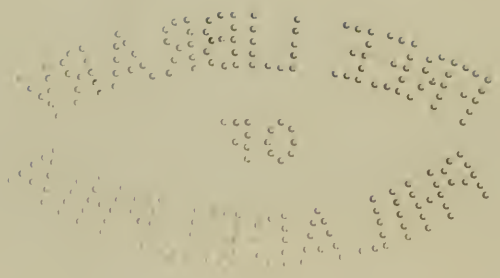
MISS C. L. SHEPPARD'S *EGYPT* *page 206*

MISS C. L. SHEPPARD'S *EGYPT*. INTERIOR LOOKING AFT *page 208*



CARAVAN BELONGING TO MR. J. W. MALLALIEU, WAVERTREE, LIVERPOOL, BUILT BY THE BELSIZE MOTORS, LTD.

page 214



the front wheels being 4 inches wide and the back rims 5 inches. The van is driven by a 40 h.p. petrol engine, four cylindered, $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches bore by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches stroke, the power being transmitted from engine to gear-box through a leather belt 6 inches wide, and leather cone clutch. There are three forward speeds and one reverse; and the final drive to back axle is by two powerful roller chains. The wheel base is 10 feet, and the track 5 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, fitted with solid tyres back and front.

Its unladen weight is three tons, three hundredweights, and, when laden, about four tons, and the average rate of progress is nine miles per hour.

Mrs. Paton's motor van, *The Tortoise*, of 16-20 h.p., was built in 1912. The outside is nearly square in appearance, and the top, adapted for carrying a considerable quantity of luggage, is reached by an outside movable ladder. The interior can be entered from the driver's seat or through a door on the near side. It contains practically three compartments: the front, forming the driver's seat, can at night sleep one comfortably: the next compartment forms the dining-room, with anthracite stove: the third compartment contains two bunks on the off side, two drawers on wheels that pull out beneath, and a chest of three deep drawers on the near side, to the right of the door on entering this compartment. Two hanging-wardrobes in this rear compartment and two cupboards in the centre near the ceiling give accommodation for the storage of clothing and commodities.

By the courtesy of the owner, Monsieur Collin Dufresne, of Grenoble, I am able to give a photograph of a fine French motor caravan. The motor is a 40 h.p. Lorraine-Dietrich, and the maximum speed is forty kilometres

(twenty five miles) in the hour. It is a double-skin van, made of aluminium, and the total weight is over two tons. The caravan is divided into four compartments. First there is a room with bunks for sleeping five people and the chauffeur: next is a dressing-room, transformable at night into two bed-rooms, each with two beds: a third compartment contains toilette appliances, etc. The rear compartment is occupied by the kitchen, and a folding platform, one metre (39⅓ inches) wide. The total length inside is 6 metres 15 centimetres, (19 feet 9 inches), the width 2 metres 10 centimetres (6 feet 7 inches), and the height 2 metres 10 centimetres (6 feet 7 inches). There are two doors in the side of the van, and one behind, and four windows on either side. The cooking is done by a movable paraffin stove. A capacious square annexe of canvas fits on the side of this sumptuous living car, which cost £1,000.

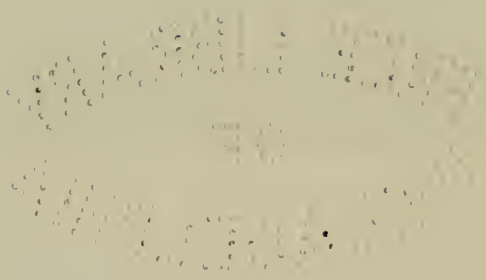
One of the lightest caravans which has yet been made, and the most suitable for touring with in country districts away from the main roads, is that belonging to Mr. W. M. Appleton, of Weston-super-Mare. I know the van well, for it has been an object of much interest at the Meets of the Caravan Club, but I let Mr. Appleton describe in his own words the *Aëroplane*, for that is its name:

"The idea of my motor caravan originated during our last summer's holiday, when we were camping-out with our motor and tent on Exmoor. While there we found the car, with a Cape-cart hood up, most useful, and I asked myself: 'Why not utilise this in some way instead of the tent?' but I found it was almost impossible. During the winter, however, I worked it out, and, after many sketches had been made, drew the plans of my

MRS. MADGE PATON'S MOTOR VAN *TORTOISE*

Photo George Dean

page 215



present caravan body suitable to go on the chassis I was then having built.

"The dimensions are as follows: total length, 9 feet 6 inches, width, 6 feet, and height, 6 feet: and, as will be seen from the photograph, the roof is plain round with

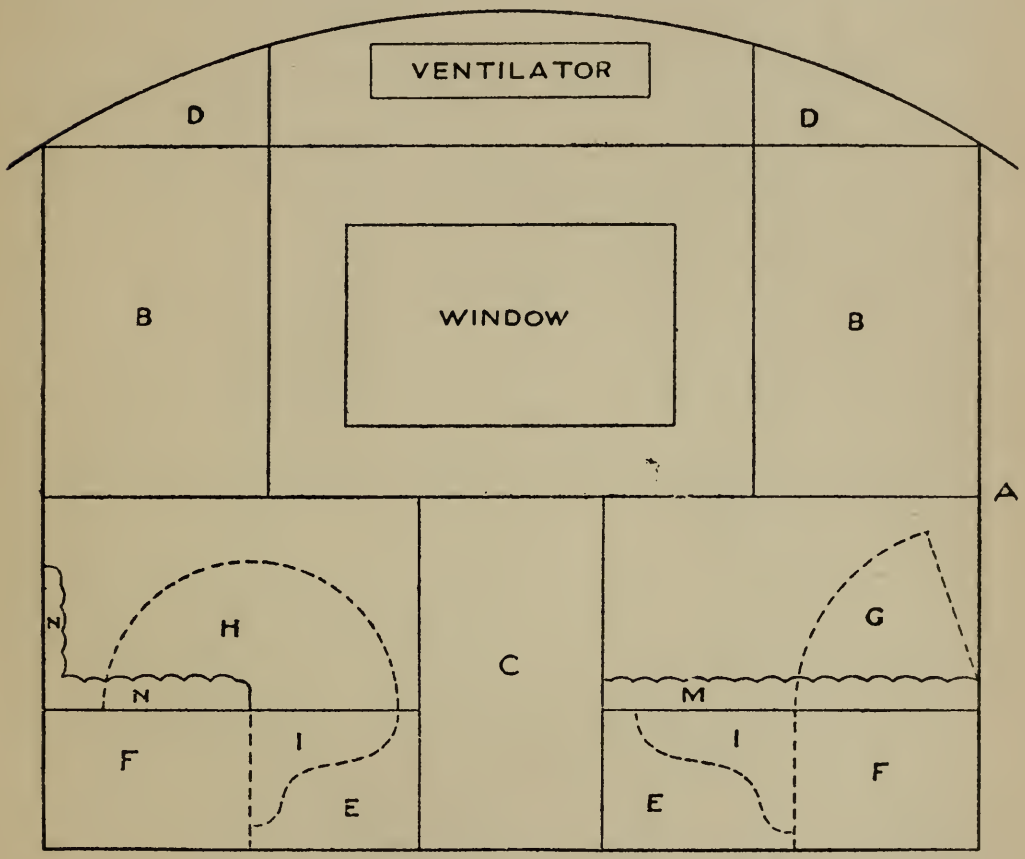


Fig. 44. Section Plan, motor caravan *Aëroplane*.

no lantern lights. I adopted this form owing to its being much cheaper to build, and while considerably lighter, was, at the same time, stronger, with less chance of leakage, while ventilation is provided for by a small window directly under the roof, back and front. Ample light is provided by the large front windows, and those

at each side and back, all of which drop down as in a railway-carriage door.

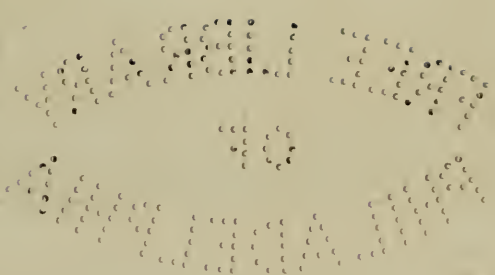
"Across the back there is a shelf A (see plan), 18 inches wide and 2 feet 10 inches from the floor. On this a cupboard B is formed on either side, 18 inches wide and 2 feet 10 inches high, with small corner shelf D over each.

"Between these cupboards and in front of the back window the shelf is open, making a convenient dresser for cooking and other purposes. Under the shelf and in the centre is a cupboard C for lamps, buckets, etc., during the day. Running from these, on each side of the car is a locker F, 5 feet 6 inches long by 12 inches high and 18 inches wide—these two lockers, during the day, form the seats. The lids are hinged at the back and turn upwards against the side of the car, as shown by the dotted lines at G. On the front of these lids is hinged another board, 10 inches wide, which lies flat on the lockers when they are used as seats (see dotted lines at H), but folds over on to the brackets I to form beds at night.

"The cushions which form the seats, which are of ribbed cloth stuffed with horsehair, are also hinged so that they can be used (as at N) for seats, and also (as at M) for a mattress.

"These seats, being only 5 feet 6 inches in length, are hardly long enough to serve as beds, but this is provided for by the following device: the tops of the lockers E under the shelf are the same height as the side-lockers, and a small cushion goes into the cavity, and lies on top of each end-locker, so as to make a full-length bed for tall people.

FRENCH MOTOR VAN WITH ANNEXE, BELONGING TO M. COLLIN DUFRESNE OF GRENOBLE-ISERE *page 215*



"The door is at the side, opposite the steering wheel, so that no room is lost. We have a small folding camp-table, which at night, when the beds are made up, stands against the door at the end of the bed on that side.

"The whole is most light and airy, and gives you the idea of a railway-carriage saloon.

"The van is only meant for two people; and when our party is larger a tent is carried on the large tail-board of the van, which latter forms a most convenient place for cooking operations when fine or in camp.

"Outside blinds are provided all round the car, which roll up snug when not in use and open out as in the photograph; these are held in place with bamboo rods and light stay-cords.

"We have found the van most comfortable riding, being very well sprung, and we can do any distance; but the most comfortable pace was found to be about twelve miles per hour. All hills were easily mounted, although some of these on Exmoor had grades of one in four—which would have been almost impossible to climb with a horse-van."

The reason why Mr. Appleton named his van *The Aëroplane* is obvious. When pitched, and all the blinds are spread out around it, the vehicle bears a striking likeness to some of those aërial carriages now becoming so familiar to us all.

The *Austin* caravan is a sumptuous affair. Provision had to be made to carry, feed and sleep four persons, including the chef and the chauffeur—the space at the disposal of the designer being 12 feet 3 inches, by 6 feet 6 inches. Into this comparatively small area have been fitted appliances enabling the vehicle to be used as a

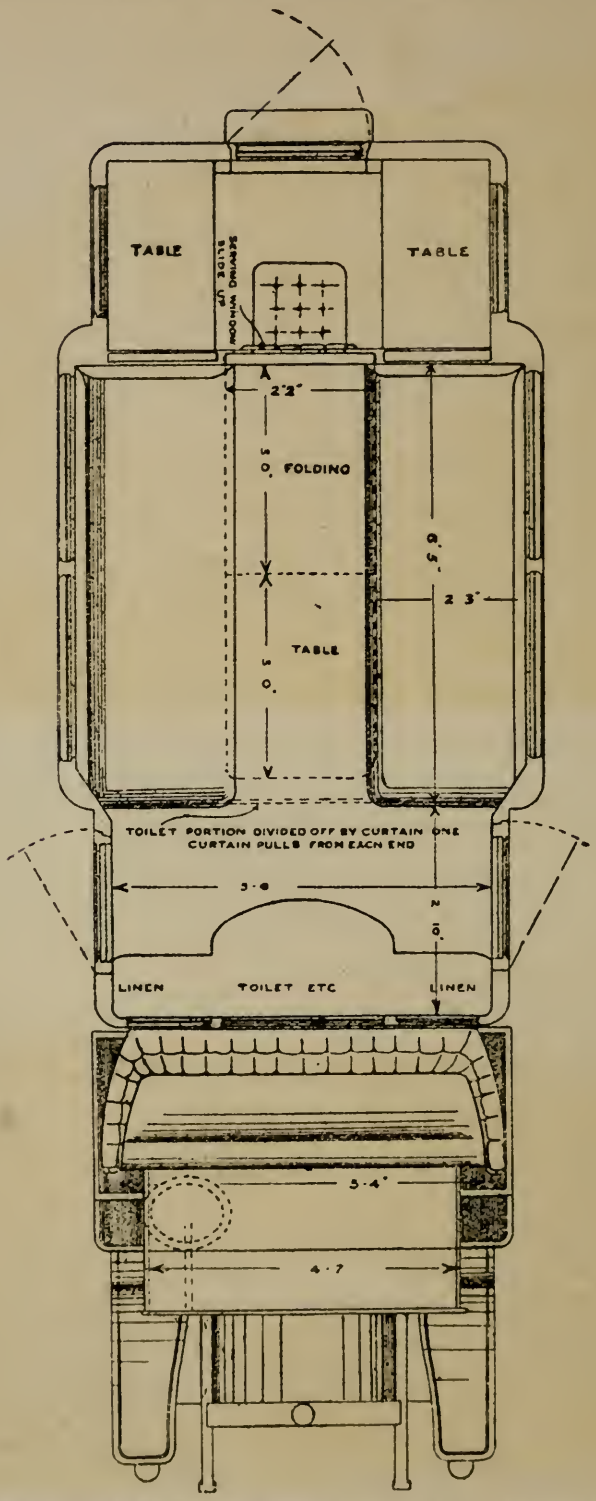
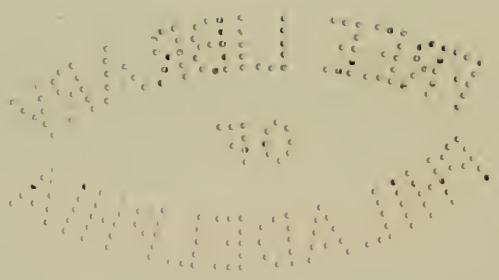


Fig. 45. The *Austin* motor caravan (40 h.p.) floor-plan.

MR. W. M. APPLETON'S *AEROPLANE* *page 216*

MR. W. M. APPLETON'S MOTOR VAN *AEROPLANE* PITCHED *page 219*



dining-room, in which six persons can dine at one time in comfort; sitting-room, with sleeping arrangements for the party; kitchen, with stove and the usual fittings, and a lavatory. In addition, space had to be provided in which to stow away the impedimenta needed to accommodate these requirements. All these obstacles, although presenting many difficulties, have been successfully overcome; and the completed vehicle, which I have inspected, is a most luxurious and well-equipped living-van of its kind.

The body is made of sound English ash. The exterior is panelled with aluminium sheeting to ensure lightness. This metal also gives a good surface for painting, and at the same time obviates any risk of splitting or cracking—a defect often observable where unseasoned wood panels are employed. The interior of the saloon is richly decorated with inlaid mahogany panels, the ceiling with satin wood. There is a clear outlook in front and on either side, and the clerestory roof obviates any need for stooping when moving about inside. All the windows at the side of the caravan can be lowered, and the spring-blinds are so arranged that they can be used when travelling, even when the windows are lowered.

The car is lighted throughout with electricity, the current being obtained from batteries. The lamps in the ceiling supply the necessary illumination for the saloon, and one lamp lights up the compartment curtained off for the lavatory. A special reading-lamp for table use is also provided.

The fittings of the saloon consist of a table for general purposes, which, when not in use, folds up into a space provided for it in the partition between the kitchen and

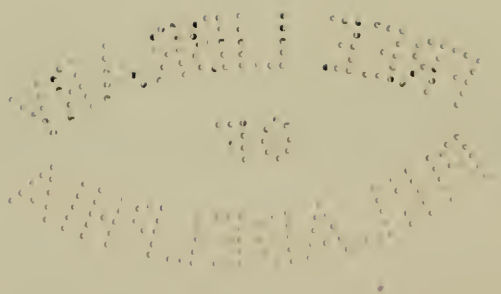
saloon, forming an effective screen between these compartments, and assuring privacy to the occupants of the former.

Two couches are also provided, which form beds at night. Detachable back-rests, for use in the daytime, are added to increase the comfort. A complete lavatory, with water laid on, is so arranged that when not in use the cabinet does not detract from the decorative scheme of the interior. Curtains screen off the fore-part of the saloon where the cabinet is, the space thus formed making a convenient dressing-room.

Ventilation is attended to. In addition to the windows, all of which open, torpels-ventilators are let into the roof. The upper portion of the kitchen is lined with aluminium to ensure cleanliness, and every inch is utilised for the stowing away of the utensils used for cooking. These latter and the cutlery, crockery, silver and glass are carefully fitted, and secured against rattling or breakage, in partitioned drawers in the cabinets fitted on either side—the stove, which is heated by alcohol, being on the top of the near side cabinet. In furtherance of the scheme for the economising of space, the top drawer, which is metal-lined and provided with a plug, forms a sink for washing-up.

Two water tanks are carried on the roof, one for the kitchen supply and the other for the lavatory basin. A tip-up seat is provided for the chef. There is a conveniently placed double serving-window to the saloon, which, when lowered, forms a platform to carry dishes. On the top are fitted bunks for the sleeping of two servants. The outside appearance of them, when closed up, in no way suggests the purpose for which they are used. They

INTERIOR OF AUSTIN MOTOR CARAVAN



actually take the exterior form of a traveller's trunk, which, when opened, forms a complete bed in either half. A canvas canopy on iron supports is provided to afford shelter for the bunks, and is so arranged that it can be erected in a couple of minutes or stowed away in a waterproof case. Access to the roof is obtained through a trap-door immediately over the driving-seat—an iron ladder being used for the purpose.

A seat, with accommodation for four persons, is provided on the fore-part of the roof. Spare tyres are also carried there.

A telephone installation is included, for means of communication between the two compartments and the driver. The provision for the storage of tools and other implements is ample and easily accessible, and the luggage accommodation is considerable.

Altogether, therefore, it will be seen that the *Austin* motor caravan is luxuriously comfortable.

When this caravan was shown at the Motor Exhibition at Olympia in London, in 1909, I was told it weighed about two and a half tons, that the engine was 40 horse power, and its price about £2,000.

CHAPTER XXII

CARAVAN CULINARY CONCERNS

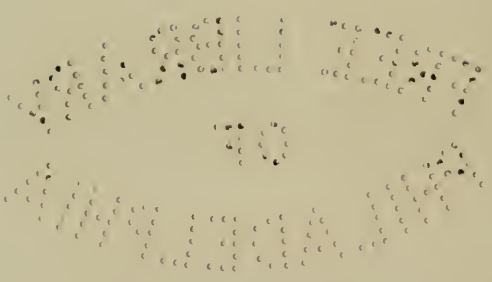
"Cookery is an art which requires much time, intelligence and activity to be acquired in its perfection. Every man is not born with the qualifications necessary to constitute a good cook . . . there are cooks and cooks, as there are painters and painters."—Louis Eustache Ude.

HANNAH MORE once said there were only two bad things in this world—sin and bile. These two evils are the cause of all other evils and, according to some profound philosophers, the first is the result of the second. In other words, it is the dinner that makes a man good or bad. This is a rude, unmistakable way of saying that cookery demands, in all ranks of life and on all occasions, the closest and most scientific attention. Napoleon's armies marched on their stomachs. Bile is produced by bad cookery and indigestible meats : virtue is the result of good, nourishing and light meals. This may sound materialistic ; but is there not a good deal of truth in it ?

"God sends meat," says the proverb ; "but the devil sends cooks"—the truth of which many in these days will agree with. Will Travers, the famous Boston wit, when entering a friend's house, saw in the hall the motto : "God Bless our Home." He regarded it gravely for a few moments and then shook his head solemnly.

"N-n-n-n-n-o," he remarked, with that stutter that so

INTERIOR OF AUSTIN MOTOR CARAVAN



helped his wit. "N-n-n-n-n-o. G-g-g-g-g-g-od Damn our C-c-c-c-c-c-cook."

"Cooking," says Ude, "is highly conducive to the preservation of health. The stomach should be protected from a monotony of plain food. Diet should be varied, and the cooking of each joint should be scientifically attended to. A well-cooked piece of meat will be full of its own juice or gravy. It will contain albumen, its most nourishing essence."

Has anyone ever made a collection of cookery-books? They are very numerous and would require a large-sized library to contain them, and such a collection would be curious and by no means uninteresting.

Cookery-books have enormous sales, and no wonder, for men and women all require feeding. Mrs. Rundell's cookery-book, it is said, made the fortune of a famous publishing house, bringing in far more profit than did Byron's works. Kitchener, Ude, Brillat, Glass, Savarin, Marshall, Mrs. Beeton and others, have written works which ran through an enormous number of editions, and are among the most popular and profitable of all books published.

Some superior persons despise the stomach, and look down upon those who deign to discuss matters of eating and drinking. View such people with suspicion! We cannot get on without the stomach, for do what we will, rail as we may, King Stomach lives, and will always live, supreme. His authority cannot be denied. We are all his slaves.

Then consider, for a moment, what an essentially important place feeding takes in our national life. If we wish to start a charity, we inaugurate a dinner. If we

desire to keep a jubilee, or a centenary, a dinner is the means thereto. If we welcome an Arctic explorer, it is by means of a dinner. If ministers wish to bind the party together, nothing is found so glutinously efficacious as a dinner. Every club, every society, every association, has its annual dinner. Look at the notice-boards in the lobbies of our great restaurants and hotels, and you will see all the large rooms are engaged, for pretty nearly every night of the year, for dinners.

"The importance of scientific cookery can hardly be exaggerated. Intellectual labour is, in its origin, as dependent upon the art of cookery as the dissemination of its results is dependent upon paper-making and printing."*

Even if one be not engaged in intellectual labour on a caravan tour, the necessity for good cookery is nevertheless apparent. It is a great mistake to attempt to cut down expenses in the commissariat while on the road. The open air and healthy life engender a larger appetite than a sedentary life in a town, and that additional craving for food that naturally arises should be satisfied, or the full benefit of a caravan tour will not be obtained.

Then, again, most people when caravanning take a considerable amount of exercise, probably much more than they do at home. Walking up hills and by the side of the horse, pottering round the pitch and setting out tent and utensils around the van, take up more time on one's feet than can be imagined. The result is that a feeling of delicious tiredness comes over one when the evening is drawing on to night. These causes all tend to make it imperative that someone in the van-party should be,

* P. G. Hamerton, *The Intellectual Life.*

at least, a fairly good plain cook, and if mediocrity merges into speciality, so much the better for the life, sparkling spirits and health of the party.

> "We may live without poetry, music and art;
> We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
> We may live without friends; we may live without books,
> But civilized men cannot live without cooks."

Though personal beauty is much run after, plain cooks are still in great demand.

Elaborately-made dishes are not needed, for good, plain, wholesome, well-cooked food is much more enjoyed when you engage in an active open-air life. While an assortment of tinned food should always be carried in moderation, it is a great mistake to rely upon such provender entirely. A buoyant state of health and consequent good spirits cannot be maintained upon tinned food alone. Fresh meat and vegetables and salads, if not necessary, are at any rate desirable, and the tinned goods should only be looked upon as stop-gaps, to meet untoward and exceptional circumstances when in the wilds far away from human habitation, villages and shops. Tins of sardines, salmon, lobster and tongue, are always useful to carry, as are also tins of condensed milk; and of the latter commodity I always carry the small-size, so that when a tin is once opened it may be consumed in a short time—say, for breakfast and tea in one day, and not kept over. I prefer the "Ideal" Milk, because it is richer in cream than some of the other brands and is sold in conveniently small tins. This milk, used *in statu naturae* with stewed fruit, or with strawberries, raspberries, and such like raw fruits, is delicious. Of course an assortment

of jams and marmalade should be found in the caravan corner-cupboard or bunker.

There is no one rule to govern the number of meals it is advisable to indulge in daily, or the heaviness or lightness of the food to be taken at each. As a general rule it may be accepted as a fact that the tendency is to eat too much rather than too little. Hence an occasional fast is one of the most wholesome practices, and the rule of ascetics is rather to be admired for its wisdom than laughed at for its superstition. Most persons who have lived to a great age have been abstemious, never gluttonous. Baron Masères, who reached the age of ninety, and who never employed a physician, used to go one day a week without dinner, eating only a round of thin toast for his tea. Of many others who reached a good old age by plain, simple diet, the Italian, Cornaro, is a conspicuous example. He, who was in early youth a glutton and of an enormous size, found himself, when forty, attacked by a fatal disease : fatal to most, but not to him, for by abstinence he cured himself, and by continual abstinence lived to a very great age. At last he so far governed his appetite that he could subsist simply upon an egg a day ; and the autobiography he wrote pictures in great force his immense delight at the freedom which his brain and body felt at being relieved from the incumbrance of too much flesh. It may undoubtedly be said, as a general rule, that all long livers have been very abstemious.

CHAPTER XXIII

HOW TO COOK IN A CARAVAN: THE "PRIMUS" STOVE AND OVENS: FIRELESS COOKER: THE STEAM COOKER

THE old-fashioned methylated spirit stove is, with caravanners, and, indeed, with all campers-out, a thing of the past. Even the most improved form of wick paraffin-oil stove is now seldom seen in van or tent. The "Primus" stove, and the several varieties of it under different names, is unquestionably the best stove yet invented for cooking purposes on the road. It is well made, safe and reliable. Certainly, it takes a little study to know how to use it; but the little care and attention to acquire skill in manipulating it are well spent, and, indeed, necessary for comfort on the road. I most strongly advise any caravanner, or camper, who has not yet learned to use a "Primus" to lose no time in doing so. You can boil a kettle of water quicker, and at less cost, on a "Primus" than on any other. The heat it engenders is tremendous, in fact, for some kinds of cooking it is rather too hot a flame. I have often boiled a quart kettle of water from dead cold in less than eight minutes.

Most caravanners know all about this stove, or one of its imitations: but for the sake of the novice

I will attempt to explain the mechanism and how to use it. If the novice can get a friend to give a practical demonstration so much the better.

The principle of the "Primus" is that of the Bunsen burner. In the Bunsen burner gas is burned mixed with air. In the "Primus" ordinary paraffin oil, the better the oil the better the results, is burned, also mixed with air. The paraffin has first to be heated and volatilised till it becomes a gas, and so can burn when mixed with air. When once a little of the paraffin oil has been artificially heated, and the stove started, the heat of the burning paraffin itself keeps up the volatilisation process —and so the stove goes on.

The base of the lamp—it is made entirely of stout brass —is a reservoir containing the oil. From this, by a simple pump rod, it is pumped up through a fine nipple, with a bore the size of a fine needle, into the burner where, having mixed with air, it burns with a bluish, intensely hot flame devoid of all smell or soot.

Let me explain the methods of using this stove, and add some hints concerning it which, from my experience, may be useful to those who have not yet tried it.

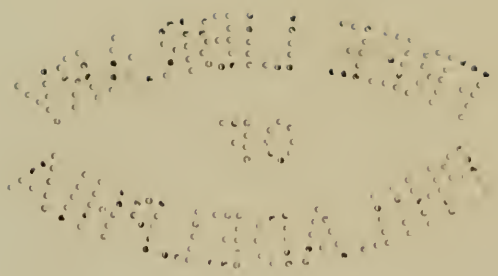
Unscrew and remove the metal cap A leading into the reservoir, and fill the tank three parts full with paraffin oil, pouring the oil in through a funnel (fitted with a filter to screen off any impurities, such as bits of leaves, dust, etc., and such a filter is easily obtainable). It is important that no dust or dirt gets into the reservoir, or the fine bore of the nipple will be choked and the flow of the oil interrupted. Then screw on the metal cap again tightly into its place.

Next fill the cup, or shallow gulley round the base of

MRS. PENHEY'S GYPSY VAN

A TYPICAL SHOWMAN'S VAN

page 230



the burner C, with methylated spirit and ignite it.* You must see that the delicate flame of the spirit really licks up round the burner or the tubes will not get sufficiently hot. The slightest draught blows the flame to one side, so during this process the lamp should be carefully protected from draughts. I often light my "Primus" when in the open at the bottom of an empty Tate sugar-box: but a wind-screen is easily made by taking a strip of canvas or lawn, a yard long and 15 inches high, supported by four umbrella ribs thrust into the ground and forming three sides of a square. The makers supply a small metal wind-shield at the cost of few pence for this purpose: but an empty Nestlé's milk tin will do just as well if you remove the top and bottom and split the side. While the burner is being heated leave open the valve V, which retains the air when pumped in.

As the flame of the methylated spirit in the cup or gulley is just expiring, quickly close the valve V and give a couple or three sharp pumps to the pump handle D. This action will cause paraffin to rise through the nipple N, and to impinge upon the top brass cap, now quite hot, and then to ignite. In the event of the spirit burning out in the cup before you have done this, at once apply a lighted match to the smoking paraffin-vapour, which will be rising from the burner. If you have delayed too long and the burner is cold, and in consequence the paraffin will not light, as it ought, with a blue flame round the brass gauze, instantly release the air pressure by turning the valve V; and letting the air

* A new pattern "Primus" has just been placed on the market, which dispenses with the use of spirit for heating the burner, paraffin oil itself being used instead, thus doing away altogether with the spirit bottle.

out, refill the cup with methylated spirit, and start again.

As soon as lit, pump the rod D vigorously, until a sufficiently high air-pressure is obtained. There is no fear of bursting the reservoir, as each stove is tested before being sent out, and the lamp works best when pumped hard. To extinguish the lamp, you have only to turn the valve

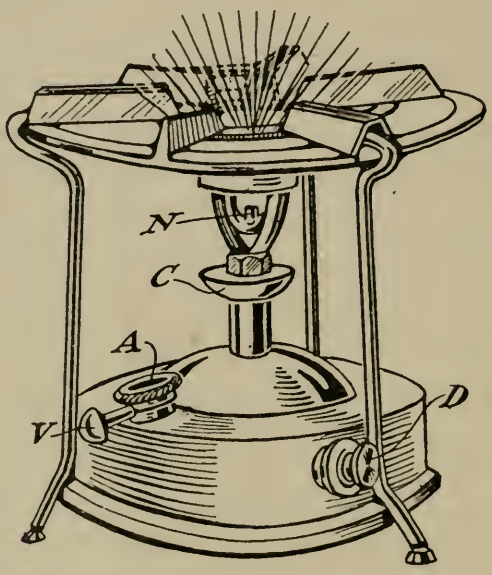


Fig. 46. "Primus" heating lamp.

V and let the compressed air hiss out. When not in use always leave the valve released.

Whenever the flame burns badly or irregularly, a little bit of dust is usually the cause, insert the pin-end of the "pricker" (supplied with each lamp) in the nipple. If you should require to prick the nipple when the flame is burning remember to have a lighted match, ready to re-light the burner immediately after pricking, and before the burner gets time to cool down, or you will have to start again with the spirit and re-heat it.

Should the stove go out and not readily re-light with a match, prick out the nipple, fill the cup with spirit, and re-light in the ordinary manner.

When lighting my "Primus" I always put the kettle or saucepan on it, for I find it aids the spirit to heat the burner, and it also starts to warm the vessel, thus economising fuel.

I have seen a "Primus" absolutely refuse to light, the reason being that there was not sufficient oil in the tank! Some people, myself included, never miss the oil until the stove runs dry.

Do not pump until the vapour rises, or else crude oil comes up and causes smell and smoke. Should this happen, at once release the air. Should any paraffin get into the cup C, mind and empty it out on the grass, or ground, before putting in the spirit.

A "Primus" burning at full pressure will consume about one third of a pint of paraffin per hour, so that its cheapness is apparent.

In dire necessity, say, when you have run out of methylated spirit, paraffin can be pumped up and let overflow into the cup C, and then induced, by careful coaxing, to burn. A piece of rag laid in the cup as well will aid the process: but it is a nasty, smelly and smoky method and only excusable as a last resource. The new pattern paraffin-igniting "Primus" obviates this.

You can readily light one "Primus" from another by closing the valve and holding the burner and tubes in the flame of the other till the vapour rises and ignites. I usually carry in my caravan two "Primus" lamps, and I prefer the "roarer" variety to the silent. It is easier to manipulate and the noise it makes is advantageous

when moving about outside your van, for as long as you hear the sound you know it is working—that your breakfast or dinner is cooking.

The " pricker " I have alluded to is a short, half-inch needle, fixed firmly at right-angles to the end of a flat piece of tin, so that the nipple can be pricked out. When pricking get the point of the needle above the hole in the nipple, press perpendicularly downwards—not sideways, or you may bend the needle. A little practice enables this to be done without putting out the lamp.

It is well to take with you on the road an " outfit " for the " Primus " which includes a spare nipple, and key for unscrewing the worn-out one and replacing with the new, and two prickers and spare washers for any that are worn out. A small tin can with a spout is obtainable. This is so constructed that, when tilted into the cup (C), it pours out exactly the necessary amount of spirits and no more. It is most useful, particularly if you want to start the stove in the dusk.

The little tin funnel, with strainer to prevent stray bits of leaf or any flocculent matter getting into the reservoir, and so choking the fine bore of the nipple, has always to be kept ready at hand. Naturally it reeks of paraffin, and its safe custody where it cannot contaminate plates, dishes, food and such-like, is a matter of consideration. I always keep this small tin attendant of the " Primus " inverted in a small empty porcelain red-currant jar. That receptacle prevents the drops of smelly oil from going further afield, and it also stops the funnel from rolling about among the tinned food in a cupboard, or amidst the crockery or cooking utensils. Further, being thus conspicuously environed, its presence is always noticeable.

In practice I always pour the paraffin first into a clean cup, kept for the purpose, and then into the funnel stuck into the reservoir, or the receptacle, for the reason that if any stray bits of grass or leaf have got into the paraffin tin they are readily seen in the cup and removed. It is so essential to comfort to be sure that the paraffin is freed from impurities before being poured into the lamp that these rather minute precautions are by no means pettifogging or unnecessary.

It is always desirable to carry a good-sized can of paraffin with you when on the road, for though so commonly distributed through the country districts, if ever you should run out of it and be unable to replenish your store, you will experience dire discomfort, and cooking will be at a standstill—that is, if done with a "Primus." It may happen, too, that you arrive at a village when all the shops, or *the* shop, are, or is, closed. A gallon tin of paraffin is the smallest quantity it is safe to travel with, and this should be a stout can with a wide wire handle, to enable it to be suspended at the rear or beneath the van. The can should not be cork-stopped but have a wide neck with a metal screw-stopper. The head of this screw-stopper should be scored with two deeply cut ($\frac{1}{2}$ inch) lines at right-angles to one another, so that the back of an ordinary table-knife, pocket-knife or a coin can unscrew the can at a moment's notice. Another advantage, and an important one, of this form of paraffin can is that bits of cork do not fray off from the stopper and float on the top of the oil, and so eventually get into the "Primus" receptacle and cause trouble at the nipple. A paraffin can, such as I describe with metal screw top, can be bought at most good ironmongers.

Kettles and saucepans with broad bases are more economical than higher ones with narrow bases to use with a "Primus." The broader the pot (and the *blacker* when on a wood fire out of doors) the quicker it boils. There are now made economically heating kettles, with hollow bases and copper tubes, which get hot much quicker than the ordinary form. Also a kettle and saucepan has been put upon the market with a double skin so that the flame is retained round the vessel. But still better, quick-boiling kettles and saucepans, with copper tubes in the bases, can be bought in nearly any shop under the name of "Kwik." This excellent and time-saving invention is not dear; the two-pint size costing two shillings, and the four-pint two shillings and sixpence.

The waste of heat which takes place when an ordinary saucepan or kettle is placed on a "Primus" is evidenced by placing your hand on the rim and feeling the heat there rising—the smaller the base of the vessel the more heat is lost.

Excellent toast can be made on a "Primus." A home-made form of toaster consists of a circular piece of metal gauze, about five inches in diameter, screwed to a thin metal ring $\frac{5}{8}$ inch deep. At the top of the ring are two or three cross wires to keep the bread from actual contact with the gauze, and so to prevent burning. This toaster can be used to diffuse heat in cold weather, and so warm a van or tent.

But the "Primus" people supply a regular toaster to put on the top of the stove, the heat being diffused to the bread by coils of copper wire which will toast four slices of bread simultaneously. This toaster I have also used as a heat-radiator. It therefore serves two useful purposes.

There are on the market several good ovens, light, handy and efficient, to work with one or with two " Primus " stoves. I have tried all of them, and find that each possesses some feature of excellence above its fellows, so that I advise a would-be purchaser to go and have explained to him each variety and then select that which seems most to appeal to his requirements.

The one I use in my own van has the stove placed beneath it on the left-hand side, and the heat circulates round the double casing. On the right-hand side is a plate warmer, and on the top two openings for saucepans or kettles—that nearest, just above the hot flame, does for boiling upon, and the distant opening is admirable for simmering or slowly stewing. I find that the best results are got when the stove is pumped quite hard and never allowed to slacken. From fifteen to twenty minutes must be allowed for the oven to get really hot before it is ready to receive food for cooking. The upper shelf is naturally the hottest, so always start your joint there, removing it lower down after an hour on the top shelf, and let it slowly cook below. However, all these ovens are sent out with printed instructions, which should be carefully read and carried into practice without fail.

With one or two of these stoves, and an oven, the caravanner needs not to carry about in his van a heavy fixed American-stove or enclosed grate, as so many do. Still there are those who like the *look* of an actual fire in wet and cold weather, and so the old-fashioned stove still has its votaries.

Paper-bag cookery can be done exceedingly well, I find, in my oven ; but you must get it *quite hot* before putting the bags in—this is essential. Also, well grease

the inside of the bag *all over* with butter, before placing the food in it. The excellence of the dishes made in this way, and the saving of washing-up and the use of cooking utensils, I find, are most advantageous features while on the road. If you have not tried this novel method of preparing dishes for the table, do so. If you carefully follow the instructions you will be pleased with the results.

There are times when caravanning that one does not want to stop on the pitch and watch the dinner cooking, but prefers to wander about. I therefore always carry with me a contrivance that does its own cooking unattended.

In these days of quick living, when everything we do, except caravanning, is tuned to concert pitch, it is important to remember that one essential operation is as a rule best done slowly. That is cooking. Gradually-cooked food is generally more palatable and digestible than rapidly-cooked food. For instance, milk that is baked in a slow oven for many hours is of a high nutritive value, whether alone or in the form of milk pudding. Baked apples, very very slowly cooked, are infinitely more delicious than those done in a quick oven. The best method I know of to prepare such dishes is to use one of the fireless cookers. These are well-known and extensively used in America, but are not so common in this country. Milk puddings, baked apples, stewed fruit of all descriptions, tongue, tripe, and such dishes that require long cooking at a moderate heat, which I have cooked in this simple manner, have been unequalled in flavour and tenderness. The fireless cooker is really an adaptation of the "Thermos" flask. Round, thick, iron discs, heated over a "Primus," gas stove, or ordinary fire,

until a slip of white paper turns quickly brown when laid on the top, are placed below and above the food to be cooked inside the compartment. This is like a large round bonnet-box, with very thick sides and lid, filled with non-conducting material, so that when the lid is firmly closed, and the food to be cooked with the heated radiators is inside, practically no heat escapes, but is

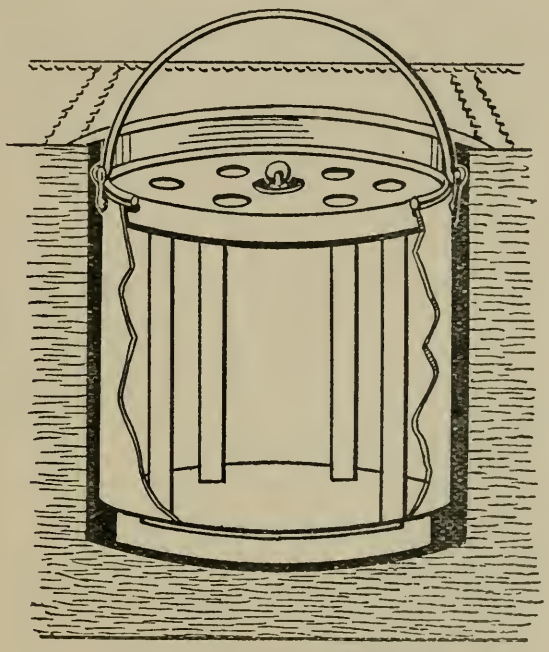


Fig. 47. Fireless cooker.

kept captive inside and acts slowly but surely on the victuals. For use in a caravan I have found it very advantageous indeed, as you can heat your radiators, put your dinner inside, and leave it alone all day in the van, returning in the evening to throw back the lid and find the dishes ready cooked.

Another fireless cooker, which I have used with advantage while on the road, is of French origin, coming from the health resort, Vernet-les-Bains, but it is obtainable in

England. "The Econocooker"—to give it its name—is extremely neat in appearance and most economical in working. The conservation of heat from the radiators is as nearly perfect as insulation can make them, and I have found a piece of meat, cooked in this apparatus, weighs very nearly the same when cooked as when raw. It produces from the meat also its own gravy, a consideration of no mean importance in the opinion of many. Under

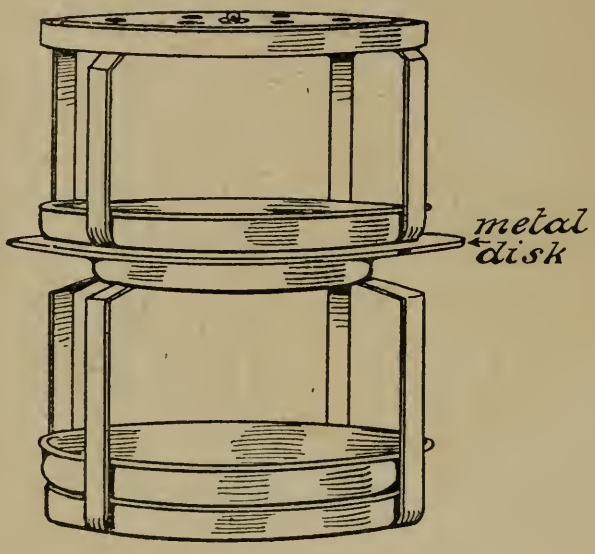
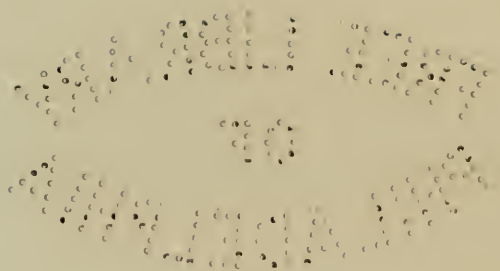


Fig. 48. Fireless cooker.

the bell-cover are placed the clean aluminium saucepans (four, one above another), each containing for a dinner its separate dish of fish, meat, vegetables, and pudding: and there is no fear that the odours from one saucepan will mingle with those from others. I have always found each dish in the "Econocooker" retains its own peculiar conservative individuality. If, for any reason, you leave the food in longer than the necessary time required for its cooking it does not spoil. It will keep hot for hours.

MR. A. E. HEALEY'S VAN PITCHED AT THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON MEET, 1912 *page 240*



I have placed dishes in at noon which would have been cooked at 1 p.m., but having left my van, on my return at 3 p.m. I have found the food still hot, digestible and appetising. In these days when one has more and more to fall back upon one's own resources and do what one can to cook, or else go out to restaurants, it surprises me that these fireless cookers are not much more used in flats and private houses. There is no waste of food in them. There is no over-cooking, or even partial charring, as in ordinary roasting and grilling—all the food is rendered usable and is, at the same time, always most palatable and digestible.

A very delicious dish I have made by bringing porridge just to the boil at night, then putting it in a fireless cooker, with a heated radiator below and above it. In the morning the porridge is ready, tasting as never porridge tasted before. The prices of these cookers vary from a guinea to six or seven pounds, and they are a much needed and useful addition to the cooking department of the van.

Apart from these cookers, I always travel with a third adjunct. With this outfit—together weighing far less than a fixed, coal-burning, heavy iron range—I can turn out quite *recherché* meals, there hardly being a dish beyond the capacity of one or other of the appliances. The steam cooker, I find, is almost indispensable to the van's culinary department. I never travel without one. For the information of those who do not know it I briefly describe this invaluable preparer of food for the table. It is really an extended variety of "Warren's" pot—which is so well known.

It consists of several circular tin, saucepan or pannikin-like vessels, fitting one on top of the other. Three is the

number I use, but some employ four. The bottom compartment, which is extra and termed the boiler, contains the water which, when the apparatus is in use, must be kept boiling. As long as the water is boiling the food is cooking in each of the separate compartments above. Steam circulates round them. I place the whole apparatus on the top of a "Primus" stove, the meat in the compartment next to—just above—the boiler, and above that the pudding, and above that the vegetables. The vegetable compartment has a division in it, so that I can put potatoes and cabbage together.

To prevent this structure from toppling over, which would be awkward, I fasten it to the side of the van on a hook by means of a hoop of wire. The advantage of this method of cooking food is that you can scarcely over-do it.

The ordinary steam-cooker can be bought at any good ironmonger's shop, or at the stores. A nine inch, with three quart compartments, can be purchased for ten shillings and ninepence; an eleven inch, with six quart compartments, for fifteen shillings and ninepence.

When using the steam-cooker you should fill the bottom compartment nearly full of water and keep the "Primus" going at "full cock." The water must be *absolutely boiling* during the whole process, and for cooking a dinner you will find it necessary to replenish the boiler with water *once*, or you will burn a hole in the bottom. I find that after about an hour, or an hour and a quarter to a half, I have to refill the boiler. In order not to retard the cooking I manage to do this with boiling water, which I have ready on my second "Primus." This is a little wrinkle that might not occur to everyone.

CHAPTER XXIV

CARAVAN SQUARE MEALS AND OTHERS

WHY a good hearty meal should be square, I do not know. However, I have not been dining *round* for many years without picking up some wrinkles on the subject. Most persons' conception of a square meal is derived from that appetising notice which is supposed to grace the approach to a restaurant out West in the States :

> " A bite—twenty-five cents.
> A square meal—fifty cents.
> Perfect gorge—one dollar."

From this it appears that a square meal occupies a midway position between a snack and a banquet.

A square meal in my experience is often better known as a head-ache dinner. Such a square meal begins with caviare and sherry and bitters. Oysters follow, with Chablis. Then soup and fish with sherry. Then *entrées* with Chateau Yquem. Then a roast with champagne upon ice. A pause follows, enlivened with Roman-punch and cigarettes. Lighter courses follow. A game-course, qualified by burgundy, is succeeded by salad and cheese with port. Sweets are represented by a lusciously-sweet pudding—say, a cabinet pudding with rum sauce. Ices, fruit and a savoury ensue in rapid succession, and are

crowned by coffee, with cognac and other liqueurs. A few minor details may be mentioned. Olives, celery and radishes are served throughout as trifling trimmings. Such a square meal is usually followed next morning by "hot coppers," a leaden headache and soda-water.

The square meal of this description is no modern invention. The Romans were notorious sinners in this respect. In the days of the Empire they gorged, rather than dined. The banquets were of antediluvian longevity. The jaded appetites required to be restored by emetics. It was one ceaseless despair through sheer impossibility of swallowing more. The Nemesis of after-days has avenged these earlier excesses. For a good bad dinner commend me to a restaurant in modern Rome. Spain has sinned in like manner in days nearer our own. We read of Gargantua's gigantic feastings; but he, at least, had a giant's capacity for victuals and drink. It was otherwise with the miserable Maréchal de Grammont, when he incautiously dined with the Admiral of Seville. For four mortal hours a procession of seven hundred dishes passed in review before his gallant eyes. "All," he relates with disgust, "were saffroned and peppered far beyond the palates of any but Castilian connoisseurs. This is not hospitality; this is not courtesy. Not even the greedy man can enjoy a plethora of courses. Even to him, of eating as of all things, there cometh satiety at the last." "You can't have everything," as the man said when he was down with the smallpox, and the cholera and the yellow fever came into his neighbourhood.

A chapter on square meals would be incomplete without Meredith's picture of the Kentish rustic's dinner of dumplings:

"The veteran was still calmly tightening. His fork was on end, with a vast mouthful of dumpling impaled on the prongs. Master Gammon, a thoughtful eater, was always last at the meal, and a latent, deep-lying irritation at Mrs. Sumfit, for her fidgetiness day after day towards the finish of the dish added a relish to his engulfing of the monstrous morsel. He looked at her steadily, like an ox of the fields, and consumed it, and then, holding his plate out in a remorseless way, said:

"'You makes 'em so good, marm . . . .'

"'When *do* you think you'll have done, Mas' Gammon?' said Mrs. Sumfit. Thus pointedly addressed, Master Gammon laid down his knife and fork. He half raised his ponderous, curtaining eyelids, and replied:

"'When I feels my buttons, marm.' After which he deliberately fell to work again."

"The stomach governs the world," said General Gordon. I take this to mean that a man should take care to dine well, to eat and drink with judgment and taste. Whence come sour tempers? Whence come morning thirsts? Whence come bilious complexions? Whence come "hot coppers" and "blue devils"? From bad dinners, *alias* those abominable, so-called "square" meals.

Of all the faculties possessed by man, the faculties of eating and drinking are among the most important. Let us see to it that we fight shy of square meals, and with sound discrimination round off with delicacy our feeding—and drinking too, for the matter of that.

The caravanner, and the camper-out generally, however, cares not whether his meals are square or round. He only knows that he is usually possessed of a good healthy appetite and, so long as the food set before him

is plentiful, plain and well cooked, is always ready to do justice to it. But while on the road by no means neglect the dietary or think slightingly of it. While I thoroughly concur with Montaigne, who says : " A young man should be whipped who pretends to a palate in wines and sauces," I still think the caravanner and camper-out should pay attention to his meals and never begrudge any interesting conversation concerning them, particularly if he learns anything at all about the best method of preparing food for the table. It is a bad sign of health when we take no interest in eating and drinking.

The caravanner has the joy of feeling genuinely hungry, and in most country places he is able to gratify the sense in the simplest possible way. To satisfy healthy hunger with simple wholesome food, unfaked and undoctored, is the foundation of physical and moral well-being. The food-faker is a peril. I like my milk without water : my cream with no boracic acid in it : my butter with no milk mixed up in it : my meat with no anti-putrifying powder peppered over it—and I can get these articles pure in most out-of-the-way districts of England, but hardly ever in towns.

Always be on the look-out for fresh vegetables, fowls, butter, milk, cream and such-like essentials. Remember that a supply of fresh food in the van's larder eases the mind and prevents a deal of anxiety as to the next pitch. *Carpe diem* is a caravanner's motto. Sufficient unto the day is the food thereof : but never forget the morrow. Do not be in a hurry to fling away fowl bones, or indeed bones of any sort, ham bones particularly.

Once, when travelling in the wilds of Tenerife, I found some old chicken bones, which I had sagely carried with

me from our last pitch instead of throwing them away as I was at first disposed to do. When stewed up with potatoes and vegetables they afforded us the only meal we were able to obtain. Experiences such as these teach eloquently the value of economising victuals.

When camping-out in the wild woods of Canada—a hundred miles and more north of Quebec—I always carefully conserved every particle of fat from the frying-pan after cooking the trout, the daily catch of which constituted our main supply of food: and once or twice if I had not done so we should have run short of fat, even though we started with a huge lump of fat bacon. Economy, therefore, should rule in the caravan.

Be ever economical and saving with regard to bits of stale bread and cheese. Do not throw them away as useless, as so many do on the road. Grate the dry bits of bread and cheese, mix them together, with an egg, salt, pepper and a little milk, and make the mixture into a kind of pancake, and fry in the frying-pan with butter or nut-lard, or, if you possess an oven, bake the mixture in a pie-dish, first well buttered. Rather than discard these two good foods, even when you are out of eggs and butter, pour boiling water over the mixture and, having compressed the surplus water, place the food in a frying-pan in which some ale or cider has previously been well heated. Toss about the mixture till it is hot and cooked through, and you will be surprised how good and toothsome is the result.

There is one dish we are great on in our caravans. It is the omelette, which is not to be lightly undertaken. It is a very tricky dish, and you may make it successfully several times and then egregiously fail. If well made it

is a dish that is second to none—simply food for the gods. From an old book* I take this method of preparation: "The eggs should be beaten with a spoon, white and yolk together; and a small quantity of parsley and young onions, minced, should be stirred among the butter before it is poured into the frying-pan."

From *The Cult of the Chafing Dish*, by Frank Schloesser: "This is how to make an omelette. Beat three eggs lightly, with three tablespoons of milk, a little salt and pepper. Put one tablespoon of butter in the frying-pan, and when sizzling hot, pour in the eggs. You must hold the pan in the left hand, and rapidly scrape away with a knife the cooked egg where it seems to adhere, letting the liquid portion follow the knife. It should be cooked in less than fifty seconds if the pan is of the right temperature. Then, gently but firmly, slip the knife underneath left hand edge of the omelette, and fold it over rapidly to the side of the dish opposite the handle. Have a very hot plate ready, reverse it on the frying-pan, turn the latter over the former quickly, and the omelette will (or should) rest on the plate."

Omelettes may be varied with the tips of asparagus, tomatoes, kidneys, mushrooms, bits of ham and other delicacies, and when hens' eggs are scarce I have known caravanners make them of wild birds' eggs, such as the starling's, and even the sparrow's. It is well to keep a frying-pan specially for omelettes, which need never be actually washed but only wiped with paper. It should be a thick, heavy one.

"In making an omelette the pan must be dry, hot and smooth: the least roughness will cause the omelette to

* *Five Thousand Receipts*, by Colin Mackenzie, London, 1823.

stick. To make sure of these necessities heat a bit of lard or suet in a clean pan, simmer for a few minutes, then remove it, and wipe the pan dry with a towel. A great many dishes can be made from the simple, plain omelette, not only for breakfast uses, but also for desserts at dinner. Most of the additions are made to the omelette just before it is folded, and while the top is moist and readily receives the different ingredients."*

Though the caravanner has occasionally to put up with what food he can get, and may sometimes have to rough it a little in that respect—still there are compensations for the gourmet caravanner. In the spring, for instance, and early summer, when plovers' eggs are selling in London at epicurean prices, the caravanner may be obtaining them for the gathering, or at such prices that quite remove them from the pinnacle of exquisite happiness sung by Calverley :

> "To sit, happy married lovers ; Phillis trifling
> with a plover's
> Egg, while Corydon uncovers with a grace the
> Sally Lunn,
> Or dissects the lucky pheasant—that, I think
> were passing pleasant,
> As I sit alone at present, dreaming darkly of
> a Dun." †

Then, too, mushrooms in plentiful supplies may often be had for the gathering. I have frequently stopped my caravan and gathered bushels in fields close to the road-side. In out-of-the-way country districts, a long way from towns, there is no market for this delicious, useful and nourishing fungus. Next to onions and garlic, I deem the mushroom the most important factor in cookery.

* Helena Judson : *The Butterick Cook Book.*

† "In the Gloaming," *Fly Leaves.*

CHAPTER XXV

MY PET SALAD AND OTHER COOKING HINTS

AN excellent salad and one most useful on a caravan tour, as lettuces can generally be obtained fresh and crisp in the country, or at any rate on the borders of towns, is one I have been accustomed to make for many years past. It is a salad and a meal in itself if properly made, and is probably the oldest genuinely English recipe for such a dish on record. I have always found that my guests come again for fresh helpings after they have once tried it, which is the best testimony to its merits. This is how I make it.

I take a small pudding-basin and place in it two teaspoonfuls of dry mustard. I add enough cold water to make the mustard into a thick paste when stirred with a fork round and round at the bottom of the basin. Take two hard-boiled, yellow yolks, and break them up into the mustard with a fork, well amalgamating the two ingredients. When the mustard and eggs are in a well-mixed powdery state, pour in four or five tablespoonfuls of the best salad oil. Now stir with a fork for some time, well mixing up the three ingredients—oil, yolks and mustard. This rapid stirring and intermixing with the fork should go on till the whole mass at the bottom of the basin assumes a glutinous texture, like treacle. Next

MEET AT COULSDON, SURREY, THE *EGYPT* ON THE LEFT ; CAPT. C. HULL'S VANS IN CENTRE *page 250*

add a tablespoonful, or even two, of powdered sugar, the ordinary brown crystals or Demerara (I prefer the Demerara and keep no other sugar in my caravan, for it is more wholesome than any other, and serves all purposes where sugar is required), and mix well into the mass now in the basin. A sprinkling of pepper, black for preference, and a very little salt may also be added. Next comes the vinegar. There is vinegar and vinegar. For the success of this old English salad you need good vinegar—wine vinegar for choice. Add vinegar to the mass, a dribble at a time, pausing at short intervals. Stir well in. The addition of the vinegar will slowly render the dressing more fluid. Only some four or five teaspoonfuls of vinegar should be used, that is, if it be good, strong, biting vinegar. When fluid enough to pour, the dressing is ready for use. A small quantity of onion should be chopped *very fine* and mixed into the dressing, a mere suspicion is sufficient.

Lettuces alone, I find, make the best salad with this dressing. Let them be fresh, young and clean. To dry them after washing, shake up well in an enveloping towel or clean washing-up cloth. Hold the lettuce tightly pinched up in the hand, and slice it transversely into thin shreds on a clean piece of board, and then, turning the board round, chop the long slice into smaller pieces. Place the small shreds of lettuce in a bowl, an ordinary vegetable dish is usually found in every caravan, and pour on the dressing, turning the bits of lettuce over and over with spoon and fork so that the dressing gets well distributed. Chop up the hard whites of the two eggs, which you have put on one side, and add them. You then have a tasty, and, at the same time, a wholesome

and satisfying dish for eating alone or with cold meat; and it is delicious with tinned salmon or lobster, which are always serviceable things to carry on a caravan tour.

The Reverend Sydney Smith, canon of St. Paul's, who was born in 1771 and died in 1845, seems to have known and appreciated a salad of this description, for he wrote.*

"To make this condiment, your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs;
Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,
Smoothness and softness to the salad give.
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, half-suspected, animate the whole.
Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment that bites too soon;
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault,
To add a double quantity of salt:
Four times the spoon with oil from Lucca crown
And twice with vinegar procured from town;
And lastly, o'er the flavoured compound toss
A magic soupçon of anchovy sauce.
Oh, green and glorious! oh, herbaceous treat!
'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl!
Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day."

Concerning this recipe, Sydney Smith says:

"I was not aware how much it had contributed to my reputation, till I met Lady——, at Bowood, who begged to be introduced to me, saying she had so long wished to know me. I was, of course, highly flattered, till she added: 'For, Mr. Smith, I have heard so much of your recipe for salads, that I was most anxious to obtain it from you.' Such, and so various, are the sources of fame."†

* *A Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith*, by his daughter, Lady Holland, 3rd Ed., 1855, vol. 1, chap. xi., p. 426.

† *Ibid.*, p. 425.

In the appendix to *The Art of Dining* published anonymously, in 1852, by John Murray, the author (supposed to be Abraham Hayward) quotes very much the same verses, but adds at the end a variant and an addition:

> " And lastly, on the flavoured compound toss
> A magic teaspoon of anchovy sauce.
> Then, though green turtle fail, though venison's tough,
> And ham and turkey are not boiled enough,
> Serenely full, the epicure may say,
> Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day ! "

The " magic soupçon of anchovy sauce " I have tried, but personally I prefer the salad dressing as I have here set it forth. I also do without " two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve," for I think a potato salad should be a potato salad, and not mixed up with a lettuce salad. Each is, in its way, excellent, but mixing up the two destroys the individuality of either.

The observant caravanner will always keep his eyes open, as he moves slowly along from pitch to pitch, for lettuces growing in wayside gardens, and when he comes across a plantation of that excellent salad material will stop and purchase some. *Carpe diem* is a good caravanning motto, for you never know what the morrow may bring forth, and the gods may give you on one day the chance of getting crisp, fresh lettuces, which, if not seized, may not be repeated for many a long day. As I have said, the elevated position of the driver's seat often enables a view to be had of gardens, over low hedges, palings or walls, and frequently reveals suggestive growths of cabbages, onions, and other useful vegetables as well.

The occasional stopping, too, and talking to villagers, cottagers and others, affords a most agreeable change, and it is well to remember always to enquire about

pitches ahead. On the road, if the caravanner be always gracious in speech and demeanour, it is wonderful how he will be franked on from one pitch to another. Civility is rightly said to cost nothing, and nowhere is it more useful—nay, valuable—than on a caravan tour in the rural districts.

A few fundamental principles should be borne in mind with regard to boiling food, particularly meat. If you are boiling meat to make soup, put it over a slow fire, and first in cold water, and when it has reached the boiling point withdraw the saucepan or lower the flame (if a "Primus," put it at "half-cock," as it is called), and then allow it to simmer for hours even.

When meat is intended to be boiled and eaten—say that favourite dish, boiled mutton—the meat should be first put into water which is nearly boiling, quite hot, and then brought quickly to the boil, after which the saucepan should be withdrawn and left to simmer, or only very gently boil. If you allow the water to boil furiously you will have a dish of tough meat.

For boiling fish, the water should be just at the boiling point when the fish is put in, and not quite allowed to reach the boiling point afterwards. A little salt should be put in the water in which fish is boiled, and a drop or two of ordinary vinegar helps to keep the fish firm. The fish should simmer till it shows signs of cracking, when it is cooked quite enough. If you boil fish fast and furiously the result is flavourless, tough and stringy.

Green vegetables, such as cabbage, brussels-sprouts, green peas and French beans, should be plunged into boiling water, to which a little salt has been added, and kept boiling fast until cooked. You can tell when such

vegetables are cooked by sticking a fork into them. If the fork goes in easily, they are cooked. A tiny bit of ordinary soda, put in the water with green vegetables, causes them to retain their fresh, pleasing, green colour, making them look much more appetising on the table.

The use of lard for camp cooking is greatly on the increase. That made from the pig I have long ago discarded and now use only nut lard. This is the purest cooking fat I know of, and it has the advantage of being much cheaper than any animal equivalent. It is made from the oil extracted from copra (dried cokernut). It is white, odourless, does not turn rancid, and from my experience in caravan and camp can be used for all culinary purposes. It has, too, this advantage, that it can be employed with the most delicate dishes without altering the natural flavour of the dish. Nut lard contains neither salt nor water, and 4 ozs. of it goes as far as 5 ozs. of butter or ordinary lard. In cold weather it may become hard, when it should be shredded before putting into the frying-pan. For frying fish it is invaluable as it does not splutter or smell, and it can afterwards be strained and kept for future use. It is well to lay in a good supply before setting out on a tour.

A very excellent breakfast dish that, I have found, is immensely liked, is made by putting a good sized lump of cokernut lard in the frying-pan and heating it till it boils, and then placing in it some slices of bread, about half an inch thick, and, turning them over till they are nicely browned. This *pan frita*, as I call it, is tasty and nourishing. As an after-dinner sweet dish, just brown the bread in the nut lard, and then (having whipped up an egg with sugar on a plate) lay each in a plate of beaten-

up egg and sugar, turning each slice once to get a coating of egg all over it, and return to the frying-pan for a final quick browning. This sweet *pan frita* is excellent.

Porridge, or "stirabout," to give the dish its Celtic name, is a form of nourishment that the caravanner or camper-out should never neglect for any considerable time. It is a stand-by, a form of sustenance always to be depended upon and easily made. "When in doubt, try porridge," is a breakfast-motto to be borne in mind in the van.

"What makes the English schoolboy plump,
Although our clime be enervating?
What makes him bat and run and jump,
Fresh records day by day creating?
What makes him own that beef and bone
That triumph in the football final?
His zeal unchecked is the effect
Of porridge matutinal!" *

I suppose the ways of making porridge vary as much as individuals. In the wilds of Connemara, upon entering a hovel of small dimensions, with the earth for floor and turf for tiles, with the hearth at one end and the cows at the other, the old grandmother, poring over the glowing turf-embers, above which swings from an iron chain a huge cauldron, will ask you if she shall "put your name in the pot." Upon your replying in the affirmative, she goes to the side of the wide open hearth, and putting her hand into the mouth of a sack takes out a handful of oat-meal, and sprinkles it on top of the "stirabout" already cooking in the pot. Then the old lady continues once more occasionally to stir up the mess with a long wooden spoon. You will notice that the fire beneath the black iron pot is never fierce or flaring but just glowing, turfs

* Touchstone. *Daily Mail*, Dec. 11th, 1912.

are placed beneath it, so that the contents may be kept just on the boil, no more. That is the secret of making good porridge ; never let it boil fiercely, but only very slowly and keep stirring, or burning, and the consequent burnt flavour, will result and the porridge be ruined.

Some people make their porridge with milk, and others add sugar as well. Personally I make mine in the Irish fashion, as I find it more palatable and more suited to the tastes of several individuals, if your party consists of more than yourself, for the reason that sugar and milk can be added according to liking.

The way I proceed is thus : I put a saucepan over the " Primus " stove, with enough water in it to make the porridge I shall require, and add a pinch or two of salt. When the water is boiling I add the oatmeal by the handful, slowly allowing each handful to dribble through the fingers into the boiling water, as with the other hand I stir it round with a wooden spoon. I keep a wooden spoon especially for this purpose, just as the peasants do in Norway, Sweden, Ireland and other countries I have visited where I have seen porridge made in the peasants' houses. In England a wooden spoon, sold as a salad spoon, fulfils the porridge purpose admirably. I add a handful for each person who will partake of the dish, and as soon as the water is once more on the boil, I lower the flame to the minimum, and every now and then stir well round with the spoon, which I allow to remain in. A full-blooded " Primus " is too hot for porridge-making after once the water has been brought to the boil, so if an oven be in operation it is best to move the saucepan to a distant part of the stove where only just enough heat will reach it to keep it slowly bubbling and boiling. Porridge should be well

cooked, and I find "Quaker Oats," or one of the similarly rolled kinds, easily made according to the method I have described, but I always allow quite twenty minutes of actual boiling. Rolled oats will thicken in about five minutes after placing in the boiling water, and it is after that event that occasional stirring is absolutely necessary to prevent burning. If you add the milk to the porridge in the saucepan you will have to stir much more frequently to prevent burning than if the porridge be made with water alone.

As a change from porridge, hominy may be recommended. It is easily prepared for consumption, and most appetising. Just soak the quantity you require to eat in the morning overnight in boiling water and, when served for breakfast, add milk and cook like porridge until soft. Eaten with cream and sugar, or fruit or jam, it is an excellent and nourishing dish. Then, too, hominy fritters are not to be despised. Cut slices of the cold boiled hominy, dip them in egg and bread crumbs, fry in butter or nut lard, and serve with a thin coating of jam on each fritter.

Of course everyone knows how to make tea, so that it is a work of supererogation to give any instructions on the subject. Still, as my method may differ from that of others, if only for the sake of novelty I give it. When the kettle boils vigorously and gives off a steaming column I bring the teapot to the kettle and pour a little of the hot water into it, shake the teapot well round, and then throw out the water on to the ground. Having thus thoroughly warmed the teapot, I place in the tea, a well heaped-up teaspoonful for each person, and one for the teapot. I then bring once more the teapot to the

hissing kettle, *not vice versâ*, and pour in sufficient water to make a first cup of tea all round the party. There is no patent in my process, but if you carry the kettle some twelve or more yards before pouring the water on to the tea-leaves in the tea-pot your brew will not be so good as if made according to my suggestions.

There is coffee and coffee, and the coffee that one person likes is disliked by another. Some people prefer a mixture of real coffee with chicory, which has the advantage of being far cheaper than the pure unadulterated article. I prefer pure coffee made in a simple manner in a saucepan. I boil the water and when boiling add the ground coffee, a tablespoon for each person, and boil for three minutes. Strain from the saucepan, either into each cup or into a jug, through a piece of muslin, which can be kept for the purpose and occasionally washed. This method preserves the delicate aroma and very fugitive fragrance of the coffee. In order to save the trouble of straining off the coffee, it is not a bad plan to tie up the coffee in a piece of muslin, very loosely, and throw the bag thus made into the boiling water. A pinch of salt added to the boiling water extracts the essence quicker.

But there are so very many ways of making coffee in innumerable kinds of pots and patent contrivances that it is impossible even to mention their genera, to say nothing of their species. Suffice it to say that there are two essentials for the production of delicious coffee. The first is that the coffee berries should be freshly roasted; and the second is that the coffee should be freshly ground before using. Never, therefore, buy ground coffee in large quantities, but always in small, and keep it tightly sealed up in a dry canister.

I sometimes make coffee in my caravan by placing two jugs together in a large saucepan. One contains the coffee and water : the other milk. I boil the water in the outer saucepan till the coffee and milk boil in the jugs.

When I was pioneering in the Canary Islands, for I happen to be the first Englishman to travel through all seven islands of that most beautiful archipelago, I made my coffee in an elementary manner, but it was the best coffee I have ever tasted. Before setting out on my expedition I got a plain brown earthenware basin, unglazed, from Atalaya, in Gran Canaria, in diameter about 8 ins., and in depth nearly 4 ins. Once a day, or once in two days, in this basin I roasted some berries of raw coffee, by placing it over the fire of wood or charcoal which I was using for cooking the breakfast or evening meal. At the door of the tent I would sit, cross-kneed in the Turkish fashion, with the brazier of charcoal in front of me, philosophically stirring the coffee beans round and round with a stick of dry wood till they ceased steaming, smelt deliciously, and the end of the stirring stick was charred, when I removed the earthenware pot from the fire. I carried with me, on the mule's back, a little mortar in which I pounded up the coffee berries while still hot and crisp. The coffee made at once after this process was superb, as unlike the everyday coffee of our English life as a prawn is to a shrimp.

Among the preserved foods it is worth carrying should be mentioned baked beans. These are sold in tins, and if boiled in the tin for some fifteen minutes and turned out on a dish form a savoury and satisfying food ; but then everyone does not care for beans cooked in this American fashion, or, indeed, for beans in any garb.

When camping out in the Canary Islands one or two dishes I found most acceptable and easily made. When a ham had come to its last legs, literally skin and bone, the fleshy parts chopped up fine were just the thing for a ham omelette, or, to give it the Spanish name, *tortilla de jamon*. The dish is quickly and simply made. Chop up the meaty ham into small bits, and skin or chop some potatoes into small pieces, frying them until sufficiently cooked. Then pour in either eggs plainly prepared, as for an omelette, or batter, and allow the whole to set. Take out of the frying-pan and serve on a dish without rolling.

Another admirable camp-fire dinner dish that I have often made is *puchero* and *sopa de arroz*. Here are the directions for making it. Half fill a saucepan with cold water and place in it three or four large onions and a whole fowl and let the contents boil. Then take another saucepan of cold water, into which throw some rice, and let it boil for a little. Next add to the saucepan with the fowl and onions in it a little whole pepper, a little garlic, a dessert-spoonful of sweet ground capsicums (*pimiento dulce*) and some tomatoes. Pour most of the liquor from this, after it has boiled for a short time, into the saucepan containing the rice, which now allow to burst and fully swell. Add more water to the fowl and also put into the mixture peeled potatoes and large pieces of calabash or vegetable marrow and, if liked (I also add them), apples, pears and cabbage. The soup when served is thick and red in colour, owing to the pimientos and tomatoes. The fowl and vegetables form the *puchero*. Sometimes instead of the fowl I used a hunk of fat pork ; and when I could get no meat of any kind the vegetables alone, boiled together, make an excellent dish—*puchero blanco*.

CHAPTER XXVI

GYPSIES

"Ballads are the Gypsy children of song, born under green hedge-rows, in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature, in the genial summer-time."—Longfellow.

"SHE'S a regular Gypsy," is an expression that, when applied to an English maiden, means, as we all know, that she is a lovely girl, with dark hair and swarthy colouring, deep, fathomless, dark eyes, large, flashing and lustrous, in an oval face, red Diana bow lips and small lithe figure. In other words, a beauty. This everyday phrase, so well understood and which has passed into the language, is a distinct compliment to the Gypsy race.

Numberless are the stories having Gypsies for heroes and heroines and the supposed romantic life of the race for their *motif*. In the early Victorian era stories of this description, depending upon the halo of romance, which from time immemorial has been imagined to surround Gypsies, were numerous. If the Gypsies were not high-minded heroes and lovely, dark-eyed heroines, they were wizened old, wicked and murderous men, cronies addicted to fortune-telling, robbing hen-roosts and stealing young heirs and heiresses. Thus Sheridan, in *The Critic*:—

"Steal! to be sure they may, and egad! serve your best

thoughts as Gypsies do stolen children, disfigure them to make them pass for their own."*

> "Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worse;
> Like Gypsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
> Defacing first, then claiming for his own."†

The caravanner naturally takes an interest in Gypsies. Like them, a vagabond, he is continually coming across them in his travels, though he avoids, as a rule, sharing the same pitch with them. This is not because he dislikes them, but because his habits and mode of life are not as theirs.

What is a Gypsy, and whence cometh he? are two questions not easy to answer even if they can be answered at all—which I doubt. Let us hear what a great expert on the subject says.‡

"In the *Chambre des Deputés*, on October 29th, 1907, a member had the hardihood to ask: 'What is a Gypsy?' The united wisdom of the French legislature was unequal to the task of framing a satisfactory reply. 'A nomad who does nothing,' said one member. 'They go to the south in winter, and to the north in summer,' added another. 'People whose nationality is not determined by a regular civil position, and who have neither profession nor home,' suggested Monsieur de Castelmau. 'And yet are rich people, veritable capitalists!' put in Monsieur Fernand David, who also referred to the 'sign of race which you know as well as I do.' And I fear I cannot be much more precise than the French politicians,

* Act I: Scene I.

† Churchill, *The Apology*. 1. 233

‡ *A brief account of Gypsy History, Persecutions, Character and Customs, with Examples of genuine Gypsy Melodies.*" Compiled by Bob Skot of Liverpool. Price 2/6 net. Liverpool, 1909.

for the Gypsy is an elusive fellow. Ever since his arrival in Europe—perhaps for centuries before that date—he has been scrupulously economical of the truth; has guarded the Arcana of his inner self carefully from the inspection of curious Gajos, a name he applies, as Jews do 'Gentile,' or Greeks did 'Barbarian,' to all who have not the honour to belong to his own race. He has, moreover, taken a delight in wearing so many various masks that it is almost impossible to describe him in a few words. Like the melancholy Jacques, he is 'composed of jars.' Degraded savage he may be from some points of view, yet he has the manners and instincts of a gentleman; for the savagery is put on, like the 'patched filthy mantles' that, Dekker said, the Gypsies wore in his day to cover under-garments which were handsome and in fashion. Civilisation may persecute him, torture him for being a Gypsy, as the most Christian Bishop of Cologne ordered; or, for the same reason, hang him, as was our pleasant custom in merry England, yet he will thrive and wax fat. But tolerate him, or make him the object of romantic admiration, and he forthwith begins to shed all the characteristics that have won your sympathy. If you prove yourself worthy of his friendship, he will trust you and treat you honestly; yet if he gave you a particularly pressing invitation to tea on a certain afternoon, you may be quite sure that on that very morning your friend will pack up and flit, heaven knows where. Like a well-constructed play, the Gypsy is brimful of surprises, his companionship is never dull. Thus it is that he exercises so powerful a fascination on those of every type and every class who have been fortunate enough to make his acquaintance."

Like the Jew he is widespread, found amid all nations, yet separate and obviously not of them. But he differs very greatly from the Jew in that he has never aimed at culture, wealth or power; he has no religion of his own, no history, no literature. From his earliest appearance he has lived, as he lives to-day, without ambition, taking life as he found it, contented to enjoy the sun, resigned to the hardships of wind and cold, living frugally and temperately in order that he may need to work the less, and unencumbered by the finer elements of honesty, though guiltless of the greater crimes. Traditions of origin he has none; or, rather, only the shreds of certain romances invented to deceive others, which he has repeated so often that he has ended by believing them himself.

Extraordinary mystery surrounds the origin of the Gypsy race. This is shown by the immense number of origins that scholars of all nations have given them. It is obvious that the Gypsies cannot possibly have sprung from all, or even a few. They have been considered the lost tribes of Israel. They have been held to be Huns, Priests of Isis, descendants of Cain, Scythians, Dacians, Circassians, remnants of the ancient Druids, Suders and other Indian tribes, Tartars, Ethiopians, Moors. As Tringurushi Juvalomursh says: "Wanderers the Gypsies are: wanderers they have been since history first noticed them: and the probability is that wanderers they have always been, with no geographical origin at all"—which I cannot improve upon as an account of their advent in the world's history and so I leave the curious subject there.

"When a scholar," says Leland, "associates much with

Gypsies there is developed in him, in due time, a perception or intuition of certain kinds of men or minds which it is as difficult to describe as it is wonderful." Matthew Arnold* more nearly voiced this feeling than any writer I know, though many have attempted it.

"There was very lately a lad in the University of Oxford, who was, by his poverty, forced to leave his studies there; and at last to join himself to a company of vagabond gipsies. Among these extravagant people, by the insinuating subtilty of his carriage, he quickly got so much of their love and esteem as that they discovered to him their mystery. After he had been a pretty while exercised in the trade, there chanced to ride by a couple of scholars, who had formerly been of his acquaintance. They quickly spied out their old friend among the gipsies; and he gave them an account of the necessity which drove him to that kind of life, and told them that the people he went with were not such impostors as they were taken for, but that they had a traditional kind of learning among them, and could do wonders by the power of imagination, their fancy binding that of others: that he himself had learned much of their art, and when he had compassed the whole secret, he intended, he said, to leave their company, and give the world an account of what he had learned."†

"Come let me read the oft-read tale again!
The story of that Oxford scholar poor,
Of shining parts and quick inventive brain,
Who, tired of knocking at preferment's door,
One summer-morn forsook

* Matthew Arnold's *The Scholar Gypsy* (Poems by Matthew Arnold, London, Macmillan & Co., 1881. Vol. ii., p. 201-213, and footnote, p. 316).

† Glanvil's *Vanity of Dogmatizing*, 1661.

His friends and went to learn the gipsy-lore;
And roam'd the world with that wild brother-hood,
And came, as most men deem'd, to little good,
But came to Oxford and his friends no more.

"But once, years after, in the country-lanes,
Two scholars, whom at college erst he knew,
Met him, and of his way of life enquired:
Whereat he answer'd, that the gipsy-crew,
His mates, had arts to rule as they desired
The workings of men's brains,
And they can bind them to what thoughts they will.
'And I,' he said, 'the secret of their art
When fully learn'd, will to the world impart;
But it needs heaven-sent moments for this skill.'

"This said, he left them, and return'd no more.
But rumours hung about the country-side
That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,
Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,
In hat of antique shape, and cloak of grey,
The same the gipsies wore.
Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring;
At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors.
On the warm ingle-bench, the smock-frock'd boors
Had found him seated at their entering.

. . . . . .

"In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley wood—
Where most the gipsies by the turf-edged way
Pitch their smoked tents, and every bush you see
With scarlet patches tag'd and shreds of grey,
Above the forest-ground called Thessaly—
The blackbird picking food
Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears at all;
So often has he known thee past him stray,
Kept, twirling in thy hand a wither'd spray,
And waiting for the spark from heaven to fall.

. . . . . .

"Thou waitest for the spark from heaven, and we
Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,
Whose vague resolves never have been fulfilled;
For whom each year we see

Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new;
Who hesitate and falter life away,
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day—
Ah! do not we, wanderer! await it too?"

The heroine of the sweet old ballad of "Johnnie Faa," who, at the call of the Gypsies' song, "came tripping down the stair, and all her maids before her," at Maybole, in Scotland, even if not a true tale, is symbolic of all men and women. For all of us, at some time or other, hear the Gypsies singing; over all of us is the Gypsy glamour cast. Some resist the call and deliberately put their fingers into their ears to shut out the alluring strain, but most go at some time or other.

Stealing is a privilege, the Gypsies will tell you, of their own, because of the Gypsies who were present when Christ was crucified, and who stole one of the four nails by the aid of which our Saviour was fastened to the Cross; hence it was that when his hands had been secured there was only one nail left for the feet. An echo of the same tradition is heard, both in Montenegro and in the Scottish Highlands, where the Tinklers are supposed to be descendants of the smith who made the nails for the Cross.

"Their minds are set neither upon the getting of wealth nor the getting of honours and estate. Their ambition is but to live and to wander along.

"They toil not, neither do they spin, or, rather, they spin but yarns. They are easy, interesting liars. And when they are weaving for me their yarns out of the cloth that is whole, they look me full in the eye. They lie with the ease and skill of the dealers who sell the very modern works of the very old masters to guileless American millionaires.

"To see them is to be interested; to know them is to be charmed. For they are skilled in the fine art of telling listeners what they want to hear. And they have honeyed, ingratiating voices. These gipsies are the diplomats of the open road and the free, wide spaces. For centuries they have lived on sufferance, and lived upon it well, and they have of necessity acquired the gift of the pleasing phrase.

"Their attitude towards work is one of polite indifference. And in a world where everyone is anxious to get a job, and to stick to it, this attitude of theirs should be highly appreciated. As everyone knows, there are not enough jobs to go round. And peaceful people are continually being pestered by bothersome persons who want jobs. This being the case, the gipsies should not only be tolerated, they should be honoured for having the delicacy not to worry an already over-worried world concerning the subject of toil."*

In this country Gypsies seem always to have availed themselves of the rites of the English Church more than those of other denominations. In the *Family Churchman*, for December 27th, 1882, appears this interesting account of a Gypsy wedding :—" An interesting ceremony was performed last week in Bunbury parish church, Cheshire, at the marriage of William Lee and Ada Boswell, two Gypsies residing at Haughton. The bride was attended by one bridesmaid, while the bridegroom was accompanied by his brother. The bride was attired, according to Gypsy custom, in a dark green dress, with white lace, apron and cap, and she also wore a wreath of gold leaves. The bridesmaid was also conspicuous

* Mr. Bart Kennedy in *The Daily News and Leader*, Jan. 3, 1913.

throughout the ceremony : she was dressed in a peacock-blue velveteen dress with white cap adorned with pink chrysanthemums. The service was performed by the Rev. William Lowe, vicar. Afterwards, by the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Garnett, of Haughton Hall, who accompanied the parties to the service, the bride and bridegroom, together with a number of Gypsy friends and companions, returned to Haughton Hall, where breakfast was served in a Gypsy tent on the lawn. Toasts were proposed in the Romany dialect, and the health of the giver of the feast was enthusiastically drunk."

The funeral of a Gypsy is, in some countries, at any rate, an event of unusual interest. An account appeared in the *Peterburgskaza Gazeta*, of January 27, 1898, which, translated,* ran thus :

" The wife of a Gypsy chief lately died in an encampment of the tribe near a small German town. Thereupon all the ' tabor ' went into mourning, *i.e.*, plaited red and yellow ribbons in their hair and in the manes of their horses. Every Gypsy brought a present and placed it on the bosom of the deceased as she lay on her couch. A pack of cards was spread out in a ring, with the ace of hearts in the centre. Then a tent was pitched, into which the coffin, painted dark red, was brought. A bonfire was lit before the tent, and the kinsfolk and friends of the deceased sat around it and sang the praises of her virtues and good deeds. The body lay in the open coffin, bestrewn with flowers and bright-coloured wreaths, and wrapped in a silken shroud, with jewels interspersed. From far and near other Gypsies flocked to take part in the ceremonies and to utter encomiums on her to whom

* *Notes and Queries*, 95. 1. 304.

they had gathered together to pay their last tribute of respect. The bier was borne out to the burial followed by a dense crowd, and preceded by six Gypsies on horseback. During the last sad offices the musicians of the tribe played merry airs. Upon returning to camp, the 'funeral wine' was drunk, and the rest of the day spent in quiet converse on the merits of the deceased."

It would seem that among certain tribes of Gypsies, at any rate, it is customary to burn all personal property upon the death of any member of the tribe. The effects of the Queen of the Boswell tribe, who died and was buried in Falkirk, in November, 1903, were destroyed at the Gypsy encampment, and were said to have been of the value of £150. The caravan belonging to the queen, which cost £130, it is said, was also burned.

Some years before this occurrence a similar instance is recorded in the King's Town of Brading, Isle of Wight. "Old Stanley," a Gypsy, had possession of a cottage and a strip of land by the side of Nunwell Park, on which others of his people used to camp. On his decease, his family shut up the house and camped in the garden until after his burial, when his bedding and clothes were taken and burnt on the downs, and his tools were "drowned" in the river Yar.

The following extract from the *Manchester City News*, of September 22, 1894, affords another instance of this apparently wanton destruction of property. Clearly the "wagon" spoken of was a caravan :—"On Saturday, a Gypsy, named Young, was buried in the graveyard of Withernsea Parish Church, and his effects were afterwards publicly burnt in the camp. Fire was set, in the first place, to the wagon, which had belonged to Young,

and which, it is said, was worth £40 when new. When it was in flames, the dead man's clothes, bedding, and even a set of china and his fiddle, were thrown into the burning mass and consumed. It was reported that the horse the man had owned would be shot and also burnt, but nothing of this took place. The exciting ceremony was witnessed by a large crowd of visitors and inhabitants. Young left a widow, and by the destruction of his property she is left practically penniless. The custom of the burning of the effects is said to have been established, not only to prevent quarrelling as to who should share the property that is left, but in order that the widow should not be wooed for what she might possess. It is further stated that the widow will for the next three months have to earn her own livelihood, and will not be allowed to share in any way in the earnings of her relatives."

Early in 1874, an inquest was held on the body of a Gypsy, Lementinia Smith, who died at Wood Hayes under suspicious circumstances. It was at first thought that she had been poisoned by her paramour, George Lovell, and much excitement was caused in the neighbourhood of Wolverhampton and Birmingham. Her funeral was attended by a large number of Gypsies, who, after the ceremony, burnt the caravan in which she had lived, together with her personal belongings. This was mentioned in the local papers as an instance of vengeance on the part of the Gypsies, who were represented as being indignant with the woman for bringing disgrace on their tribe. But, of course, it had nothing to do with that subject, but was done according to ancient custom and usage.

Some twenty years ago a Gypsy died in an encampment near Lulworth Cove in Dorset, and a friend of mine, who had become great friends with the tribe because he used to go and sing comic songs to them and perform simple conjuring tricks, was asked to the funeral. He told me the coffin was black, and the burial took place at the cross-roads—not exactly in the centre of the roadway where the highways crossed, but on the patch of roadside waste of one of the roads of the angle. Water was sprinkled on the coffin and earth thrown on, in the course of their ritual in Romany, but no parson was present.

Gypsies gather in the hop districts of Kent at the time of the ripening and picking of the hops. In the *Church Army Review*, for October, 1912, I came across an account of work among the Gypsies, or rather among the half-caste Gypsies. The writer says that, " regarded by their neighbours as unmitigated nuisances, these poor people are always being moved on. Forty-eight hours in one spot is the limit. Their dwellings are small tents placed round a common fire. Most of them live by making and selling baskets, clothes-pegs and similar articles." It is not uncommon, the same authority says, for a woman to walk in from Lyndhurst with a basket on one arm and a baby on the other, and after hawking all round Southampton to walk home again. " Though rather given to petty pilfering the Gypsy folk are harmless enough ; but they are utterly illiterate, and their ideas about marriage are lamentably loose." Recently there was a double wedding at Sarisbury Church of these folk, where the brides were respectively aunt and niece ; the latter's baby being afterwards baptized. A week later the bride's mother was also married to the man with whom she had

lived for thirty years. All these women, the "Captain" says, have large families, and although the parents are anxious as a rule for their children to be baptized, confirmation rarely follows.

That painstaking and observing naturalist, Gilbert White, of Selborne, has curiously enough only once in his letters referred to the Gypsies, though he must frequently have come across them in his rambles. This is singular as he not infrequently refers to human characteristics as well as to the habits and customs of animals. The only allusion to Gypsies is in letter xxv, to the Honourable Daines Barrington, dated October 2, 1775.

"We have two gangs or hordes of gypsies which infest the south and west of *England*, and come round in their circuit two or three times in the year. One of these tribes calls itself by the noble name of *Stanley*, of which I have nothing particular to say; but the other is distinguished by an appellative somewhat remarkable—as far as their harsh gibberish can be understood, they seem to say that the name of their clan is *Curleople*: now the termination of this word is apparently *Grecian:* and as *Mezeray* and the gravest historians all agree that these vagrants did certainly migrate from *Egypt* and the East, two or three centuries ago, and so spread by degrees over *Europe*, may not this family-name, a little corrupted, be the very name they brought with them from the *Levant?* It would be matter of some curiosity, could one meet with an intelligent person among them, to inquire whether, in their jargon, they still retain any *Greek* words: the *Greek* radicals will appear in hand, foot, head, water, earth, &c. It is possible that amidst their cant and corrupted dialect

many mutilated remains of their native language might still be discovered.

"With regard to those peculiar people, the gypsies, one thing is very remarkable, and especially as they came from warmer climates; and that is, that while other beggars lodge in barns, stables, and cow-houses, these sturdy savages seem to pride themselves in braving the severities of winter, and in living *sub dio* the whole year round. Last *September* was as wet a month as ever was known; and yet during those deluges did a young gypsy-girl lie-in, in the midst of one of our hop-gardens, on the cold ground, with nothing over her but a piece of a blanket extended on a few hazel-rods bent hoop fashion, and stuck into the earth at each end, in circumstances too trying for a cow in the same condition; yet within this garden there was a large hop-kiln, into the chambers of which she might have retired, had she thought shelter an object worthy her attention.

"*Europe* itself, it seems, cannot set bounds to the rovings of these vagabonds: for Mr. *Bell*, in his return from *Peking*, met a gang of these people on the confines of *Tartary*, who were endeavouring to penetrate those deserts and try their fortunes in *China*.*

"Gypsies are called in *French*, *Bohemiens*; in *Italian* and modern *Greek*, *Zingani*."

Gilbert White tells us so much of an interesting nature about beast, bird, insect and plant, that it is regretted he did not study these human nomads who so often frequented his neighbourhood. The remarks of such a shrewd and careful observer would have been valuable and illuminating.

* See Bell's *Travels in China*.

"Gypsies, who are mentioned among the inhabitants of the Morea in the fourteenth century, may be seen here and there," says Mr. W. Miller, "and their Greek name, a corruption of 'Egyptians,' lingers in *Gyphtókastro*, the splendid Hellenic fortress which commands the road between Athens and Thebes, and is found in two other places similarly so called. I once saw an encampment of nut-brown Gypsies near the Megara station, and another on the battlefield of Chaironeia. From the fact that the Gypsies are often smiths, those who work at that trade are colloquially called γύφτοι." *

Life in the open air seems to agree with Gypsies, as with most people, and tends to increase longevity. *The Brighton Herald*, of May 18th, 1901, stated that Sammy Lee, the "Gypsy King," said to have been the father of Gipsy Lee, the famous fortune-teller of the Devil's Dyke, had just died at the age of 103, having been born in 1798. He claimed the distinction, of which he was very proud, of being a thoroughbred Gypsy, a real "Romany Chal." He left a sister who was then 102 years of age, but how long she lived after her brother's death I do not know.

The Gypsy Queen, Margaret Finch, one of a colony of Gypsies at Norwood, whose memory is still preserved in the name of Gypsy Hill, died in 1740 at the reputed age of 109, and is buried in the churchyard of Beckenham parish church. She was born in 1631 at Sutton in Kent. From a constant habit of sitting on the ground, her chin resting on her knees, generally with a pipe in her mouth, her sinews at length became so contracted that she was unable to rise from that posture. Accordingly, after death it was found necessary to enclose her body in a

* *Greek Life in Town and Country.* W. Miller.

deep square box. Her remains, thus curiously coffined, were conveyed in a hearse, attended by two mourning coaches, to Beckenham, where a sermon was preached to a great concourse of people who assembled to witness the ceremony.

Gypsies having no religion of their own, no taste for politics, and being averse to a military life, have not distinguished themselves in either of these departments. They are, however, excellent musicians, especially those in the East of Europe. In Moscow the Gypsy singers are quite an institution, and in Hungary, Transylvania and Moldavia they are noted as players on the violin. The names of Barna Mihaly, Czinka Panna, and Pihari are known in the whole of Hungary. The first, who resided in 1737 in Illesfalva, in the Zips country, was court violinist to Cardinal Count Emmerich Csaky. The cardinal ordered a full-size portrait of him to be painted, with the legend "Magzar-Orpheus." His daughter, who died in 1772, in Gömmerer Comitat, was also a celebrated violinist. The names of Sucecawâ, Anzheluzzâ and Barba, are all known throughout Moldavia and Wallachia. Bihari lived at Pest in 1827. John Kalozdy, a Gypsy, was a well known violin player, leader, and composer.

The tinker's life is cleverly depicted in his poem, "Wanderers,"* by the great Cambridge satirist of the Victorian era. It relates how he met a tramping tinker, who, after a gift of tobacco, became communicative—"till of the tinker's life I think I knew as much as he did."

"I loiter down by thorp and town;
For any job I'm willing;
Take here and there a dusty brown,
And here and there a shilling.

"I deal in every ware in turn,
I've rings for buddin' Sally
That sparkle like these eyes of her'n;
I've liquor for the valet.

"I steal from th' parson's strawberry-plots,
I hide by th' squire's covers;
I teach the sweet young housemaids what's
The art of trapping lovers.

"The things I've done 'neath moon and stars
Have got me into messes.
I've seen the sky through prison bars,
I've torn up prison dresses.

"I've sat, I've sighed, I've gloomed, I've glanced
With envy at the swallows,
That through the window slid, and danced
(Quite happy) round the gallows.

"But out again I come, and shew
My face nor care a stiver:
For trades are brisk and trades are slow
But mine goes on for ever."

Caravans are plentiful with the Gypsies of France, and with the showmen of a class distinctly inferior to that found in Great Britain. Some pedlars or tinkers go about in the dirtiest and most disreputable tilt-carts imaginable. I have seen and inspected numbers, all equally dirty and squalid, with the inmates filthily clad in rags and tatters. At St. Emilion, where the wine comes from, they cluster round the church of unusual interest, giving an additional artistic touch to the scene on the hilltop. At the remarkably interesting, mediæval city of the Popes—Avignon, in Provence—I have seen large numbers of roomy caravans snugly lined up beneath the shade of the machicolated city walls near the entrance gate, for caravans are not allowed within the

* *Fly Leaves*, by C. S. Calverley.

city walls. They are inhabited by cheap-jacks, conjurors and sellers of basket-work, sweets, and such-like small commodities, and from week to week they come and go.

The place to see the real Gypsy caravans in France, however, is at Les Saintes Maries,* the chief town, or large village, of that strange district of France on the delta (formerly an island) of the mouth of the Rhone near Marseilles. Towards the end of May hundreds of caravans from all over France gather together in order that the Gypsies may worship at the Shrine of Sarah.

The battlemented church of Les Saintes Maries de la Mer was built at the end of the 12th century, erected upon the site of a far older structure destroyed by the Saracens, and consists of a single nave of seven bays, roofed with a pointed barrel vault, and surrounded externally with a crenellated and machicolated parapet, which has all the effect of a fortification, with a donjon-keep at the east end. In this tower is the apse, which contains the three chapels, one above another, an arrangement I have never seen elsewhere, though at Bologna I have visited a site where seven separate churches converge and can be entered one from the other. In the lowest of these three chapels is the tomb of Sarah, who, the Gypsies hold, was an Egyptian, or one of themselves, and who was handmaid to the sacred Maries, attending them when they came over in their boat from Palestine after the crucifixion and ascension of Christ. They worship at her shrine with strange rites; and no one outside their caste is allowed to attend the service. On the night of the

* Mary of Bethany, Mary the mother of James, and Mary Magdalen. The legend, according to tradition, is that they landed here accompanied by a black servant, Sarah, Lazarus and St. Maximin.

24th, a midnight service takes place, at which many lighted candles are a feature, though little else is known about it. At this time in May the boat is let down from the upper chapel and venerated, to commemorate the advent of the three sacred Maries to Provence. They are supposed to have landed near the church if not on its site. The Gypsies who attend at Les Saintes Maries Church at this season of the year take the opportunity of having their children baptised, for it is a peculiar feature of these nomads that they seem always ready to adopt the religion of the land of their sojourn ; and to the rite of baptism particularly they seem to attach especial superstitious significance—I fear it is little else.

The first time Les Saintes Maries appears is in the *procès-verbal* of the search for the relics of the holy Maries, instituted by King René in 1448.

The story of the three Maries, and Sarah their handmaid, coming from Palestine to lend the light of their countenance to Provence is so believed in by the peasants that no explanation or questioning of the event would be tolerated. Still the fact remains that the cult has nothing whatever to do with sacred Maries, or indeed with anything Christian at all.

After his triumphs in Africa, where he ended that war by the capture of Jugurtha, Marius, the Roman general, turned his military abilities to defeat the Teutons and other barbarians who were invading Provence. He was excessively superstitious, being always attended by soothsayers, and to Provence he brought in his train the Syrian prophetess, Martha, whom he always consulted about all his actions. His wife, Julia, also accompanied him. In 102 B.C. he absolutely destroyed the hosts of the

THE GYPSIES' CHURCH, LES SAINTES MARIES, PROVENCE, FRANCE *page 215*

Teutons on the plains below Les Baux—that weirdly strange, mystically romantic mountain fortress not far from St. Remy. The remembrance of such an awful slaughter —a frightful holocaust of hundreds of thousands—never was effaced from the memory of the inhabitants. A triumphal arch was erected on the battle site (now to be seen not far from the citadel of Les Baux), and just below the fortress of Les Baux a large stone was carved with the figures of Marius, his wife and Martha. I have examined this large sculpture, and it shows Marius in his toga, with Martha on one side and his wife, Julia, on the other. The head of Marius is gone, mutilated; but the other two female figures, in flowing Roman drapery, are still quite fresh looking and beautiful. This large slab is on the side of the precipice below the mediæval citadel, now standing frowning in ruins above; and beneath it a small chapel or oratory has been erected to the sacred Maries. Marius has, in course of time, become a female, one of the Biblical Maries, and the other figures have been translated into the other two Maries of Scripture story. Martha has also, most naturally, been mixed up in the transfiguration, and is by popular opinion from time immemorial supposed to have been the Martha of the Bible. As an absolutely correct account of how a great name and a great event will linger in a district, even after considerable transformation, this story of Marius and *les trois Maries* is most instructive and interesting.

A landing place for the three Maries being needed, the mouth of the Rhone close at hand naturally seemed to fit in with the story: and so the church there, where the Gypsies go each May to worship, was erected to their memories and to hold their mortal remains, and the boat they travelled in.

CHAPTER XXVII

GYPSY LITERATURE

BOOKS upon Gypsies are innumerable, and it were impossible here to give even a meagre list of them. Dr. Black, of the New York Public Library, has been attempting to produce a complete list, and the result, comprising 4,577 titles, will be awaited with much pleasurable anticipation by those, and they are many, to whom the subject is of perennially absorbing interest.

Mr. Scott Macfie has, with great courtesy and kindness, sent me a course of Gypsy reading, which those desirous of knowing more of these mysterious nomads may well read before going further afield into this vast subject.

Although there was in Alexandria no "royal road," to the learning of Euclid, yet Euclid himself was there. And, similarly, in Great Britain, when one is asked to point out the path of books along which the student of Gypsy lore should wander, one's first impulse is to send him to the Gypsy camp. The Gypsies, like the poor, are always with us; but the English books that describe them scientifically are, with scarcely a single exception, "out of print." Let him, therefore, who wishes to form a little Gypsy library, betake himself, not to a gaudy shop where the latest novels make a brave show in their gilded-

cloth bindings, but rather to the dusty den of an antiquarian bookseller, or to a stall in the open air, where he may pick up his treasures at low prices (for Gypsy books, like the Gypsies themselves, are little esteemed) and covered not inappropriately with tattered leather.

Thus he may secure, for four or five shillings, Matthew Raper's stately quarto, translated from the pioneer book which first popularized the study of Gypsies and exposed the inhumanity with which they were treated, Heinrich Moritz Gottlieb Grellmann's *Dissertation on the Gipsies*, published in London in 1787. Some twenty years later John Hoyland, a Quaker, who is said to have married a Gypsy, issued *A Historical Survey of the Customs, Habits, and Present State of the Gypsies; designed to develope The Origin of this Singular People, and to promote the Amelioration of their Condition* (York, 1816), which can be bought for half Grellmann's price; and at about the same time Walter Simson collected his material and composed *A History of the Gipsies*, which is concerned mainly with the Scottish branch of the race. Fear of Gypsy vengeance, however, prevented him from printing his book, and it remained in manuscript until 1865, when, after having been twice lost and once stolen, it was published posthumously by the author's nephew.

It will be a lucky day when the collector chances upon *Travels from Vienna through Lower Hungary*, by Richard Bright, M.D. (quarto, Edinburgh, 1818), once valued at fifty-four shillings, but now obtainable for less than the same number of pence; for the traveller, in memory of whose brilliant researches and early death "Bright's disease" is named, included long accounts of the Gypsies in his work, as well as vocabularies of the

English, Spanish, and Hungarian dialects of Romani. Equally fortunate will he be who secures a copy of the second volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society* (quarto, London, 1830), containing Major-General John Staples Harriott's *Observations on the Oriental Origin of the Romnichal, or Tribe miscalled Gypsey and Bohemian*—a scholarly and interesting paper.

No Gypsy student should neglect an opportunity to add to his library, at the cost of a couple of shillings, the works of two philanthropists, who wrote, the one with a beautiful simplicity that can never fail to charm, and the other with an enthusiasm and an insight into Gypsy character that give his book value in spite of the impossible theory of Gypsy origin he advances. The first was James Crabb, a relative of the poet, whose *Gipsies' Advocate* was published in London in 1831, and reached its third edition in the following year. The second, Samuel Roberts, added *A Word for the Gipsies* to his little anonymous book, *The Blind Man and His Son* (London, 1816) ; and this he expanded, first into *Parallel Miracles ; or, the Jews and the Gypsies* (London, 1830), and then into *The Gypsies : their Origin, Continuance, and Destination, as clearly foretold in the Prophecies of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel* (London, 1836). The fifth edition of this work, greatly enlarged, appeared in a wonderful emblematic cover, as *The Gypsies. . . . or, The Sealed Book Opened* (London, 1842).

From this point the character of Gypsy literature changes, and the light of scholarly German research begins to illuminate its dark places. Samuel Roberts was the last of the speculators, and the frontispiece of his book, subscribed *The Night is far spent, the Day is at*

hand, symbolizes his position, for it represents the benevolent author out of doors and elaborately dressed, a watch in one hand, hat, stick and gloves in the other, deliberately turning his back on the dawn! But the advance of science is irresistible; not even popular and romantic writers can escape its influence. It can be detected in George Borrow's *Zincali* (1841), *Bible in Spain* (1843), *Lavengro* (1851), *Romany Rye* (1857), and *Romano Lavo-Lil* (1874), which will be already familiar to every reader; and, even more conspicuously, in Charles Godfrey Leland's *The English Gipsies and their Language* (1873), and *The Gypsies* (1882); as well as in *English-Gipsy Songs in Rommany, with metrical English translations* published, in 1875, by the same author, in collaboration with Professor E. H. Palmer, immortalized by his heroic death, and Miss Janet Tuckey.

One may say of Borrow and Leland, and say it without any want of respect, that their works must be judged by a literary and not a scientific standard. He who would excavate more minutely among the picturesque ruins of the ancient Romani tongue in Great Britain must acquire, and he will scarcely obtain it for less than fifteen shillings, *The Dialect of the English Gypsies*, by Bath Charles Smart and Henry Thomas Crofton (London, 1875), a work that has not yet been superseded, although some small additions have been made to the material collected thirty-eight years ago. The history of special periods and special districts may be studied in David MacRitchie's *Accounts of the Gypsies of India* (London, 1886), and *Scottish Gypsies under the Stewarts* (Edinburgh, 1894), which can be bought easily for about two shillings each, or in Provost Andrew McCormick's *The Tinkler-Gypsies*

(second impression, Dumfries, 1907); but there is no recent survey of the whole field of Gypsy lore on an adequate scale in the English language. The best substitutes for such a comprehensive book are the articles of Francis Hindes Groome in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (1879), and in *Chambers's Encyclopædia* (1893): or, better still, the masterly introduction to the same author's *Gypsy Folk-Tales* (London, 1899), worth about eight shillings second-hand.

Groome, who, like Hoyland, married a Gypsy wife, was of all Britons, not excepting Borrow himself, the man who knew most about the inner life of the Gypsies. His idyllic book *In Gypsy Tents* (Edinburgh, 1880) seldom is offered for sale, but when found, in whatever condition, it should be secured without hesitation for any sum less than five shillings, for it gives the most beautiful and the most truthful picture of British Gypsies that exists in the language. Nor should the collector be put off the scent by the unfortunate title of his Gypsy novel *Kriegspiel* (London, 1896), which may be obtained at about the same cost; for Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton declared that it was a better book than his own *Aylwin.* In addition to these two novels, there is only one that can be recommended because it depicts Gypsies as the author saw them with his own eyes, and not as he had read about them, or as he conceived they ought to be. It is called *No. 747, being the Autobiography of a Gipsy* (Bristol, 1890), was published, under the pseudonym "F. W. Carew, M.D.," by Arthur Edward Gregory Way, and can generally be bought for about four shillings and sixpence.

If any voracious reader, after working through the whole menu of this somewhat lengthy banquet, should

still have an appetite for Gypsy fare, I strongly advise him to apply to Mr. Macfie for a list of foreign works on the same subject: books can be recommended in all European and several Asiatic languages. Or let him satisfy his hunger by becoming an initiate of the "Gypsy Lore Society."

CHAPTER XXVIII

GEORGE BORROW

THE name of George Borrow is so associated with Gypsies that some people who have not read his books, and know nothing about him, may think he was himself of Gypsy blood. He was not. "The Nestor of Gypsyism,"* as Leland called him, was born at East Dereham in 1803, his father being a recruiting officer in a newly-formed regiment. The constant moving from place to place, which the recruiting business necessitated, no doubt accustomed the son to a wandering life, brought him into communication with all classes of people, and started in him that fascination for the road that steadily increased all through his career.

When he was about six years old he had a copy of *Robinson Crusoe* given to him, which appealed to his romantic and latent nomadic nature and was a landmark in his memory. A few months after Defoe's masterpiece came into his hands the family were for a time living at Norman Cross, in Huntingdonshire. One day, while walking down a country lane, he came upon a Gypsy encampment.

A repulsive, objectionable man and woman, engaged in a mysterious occupation which Borrow afterwards

* Herbert Jenkins' *Life of George Borrow* (Murray, 1912).

thought must have been the manufacture of counterfeit coin, received him with scant courtesy. He stood his ground, and his fearlessness, aided by the exhibition of his control over a tame snake, so impressed the Gypsies that they became more friendly and invited him to accept their hospitality.

They introduced the boy to their son Ambrose, several years senior to George, with whom, acting under the elder Gypsy's directions, he shook hands and swore a bond of brotherhood. This boy became one of Borrow's closest and dearest friends in after-life, though for years after the introduction the acquaintance was broken off.

It was about this time that his real book education began. A clergyman, an old friend of his father's, was entrusted with the task of instilling into George a knowledge of Latin. Under his instruction, however, the youthful Borrow only continued a few weeks: "'Captain,' said this divine, when my father came to take leave of him on the eve of our departure, 'I have a friendship for you, and therefore wish to give you a piece of advice concerning this son of yours. You are now removing him from my care; you do wrong, but we will let that pass. Listen to me: there is but one good school-book in the world—the one I use in my seminary—Lilly's Latin Grammar, in which your son has already made some progress. If you are anxious for the success of your son in life, for the correctness of his conduct and the soundness of his principles, keep him to Lilly's Grammar. If you can, by any means, fair or foul, induce him to get by heart Lilly's Latin Grammar, you may set your heart at rest with respect to him. I myself will be his warrant. I never yet knew a boy that was induced,

by fair means or foul, to learn Lilly's Latin Grammar by heart, who did not turn out a man, provided he lived long enough.' "

He was placed at several schools and he says: " At the end of three years I had the whole by heart: you had only to repeat the first two or three words of any sentence in any part of the book, and forthwith I would open cry, commencing without blundering and hesitation, and continue till you were glad to beg me to leave off, with many expressions of admiration at my proficiency in the Latin language."

The regiment to which his father belonged had been gradually advancing north, and eventually took up its quarters at Edinburgh. Two years later it crossed over to Ireland, so that George obtained, for those days, a considerable experience of travel.

He learned Greek as well as Latin, and whilst in Ireland picked up Irish from a peasant boy who attended the same school. When, at the end of the Napoleonic Wars, Borrow's father retired from the army and settled at Norwich, the boy obtained his permission to study French and Italian from an old French *emigré* who lived in the neighbourhood. He also acquired, on his own account, a knowledge of Welsh, and later of Danish, from old books that came into his hands by accident.

But all this time while he was acquiring languages he attended and took part in every kind of outdoor life and sport. He went to horse-fairs and watched boxing-matches with intense interest. On one of these occasions he chanced to meet the Gypsy boy, Ambrose Smith (the Jasper Petulengro of *Lavengro*), with whom he had sworn friendship. Ambrose was now a married man and king

of his tribe. He took young Borrow to visit the Gypsy encampment, where he was well received by all except Jasper's mother-in-law, Mrs. Herne, a very staunch conservative old lady, who objected to the introduction to their circle of a stranger who might learn their secrets. Borrow paid many visits to his friend Ambrose, and became acquainted with the speech of his race—the Romany dialect.

The death of Borrow's father took place in 1824, and as his pension ceased with his death, George found himself penniless and without a profession—though with an abundance of oddments of knowledge that were quite without any commercial value. So he decided to go to London to seek a living by his pen. For some months he had a hard struggle to make both ends meet, but he was very optimistic and made the best of his decidedly adverse circumstances, for he was continually in monetary difficulties and sometimes in want of food. His principal work at this time was as hack for the publisher, Sir Richard Phillips, for whom he compiled the *Celebrated Trials*, a collection of the lives of notorious criminals. He also translated into German, for the same publisher, a philosophical work of the publisher's own composition, so badly and illiterately written, according to Borrow, that its meaning was impossible to be discovered, much less represented in a foreign language. The character of this pompous, conceited publisher is drawn by Borrow in inimitable style.

Borrow endured this egotistical publisher as long as he could, but there came a time when he quarrelled with him, and so was once more thrown back upon his own resources. He now determined to write a tale or novel,

and so sat down to write the life of *Joseph Sell.* "This *Joseph Sell,* dear reader," he tells us, "was a fictitious personage who had just come into my head. I had never even heard the name but just at that moment it happened to come into my head; I would write an entirely fictitious narrative, called the *Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell, the Great Traveller.*" Borrow sold this book for £20, and started out on his travels through the country on foot, like the Gypsy he was at heart.

At first he wandered without any definite object in view, freely talking to any strangers he met on the road and lodging for night at the nearest inn. But even this frugal way of living made inroads into his little store of money, and he bought the stock-in-trade of a travelling tinker who had been driven from his round by a Gypsy bruiser. The outfit included a pony and cart, tent and tools for following the trade. The cart was his home, and he earned enough for his simple requirements by plying his trade, though, he confesses, he was never expert at it. On one occasion, having fallen in with a company of Gypsies who were not of the tribe of his old friend Ambrose, he was nearly poisoned, at the instigation of Mrs. Herne, the old Gypsy woman who had resented the introduction of a stranger to the Gypsy life. He was found, when nearly dying, by a Welsh Methodist minister and nursed back to life. He met Ambrose and was recommended by him to set up his tent in a dingle near Willenhall, in Staffordshire, and there he took his pony and cart and erected his tent. This brought him into conflict with the "Flaming Tinman," the formidable Gypsy bruiser who had driven Slingsby from his circuit: and from whom, in consequence, Borrow bought his outfit.

When the "Flaming Tinman" came on the scene in the dingle he was accompanied by two women—one his wife, a villainous virago of about forty, and the other the flaxen-haired Isopel. This girl is, beyond doubt, one of the great female characters of literature. Born and brought up in a workhouse she was the daughter of a naval officer and a milliner, and was then eighteen years of age. Here is Borrow's account of his first acquaintance with her :—

"Dashing past the other horse and cart, which by this time had reached the bottom of the pass, appeared an exceedingly tall woman, or rather girl, for she could scarcely have been above eighteen ; she was dressed in a tight bodice, and a blue stuff gown ; hat, bonnet or cap, she had none, and her hair, which was flaxen, hung down on her shoulders unconfined ; her complexion was fair, and her features handsome, with a determined but open expression. She was followed by another female, about forty, stout and vulgar-looking, at whom I scarcely glanced, my whole attention being absorbed by the tall girl.

" 'What's the matter, Jack ?' said the latter, looking at the man.

" 'Only afraid, that's all,' said the man, still proceeding with his work.

" 'Afraid of what ?—at that lad ? Why, he looks like a ghost—I would engage to thrash him with one hand.'

" 'You might beat me with no hands at all,' said I, 'fair damsel, only by looking at me ; I never saw such a face and figure, both regal—why, you look like Ingeborg, Queen of Norway ; she had twelve brothers, you know, and could lick them all, though they were heroes—

"'In Dovrefeld in Norway,
Were once together seen,
The twelve heroic brothers
Of Ingeborg the Queen.'"

"'None of your chaffing, young fellow,' said the tall girl, "or I will give you what shall make you wipe your face; be civil, or you will rue it.'"

A fight took place and Borrow struck his opponent senseless, and so became undisputed master of the dingle.

The "Flaming Tinman" and his wife disappeared, leaving the girl and Borrow in possession.

Isopel and Borrow shared the dingle for several weeks, their carts and tents serving as private dwellings, and the rest of the dingle as a common ground when they met at meal-times. Borrow did not marry Isopel Berners, as he ought to have done, but eventually married May Clarke, in 1840, the widow of a naval officer. Isopel, somewhat alarmed at his strange behaviour in the dingle, thought it was better for her peace of mind that she should see him no more. She disposed of her few possessions and made arrangements to sail for America, and took her departure one day in his absence, leaving a letter behind to explain what she had done.

The delightful account of his residence, moralising and adventures in the dingle is given in *Lavengro* and *Romany Rye.*

Later, Borrow went to Russia, Portugal and Spain, in the interests of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and there encountered those astonishing adventures that he narrates so vividly in the series of letters that recently appeared.

In 1841 he published *The Gypsies in Spain;* in

1842 *The Bible in Spain;* in 1851 *Lavengro,* and in 1857 *Romany Rye.* The titles of the last two books are nicknames bestowed upon him by his Gypsy friends: *Lavengro* from "*lav*" a word with common termination; *engro* means "man of words" that is, philologist. The *Romany Rye* means the Gypsy gentleman, in allusion to Borrow's acquaintance and sympathy with Gypsies, although he was not a Gypsy—the term *rye* being only applied by them to an alien.

In 1862 he published *Wild Wales,* giving an account of a tour made some years before. This was his last important work, for he then moved to London, where he lived for a few years, but, after the death of his wife, returned to Oulton, where he died, in 1881.

To caravanners the works of George Borrow are of unending interest. They may be for a time alienated by his egoism, his religious bigotry, his pugnaciousness, but eventually the subtle charm, even fascination of his writing, his romance, his sprightly idiosyncrasy, will conquer, and his books will be read again and again, and will find a permanent position among the van's impedimenta.

"His personality," wrote Mr. Birrell, "will always secure him an attendant company, who, when he pipes, must dance. A queer company it is, too, even as was the company he kept himself, composed as it is of saints and sinners, gentle and simple, master and man, mistress and maid: of those who, learned in the tongues, have read everything else, and of those who have read nothing else, and do not want to. There are people for whom Borrow's books play the same part as did horses and dogs for the gentleman in the tall white hat, whom David

Copperfield met on the top of the Canterbury Coach. ' 'Orses and dogs,' said that gentleman, ' is some men's fancy—they are wittles and drink to me, lodging, wife, and children, reading, writing, and 'rithmetic, snuff, tobacker, and sleep.' "*

* Readers who wish to know more about George Borrow should consult the following books: *The Life of George Borrow*, Compiled from unpublished official documents, his works, correspondence, etc. by Herbert Jenkins. (John Murray, 10/6 net.) *The Bible in Spain*, *Wild Wales*, *Lavengro* and *Romany Rye*. By George Borrow. (1s. each.)

CHAPTER XXIX

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

I KNEW Charles Godfrey Leland, who, by the way, figures in *The Golden Butterfly* of Besant* and Rice, during the latter years of his life, and his remarkable personality stands out distinctly in my memory. He was tall, loosely-built, and yet giving one the impression of great physical strength. His presence seemed to convey an indication of latent mental power, combined with a charming and ingratiating manner. His conversation was always interesting. I mean by this that no matter what the topic was he could illuminate it by examples from a vast repertoire of facts he seemed to have stored away in his mind for ready reference ; or, if the subject under discussion were one upon which he was ignorant, his questions were framed, instinctively it seemed to me, to elicit real information, and not mere polite, purposeless enquiries made for the purpose of keeping up the conversation. He had a wonderful fund

* Though it is nothing to do with this book, it may be of interest to mention that once I had a discussion with Besant upon his books. He told me that his best book, in his opinion, was *The Monks of Thelema* and that by that he would be known. I remember telling him that though he might so think, the public would think differently, and that his books with Rice, particularly *The Golden Butterfly*, would be most remembered.

of anecdotes—some of a racy character, and, though sometimes long-winded, always worth listening to.

He was distinctly American in manner, style and accent, though the last was spasmodic and occasional rather than pronounced.

When he got fairly started on a congenial subject, Leland would warm up, get out of his chair, and stand, usually with his back to the fireplace, and, balancing his huge frame on his left foot, swing the right rhythmically to and fro from the hip joint, quite unconsciously, as if emphasising what he was giving utterance to.

I have frequently been in his company, with Sir Walter Besant and Professor E. H. Palmer, in the upper smoking-room in the Savile Club, in Piccadilly, and many an animated conversation was held there between us. I chiefly listened. Besant would lead up to one of Leland's pet topics (he had several, and very pet they were), and when he had got Hans Breitmann into full play with tongue and foot, Palmer would keep the iron hot by interjaculating pithy, often humorous and dry remarks, a pastime in which he was unequalled. Leland was rather argumentative, and it needed only slightly shown opposition to any pet theory of his to start a flood of rhetoric from his lips. About that time Leland was obsessed with the idea of starting a series of small handicraft books to teach the vast army of unemployed young women small home trades, to occupy their time profitably and keep them out of mischief. I remember he said he could write at least one himself—that on embossed leather work—and he planned out with Besant who should write the others of the series. I believe this series, philanthropic and excellent in intention, never came to fruition.

It was in that small upper smoking-room of the Savile Club, high up on the east side and reached, I seem to remember, by a flight of narrow stairs, that Professor Palmer and I sketched out a tour of rather an unusual nature. We were both amateur conjurers; Palmer a much better one than I. We were to travel through small country towns and big villages and give conjuring entertainments. Palmer, who was to be dressed in mystic garb to represent a sort of combination of an Arab Sheik and a mediæval alchemist, was to know no English but to speak in his patter any foreign language (and he knew a number) that he liked on the spur of the moment. I was to explain to the audience, when necessary, any particulars of what he was doing, or intended to do, act as confederate, and generally introduce this wise man from the East and keep up the illusion. Palmer had a name for himself in this *rôle* ready coined, but I forget what it was, and even if I did remember it I probably could not spell it. We considered that if we could take enough money at the doors just to pay our living expenses we should have an unusual tour and probably some novel and delightful experiences. Besant and Leland were party to this fascinatingly romantic scheme, and helped it with many shrewd and practical ideas; but those of Leland were much more to the point, for Besant was more visionary. We were to start first in Wales during a long vacation.

Unfortunately this brilliantly conceived and surely unique expedition never came off, for shortly after it was planned poor Palmer met his death in a heroic manner in Egypt in the cause of his country. He was one of the sweetest and most entertaining men I have ever met, most

modest and unassuming, and it is one of the regrets of my life that we never took to the road together in the way he suggested ; for the suggestion was his. I do not think Palmer was ever in a caravan.

Leland would often talk upon Gypsies, and I think if Palmer had ever had much to do with caravan folk he would have mentioned it. Borrow himself seems to have had little to do with caravans, for most of his talk centres round dwellers in Gypsy tents.

In his *The Gypsies* Leland relates how Mrs. Brown attempted to extort alms from him. " She began by pitiful appeals ; she was moving, but I did not budge. She grew pathetic ; she touched on the stolen horse (Mr. Brown had very recently been involved in a tangled trouble with a stolen horse and had come out unscathed with a package of papers from a lawyer which established his character above par) ; she paused, and gushed almost to tears, as much as to say : If it must be, you *shall* know all. Ruin stared them in the face ; poverty was crushing them. It was well acted—rather in the Bernhardt style, which, if M. Ondit speaks the truth, is also employed rather extensively for acquiring ' de monish.' I looked at the van, of which the Browns are proud, and inquired if it were true that it had been insured for a hundred pounds, as George had recently boasted. Persuasion having failed, Mrs. Brown tried bold defiance, saying that they needed no company who were no good to them, and plainly said to me I might be gone. It was her last card, thinking that a thrust to dissolve our acquaintance would drive me to capitulate, and it failed. I laughed, went into the van, sat down, took out my brandy flask, and then accepted some bread and ale, and,

to please them, read aloud all the papers acquitting George from all guilt as concerning the stolen horse—papers which, he declared, had cost him full five pounds." Leland then rated the wife for begging from a friend, and sweet peace was finally established, and Mrs. Brown issued hospitable orders. "'Boil some tea for the *rye*—cook some coffee for the *rye*—wait a few minutes, my darling

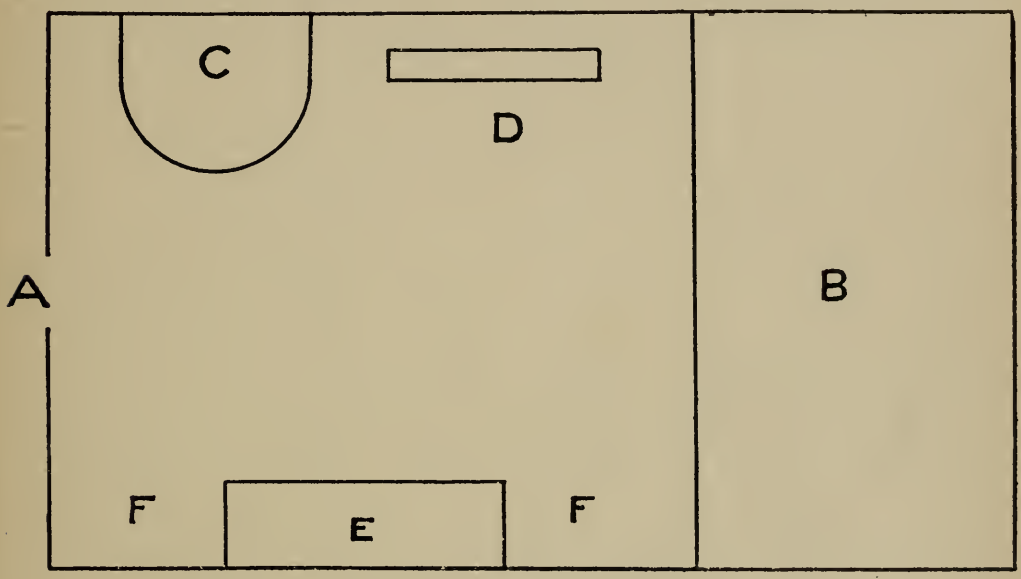


Fig. 49. C. G. Leland's typical Gypsy van, floor-plan.

gentleman, and I'll brile you a steak—or here's a fish, if you'd like it?'"

Leland then describes the interior of this gypsy van, or *drag*, or *wardo*. A is the door: B is the bed, or rather two beds, each six feet long, like berths, with a vacant space below: C is a grate cooking-stove: D is a table, which hangs by hinges from the wall: E is a chest of drawers: F and F are two chairs. "The general appearance of a well-kept van is that of a state-room. Brown's is a very good van, and quite clean. They are admirably

well adapted for slow travelling, and it was in such vans purchased from gypsies, that Samuel Baker and his wife explored the whole of Cyprus."

It was Leland who first called attention to the Tinkers' Language, *Shelta Thari*, a curious jargon never before mentioned by any writer, except Shakspere. He classed it with the Gypsy because all who speak it are also acquainted with Romany. It is a purely Celtic tongue, but does not seem to be identical with any other Celtic dialect: and at the end of his *The Gypsies*, he sets forth a list of words, with their meanings, which he picked up by associating with tinkers at Bath, Aberystwyth (where he was staying with Professor Palmer), and Philadelphia. From this we learn that *glantherin*, or *glad'herin*, means to ring the changes, a caravan form of fraud that every barrister attending sessions so often comes across. It is effected by going into a shop, asking for change for a sovereign, purchasing some inexpensive article, then, by ostensibly changing your mind as to having the change, so bewilder the shopman as to cheat him out of ten shillings. "No woman," said a tinker to Leland, "is fit to be a tinker's wife who can't make ten shillings a day by *glantherin*." Thus we learn that:

Kurrb yer pee,	is	Punch your head or face.
Biyêg th'eenik,	,,	to steal the thing.
Stall,	,,	go travel.
Mithani (*mithni*),	,,	policeman.
Ghesterman (*ghesti*),	,,	magistrate.
Needi-mizzler,	,,	a tramp.
Shelkin gallopas,	,,	selling ferns.
Soobli, / *Soobri*,	,,	brother, friend—a man.
Bewr,	,,	woman.

Gothlin or *goch'thlin,*	is	child.
Durra, or *derra,*	,,	bread.
Pani,	,,	water.
Mush-faker,	,,	umbrella mender.
Dinnesy,	,,	cat.
Prat,	,,	stop, stay, lodge.
Nêd askan,	,,	lodging.
Sauni or *sonni,*	,,	see.
Borers or *jumpers,*	,,	tinker's tools.
Ogles,	,,	eyes.
Nyock,	,,	a penny.
Midgie,	,,	a shilling.
Nyö(d)ghee,	,,	a pound.
Tré-myock,	,,	threepence.
Tripo-rauniel,	,,	a pot of beer.
Larkin,	,,	girl.
Thari, / *Bug,*	,,	talk.
Can you thari Shelta? / *Can you bug Shelta?*		Can you talk tinkers' language?
Rauniel, / *Runniel,*	,,	Beer.
Max,	,,	Spirits.
Chiv,	,,	Knife.
Scri, scree,	,,	To write.

CHAPTER XXX

MERE WORDS AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE

"Words, words, words." . . Shakspere: *Hamlet.*

THE use and misuse of words is a branch of knowledge that will lead even the intelligent investigator into a country full of surprises and pitfalls. The unexpected is to be anticipated: preconceived ideas discarded.

It is quite clear that the word "caravan" has no special reference to, or connection with, Gypsies. Gypsies are more concerned with tents, and have always been, than with those dwelling-houses on wheels, which now-a-days are known as caravans, or, as they were formerly called, "carts with furniture."

The caravan, as we understand it, probably arose in the course of time by a process of evolution from a tent, or, maybe, from an open cart, in which a chair was placed for the driver's wife to sit upon as they went to market. Then a hood was placed over the seat to keep the weather out, and so by slow degrees a caravan came into being.

George Borrow in his works seldom used the word: he speaks of his quarters in the open air sometimes as a "tabernacle," a word he would instinctively employ from

his profound acquaintance with Biblical phraseology. "Belle thanked me, shook me by the hand, and then went to her own tabernacle, and I returned to mine."

A peculiar use of the word "caravan" occurs in *Essays of Bishop Horne, the Rev. Thomas Munro, A.B., the Rev. Henry Kett, B.D., etc., forming the Collection originally entitled "Olla Podrida,"* vol. i, p. 41 :—"It would be no bad plan if all genteel people would furnish their trunks, portmanteaux, caravans and bandboxes with the beauties of some author that suits their taste." This quotation would seem to imply that *caravan* signified a kind of portmanteau or box.*

In *Acts xxi.* 15, the word "carriages" seems to be used in just the same connection—"We took up our carriages and went to Jerusalem." Trench says of this passage: "In our early English, carriages did not mean things which carried us, but things which we carried; and 'we took up our carriages' implies no more than 'we took up our baggage,' or 'we trussed up our fardels,' as an earlier translation more familiarly has it, and so 'went up to Jerusalem.'"†

Dr J. A. H. Murray‡ says, with reference to the word "caravan": "In reference to the English usage, whereby this Persian word has been transferred from 'a company of Oriental travellers with their camels and equipage' to a 'chimnied house on wheels a slow caravan' (Browning), or 'a gaudily painted box on wheels, containing a wild beast, or a collection of waxworks' (Dickens), I have met with the conjecture that 'caravan' was probably

* *Notes and Queries.* 7th S. vi., 127.
† Trench. *English, Past and Present.* Lecture iv., p. 176.
‡ *Notes and Queries.* 7th S. iv., 505.

originally the procession of camels, elephants and Oriental pageantry in which some menageries and circus companies enter into towns, and that the unfamiliar name was ignorantly transferred by the populace to the most conspicuous vehicles. But this seems not to have been the train of ideas. Before and after 1700, 'caravan' was often used, in English, for moving company, cavalcade, company in motion—*e.g.*, out for a holiday. Thus Swift, in a letter of 1711, describing a picnic-party, including the Duke and Duchess of Shrewsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Masham, 'Arbuthnot and I on horseback,' etc., says: 'It was the finest day in the world, and we got on before eleven, a noble caravan of us.' From this it was easy to get to a conveyance which would carry such a 'noble caravan' into the country for a holiday; and, accordingly, we find that the earliest vehicle so named was a large covered car, or conveyance, capable of carrying a whole company. Under the shortened name of 'van,' such may still be seen carrying jubilant companies of workmen and their female friends to Epping or the Surrey hills on most Mondays during summer. The *London Gazette*, of 1689, offered for sale 'a fair easie-going caravan, with a very handsome roof, brass work, good seats, glasses on the sides to draw up, that will carry eighteen persons,' a description which might still suit a tram-car. When railways were first proposed, the name 'caravan' was appropriately given to the large, open, third-class 'covered carriages,' which represented the workman's van, as the first-class 'coach' represented the nobleman's family coach. A quotation before me from the *Mechanic's Magazine*, of 1823, describes how 'the steam-engine employs its force to impel the caravans and

coaches.' From the caravans of workmen to those of gypsies, and thence to those of showmen and other itinerant frequenters of fairs, was an easy transition. I find the menagerie caravan mentioned by Berwick, *British Birds*, 1797."

Dr. Murray wrote this in 1887, and then in his *New English Dictionary*, 1893, he states that the word is found in mediæval Latin, *caravana*, and French, *caravane*, from Crusading times, but apparently not in English before the 16th century. The form "caravan" was perhaps *caravane* from the French. He gives, as the first meaning of the word: "A company of merchants, pilgrims, or others in the East or northern Africa, travelling together for the sake of security, especially through the desert."

In the *Liverpool Directory*, for 1821, the word "caravan" was then used to signify the same kind of conveyance for goods that its contraction, "van," does now. "T. & M. Pickford" then despatched from Liverpool "Caravans on Springs and Guarded, for the conveyance of Goods only, in 32 hours, to London."

An early use of the word caravan occurs in Cleveland's poem, "May Day":—

> "See where the glittering Nymphs whirl it away
> In Checkling Caravans as blythe as May." *

"Checkling," with a capital "C," is, according to Halliwell, a Westmorland word, and the equivalent of "cackling."

It is interesting to note that Murray's Dictionary spells the verbal substantive, "caravaning," with one *n*, and not with two, as in the more modern way. But singularly

* *Cleveland's Works*, Ed. 1687, p. 251.

enough he gives *caravannish* two *n's*, as resembling or smacking of a caravan, and instances Ruskin's *Modern Painters* (iv. v. ii. 15). "Great diligences going in a *caravannish* manner, with whole teams of horses."

According to the *Century Dictionary*" (1889), caravan owes its origin to the Persian words *Kār*, business, work, *Kair*, trade, profession, *Kirā*, *Kirwa*, hire, hiring, and, like Murray, gives the first meaning: "A company of travellers, pilgrims, or merchants, in many parts of Asia and Africa, who associate together that they may travel with greater security, especially through deserts or regions infested by robbers."

Milton uses the word:—

"Men who pass
In troop or caravan." *

and

"Their aëry caravan high over seas
Flying."†

Bryant, in his *Thanatopsis* has:—

"When thy summons come to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm . . . of death."

Cowper uses the word in the sense of a large covered carriage for conveying passengers:—

"Alike, gay widow, virgin, wife,
Ingenious to diversify dull life,
In coaches, chaises, caravans and hoys,
Fly to the coast for daily, nightly joys."‡

An old legal name for caravan seems to have been "cart with furniture," for in the inventory of the effects

* *Paradise Regained*, i. 323.
† *Paradise Lost*, vii. 428.
‡ *Retirement*.

of a Gypsy, one Rumwell Durbarc, who died in 1627 at Crewe, in Cheshire, and to whose relict, Margaret, administration of his property was granted on Oct. 15, 1627, this item appears first on the list: "It. A carte with furniture, 2l. 6s. 8d." Evidently the caravan —cart with furniture—was the chief asset of the estate.

From all I can gather the real Gypsies were tent dwellers and not caravan dwellers. It is only during recent years that the luxury of the caravan came within their horizon, and the great bulk of the nomads inhabiting and travelling with vans are quite a mongrel Gypsy race; a sort of half-breed between Gypsies and tinkers. Everything points to the conclusion, mentioned by many thoughtful authors on the subject, that the true Gypsy is slowly but surely dying out.

I purposely spell Gypsy with a "y" because I think it is etymologically justifiable, since the word is derived from Egyptian, even though the Oxford Dictionary sets up its authority against this view. I am informed by Mr. Robert Andrew Scott Macfie, M.A., B.Sc., the erudite Hon. Sec. of "The Gypsy Lore Society,"* that Sir Richard Burton said he would not have become a member of that society if its title had been "The Gipsy Lore Society."

Mr. Macfie adds: "As for the capital, it is simply a

* "The Gypsy Lore Society" has for its President, Arthur Thesleff, Hon. Sec., Robert Andrew Scott Macfie, M.A., B.Sc., and its address is 21a, Alfred Street, Liverpool. It was founded in 1828 by David MacRitchie, with Charles Godfrey Leland (Hans Breitmann) as President. It collapsed in 1892, and was revived by Mr. Macfie in 1907. The Society numbers now about 200 members. The subscription is one pound a year.

matter of good manners. We give Jews, Hottentots and Americans capital initials : why not Gypsies ? But your printer will probably object, and you will find it most comfortable to cave in and let him print 'gipsy.'" I shall feebly try *not* to cave in.

CHAPTER XXXI

CARAVANNING ABROAD

THE Continent offers a splendid ground for caravanning, and already English caravanners have begun to tour there. One member of the Caravan Club took two vans over to Holland, and toured right through to Venice and back, with much enjoyment and without mishap.

The Touring Club of France, a large and well organised concern, has had a well illustrated article in the pages of its journal (November 1912), from the pen and camera of Professor Gaston Sévrette, who attended the meet of the Caravan Club at Stratford-upon-Avon, in August, 1912, and it is proposed to found in France a Caravan Club on the same lines as ours. The address of the Touring Club is 65, Avenue de la Grande-Armée, Paris, and those intending to make a caravan trip in France would do well to write to that address for particulars of tariff charges, roads, and so on. Professor Sévrette has also kindly told me he will be glad to render all the assistance in his power to caravanners desirous of caravanning in his beautiful country.

The President of the Touring Club de France kindly sends me the following particulars regarding caravan touring in France :—

"C'est avec un très vif plaisir que je me permets de vous informer que la règlementation française concernant les touristes voyageant en roulotte peut varier de pays à pays. Il n'éxiste rien de bien officiel.

"Dans les grandes villes, il peut y avoir une taxe municipale à payer, mais elle ne peut être connue que sur place.

"Auprès des petites villes ou des villages il n'y a généralement aucune taxe municipale, mais en tout cas, il est nécessaire d'avoir l'autorisation du maire, qui ne manquera pas de désigner de bonne grâce l'emplacement du campement.

"Nous vous engageons à bien recommander à vos compatriotes de se munir de tous les papiers d'identité nécessaires, car ceux-ci pourraient leur être réclamés fort souvent au cours de leur voyage."

For a tour "anywhere and everywhere," it is necessary to apply to the English Embassy in Paris, enclosing a visiting-card, and asking for the permission of the Minister of the Interior to go anywhere (parcourir la France), and to camp by the roadside or in the forests.

For permission to camp and travel in the forests of S. Germain and Marly, application should be made to the Préfet du Dep. de Seine et Oise, Versailles, and for the forest of Fontainebleau to the Préfet du Dep. de Seine et Marne, Melun. It is advisable to take a revolver and a good watch-dog.

The Tourist Development Society of Galicia, in Spain (address, Vigo), also have authorised me to say that they will help to the utmost of their power any caravanners who may visit that lovely district of North Spain. I have toured all through Galicia, and can assure my readers that from Vigo to Coruña they will meet with no

unpleasantness, but with great civility. The scenery is exceptionally fine, and the roads are well kept, and lovely pitches abound.

In order to obtain information regarding the possibilities of caravanning abroad, I wrote to our Consuls in the chief capitals of the Continent—some replied, some did not.

From the British Consulate at Rome I received the following letter :—

" In reply to your enquiry of the 28th inst., I cannot tell you the exact amount of deposit required by the custom-house authorities at the Italian frontier for the temporary importation of your vans, as the said duty varies in accordance with the nature, size, and weight of the conveyances. I enclose English translation of an extract from the Italian Customs Tariff, showing the various amounts of duty levied on carriages, etc. Permits of temporary importation are only granted for three months. They can be renewed for a further period of three months ; but this is a privilege which may be granted or refused by the Italian custom-house authorities. Certain fees and taxes are payable in connection with the renewal of such permits ; but they vary according to the nature of the vehicles and to the different municipalities by which they are levied. Roads in Italy are not considered exceptionally good for motor or caravan traffic. As regards safety of camping in Italy, it much depends upon the localities through which you intend to travel. I presume the party is composed also of gentlemen. I should add, however, that no one is allowed to carry weapons in Italy without a special licence from the police. Public thoroughfares may not be obstructed by the vans,

and private property must not be encroached upon without permission from the owners. I should think that the best port to arrive at would be Genoa. At all events, as I see no provision in the Italian Police Act with regard to caravans, I think it would be in the interest of your Club, in the first instance, to send an advance van to Genoa, accompanied by one of your agents who can speak Italian or French. He could then, from the spot, be able to report to you the exact rules to be followed in connection with your proposed expedition."

Translation of extract from Italian Customs Tariff.

No.		£	s.	d.
182 a.	Common carriages, having not more than 2 wheels each	1	17	7
182 b.	Common carriages, having more than two wheels, but not more than 5 springs each	4	8	0
182 c.	Common carriages, having more than two wheels and 5 springs each	13	4	0
182 bis.	1. Motor cars weighing less than 5 quintals (about 10 cwts.) each	8	0	0
182 bis.	2. Motor cars weighing between 5 and 10 quintals (about 20 cwts.) each ..	16	0	0
182 bis.	3. Motor cars weighing more than 10 quintals	24	0	0

H.B.M.'s Consul at Amsterdam writes :—

" Caravans used by gypsies and people who provide entertainments at fairs are allowed to pitch on public roads and on unenclosed lands and are generally tolerated, but I should say that a pleasure caravan would be very

much inconvenienced by the extraordinary curiosity of the people, and that you would have very little privacy. The roads are very good, and horses are procurable: but water, except in large towns, is not good. The best port of arrival would be Rotterdam, to which there is regular communication from London by the General Steam Navigation Co., and Wm. Müller and Co's Batavier Line."

H.B.M.'s Consul in Vienna kindly replied to my enquiries as follows :—

" I regret I have not been able to get the information you asked for about caravans in Austria before, but I hope this will be in time for any parties coming this summer.

" Regarding your questions :

" 1. The duties on carriages for conveyance of persons are : Without leather or cushions, 60 kr. per 100 kilos ; with leather or cushions, 180 kr. per 100 kilos.

" This duty would have to be paid at the frontier, but could be recovered on leaving the country.

" It depends on the nature of the van which duty would be payable.

" The duty on horses, over two years old, is 100 kronen each, also presumably recoverable. If horses are brought, a certificate that they come from a healthy district, from an official veterinary, countersigned by an Austrian Consul, may be demanded, and a veterinary examination may be compulsory at the frontier. Probably, if the horses come to the frontier by road, there will be less difficulty about the first point. I am expecting some further information about the horse question, which I will send you.

" 2. It is impossible to give the exact regulations about camping, etc., as these differ in each of the provinces of

Austria, and the smaller local authorities, too, have jurisdiction in matters of this kind. I believe there would be no difficulties as there are a number of Gypsies travelling in caravans in this country.

"Campers would, of course, take care not to obstruct the traffic or do damage.

"3. I think particularly the mountainous and picturesque parts, like the Tyrol, Salzburg, Upper and Lower Austria, where the roads are good. In some other provinces the roads are very bad, and the people speak no German.

"4. There is only one port in Austria, Trieste, but caravans arriving there would have to pass a very wide bleak and stony range (the Karst) before reaching the more civilised parts of the country. I would rather recommend coming from Switzerland or Bavaria into the Tyrol or Salzburg.

"5. People coming to Austria should be warned against lighting open fires in the forests, as this is severely punished.

"In view of the probability of caravans coming to the Tyrol this year, the Viceroy of the Province has kindly promised to the British Vice-Consul at Innsbruck, whom I asked to speak to him on the subject, to inform the gendarmerie and local authorities, so that they may be prepared for these travellers and not confuse them with Gypsy vagrants.

"Passports, though not legally compulsory, should certainly be carried by all caravanners.—I am Sir, your obedient servant, O. G. Phillpott, H.B.M.'s Consul."

Then, in a further letter, Mr. Phillpott added:—

"In reference to my letter of the 12th May, I have now

received information from the Customs House here, and am informed that, in their opinion, caravans would pay the same duty which is levied on the wagons of travelling actors, etc. (Kunstler-wagen), which is only 15 kronen per 100 kilos (Tariff No. 547).

" On the other hand, the stoves, and perhaps some of the other furniture, would be taxed separately."

Before entering Austria* it is necessary to write to the K. K. Finanz Landes-Direktion, Innsbruck, stating at what point the frontier will be traversed and requesting a temporary exemption from duty. A small fee will probably be levied at the frontier, which will be refunded when the country is quitted.

The hire for a strong van horse is about 2 kronen to 2·50 per day (1 kronen=10d.), but this varies according to season and district, and in the months of July and August it would be found almost impossible to hire horses at all.

About 2 kronen per night is the average charge for stabling and feeding a horse in a village inn.

A beautiful tour might be made by a very light van with good horses from Innsbruck by the Brenner Pass to Bozen, side treks being made into the valleys between Franzeusfeste and Bozen, or the road continued to Toplach and Lienz, returning via Costina, the Falzarego Pass, Pordoi Pass and the Val Fassa to Bozen. A visit to the Dolomites should be made before July or after August, as the heat, dust and motor traffic during those months would make caravanning impossible. Much information as to the Dolomites can be

* Information given by the Austrian Travel Bureau, 62, Charing Cross, S.W., to Lady Carbery.

obtained in Miss Davidson's book *Gates of the Dolomites*.

"No doubt a great deal of pleasure is derived from caravan touring in the Old Country, but I scarcely think it equals, certainly not surpasses, the many advantages and attractions such an excursion affords in a colony like New Zealand"—writes a friend of mine to me from that colony. He is an enthusiastic caravanner, though from the photographs he has sent me it will be seen that his travelling carriage and general camping arrangements are not the same as with us.

During the summer months, December to February, the climate of New Zealand is most delightful. The roads are generally good and the necessities of an outdoor existence obtainable with but little exertion. Undoubtedly an invasion of the hill country is more enjoyable than travelling over a dreary flat plateau, and it is in such environment that the richest discoveries of fauna and flora are to be found. Many relics of the aboriginal Maories can be obtained, especially in the vicinity of ancient camping-grounds, including such articles as stone cooking ovens, etc. Evidences of the extinct Moa (*Dinornis*)—that strange flightless bird, exterminated about the middle of the 18th century by the Maories, who were very fond of its flesh—are occasionally come upon during caravan trips up in the hills; and there is even a prospect of gold within the caravanner's horizon. A good many hills of limestone formation yield perfect specimens of fossil sea shells, gigantic clams, two feet across, sharks' teeth, etc., even at an elevation of 1,500 feet.

Sport is first rate. Fishing and shooting of one kind

TYPICAL NEW ZEALAND LANDSCAPE. A COUNTRY PITCH

page 318

or another can be had all the year round, and without the asking, so that the daily menu of the caravanner in the wilds of New Zealand lacks neither variety nor delicacy.

I wrote to my friend in New Zealand for particulars of his caravan and mode of caravanning in New Zealand, and I cannot improve upon his graphic description :

" The caravan I had made locally from my own design. It is very light and strong, and even with half a ton (or more) of cargo is easily drawn by one horse. The body is nine feet long by three feet wide, and sufficiently roomy to accommodate two persons. As will be seen from the photographs, the cover lifts up and folds down as required, thus when travelling there is less resistance to a head wind.

" My experience convinces me that with a party of four persons it is more desirable to have two light caravans, holding two persons each, than one large vehicle containing the whole party, besides which a light caravan can be used for other purposes during the winter months. The cost in either case is about the same.

	£	s.	d.
Cost of the caravan shown in photograph	25	0	0
Horse	20	0	0
Harness	5	0	0
Sundries	5	0	0
	55	0	0

" I have never yet been able to purchase any stove or cooking appliance which fully satisfies the requirements of camp-life. The nearest approach is a kerosene cooker, with two six-inch wicks, but they are too clumsy, besides

which the oil spills out when travelling over rough ground, and even the most ravenous New Zealand appetite resents the intrusion of a kerosene flavouring among bread, cheese, butter, cake and other commissariat material. Those I use I make myself, and they are admirably adapted for local requirements ; they must, however, be seen at work to be appreciated.

" The cooking utensils should be made of thin sheet-copper (tinned inside) or aluminium. All cooking utensils should be either oblong or oval (never circular) and adjusted in size according to number of the party.

" You are able to purchase almost anything in the shape of provisions at the different towns and villages visited. However, a few things, such as cold boiled ham, cheese, bacon, eggs, biscuits, cake, jam, butter, tinned sheep tongues, preserved milk, sugar, tea, coffee, cocoa, dried fruits (figs, dates, etc.), are always useful and occupy but little space.

" The best bed without doubt is a sleeping-bag, six feet six inches by three feet wide, made of cotton-duck. Inside this should be placed a pair of blankets, also sewn in the form of a bag, a pillow, and for a mattress one large or two medium sheepskins with nine or ten months' wool. The sheepskins must not be tanned or otherwise prepared—the green skin simply washed and stretched dry ; this makes an excellent waterproof sheet and soft mattress in one. All should be detachable, and occasionally placed outside to air or dry.

" The horse should have every consideration, fed and watered regularly, and, whenever opportunity occurs, turned loose in a field for a few hours. I usually allow my horse 25 lbs. daily (one-third crushed oats and two-

NEW ZEALAND CARAVAN PITCHED NEAR THE BUSH AS PROTECTION AGAINST COLD WIND

page 318

thirds chaff), but this is sometimes exceeded. The shoulders should be frequently washed and examined for sores, which should be attended to at once. The feed should be given in a feeder (see photograph), about three feet three inches high, never in a nosebag or placed on the ground. The worst place for a horse is to be kept tied up in a stable, the surest way to ruin his hoofs, legs and eyesight. The best place to turn him loose in is a small field of clean grass, with a stream of clear water running through it. If flies are troublesome rub the head and flanks with essence of pyrethrum, obtainable at any first-class fishing tackle shop (the same as used by fishermen).

"In order that a party may thoroughly enjoy the trip, at any rate in New Zealand, previous to starting a captain should be chosen, who must on all occasions be loyally obeyed and whose decision is final. All necessary work should be equally divided among the members; and every one should perform his duty at the right time cheerfully. With amateurs procrastination and untidiness is usually much in evidence; but the captain must insist on proper order being maintained.

"Commence each day's journey as soon after daylight as possible—the most enjoyable atmosphere is when the dew is still on the ground—this will always enable the party to welcome and enjoy meals and refreshing sleep.

"Do not leave things to be improvised in camp: all improvising should receive attention in the workshop before commencing the journey."

It is interesting to note what others have carried with them in camping-out expeditions in the way of outfit.

Mr. Hubert Smith travelled with English Gypsies in

Norway in 1871. "They were real Gipsies—Gipsies who had all their life roamed England with their tents—none of your half-and-half caravan people—an effeminate race, who sleep in closed boxes, grandly painted outside, with a stove and a large fire within"—he says:*

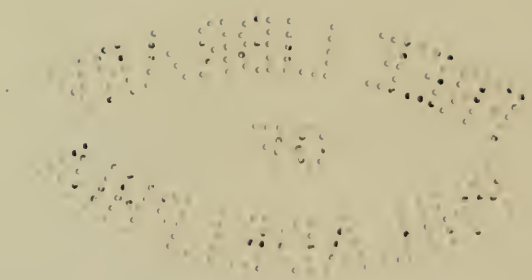
"A stout black pole, with strong pliable raniers or rods fitted into it, and a cover made of two pairs of light grey blankets of strong but fine texture sewn together, with a broad edging of scarlet booking, gave it an appearance which the Gipsies declared to be perfection. The interior fittings of our tent were not neglected. One of Edgington's water-proofs, costing twenty-five shillings, was laid on the ground as a substratum. A handsome carpet, of strong but light material and warm colouring, was cut to the size of the tent as usually pitched, and then neatly bound with scarlet braid by my housekeeper, who made nearly everything used for the expedition. An extra rug, for use if necessary, and two air pillows covered with scarlet flannel, completed the bed accommodation. A blue partition-curtain with broad yellow braid artistically elaborated in zig-zag pattern, to be suspended *à volenté* from the tent raniers for privacy and seclusion, left nothing more to be desired. We had not yet sunk so low in effeminacy as to use beds, though there are instances of gipsies in England who have descended to that melancholy state."

The kettle prop he used was a stout bar of iron, bent at one end so as to have a projecting portion for hanging the kettle upon to boil water. The other end of this iron prop he ingeniously had sharpened, so that it served as well to make holes in the ground to fix the tent raniers

* *Tent Life with English Gypsies in Norway.*

A NEW ZEALAND CARAVAN

page 319



or rods into. He took a large fish kettle ; a tin can for boiling and making tea for four persons ; two larger tin cans with lids for boiling or fetching milk or water ; two large zinc bowls : four smaller soup bowls, fitting one within the other : a round tin with lid, to hold three pounds of butter ; a quart tin can with handle : two sets of tin pannikins, four in each set, fitting one within the other, and with loop handles on each side which fold down and are covered with leather—so that a pannikin can be carried when filled with hot tea or milk : eight pewter plates ; seven knives and forks ; eight spoons ; a tin salt box ; a tin pepper box ; a sardine-box opener ; a frying-pan, with handle to remove ; a tin box containing the exact measure of tea for four persons. "This," he says, "was very useful, not only for economy but in wet weather, as the box, being filled in the tent, could be carried in the hand—in readiness for the boiling water." He also took a Russian lamp ; a small axe ; two tin boxes of wax lucifer matches and eight small cloths for cleaning. All these articles could be packed into the fish-kettle, except the two large cans, the two large bowls, the pewter plates, the frying-pan and one or two other articles.

His large tent, with fittings and cooking apparatus, weighed 88 lbs. 9 ozs., and with books, fishing-rods, clothes, provisions and other baggage made a total of about 360 lbs. weight, which allowed 120 lbs. for each donkey to carry, for he took three donkeys with him. His companions were "tall Noah," who could pitch tents and pack the animals, Zacharia, "the bosho-mengro"—violin-player ; and last, though not least, Esmeralda, who was nearly sixteen years old, was tall,

spare, and active, and wonderfully strong for her age. She had dark hair, and eyes of fathomless fire. After the expedition, Mr. Smith married this beautiful Gypsy maiden, and some friends of mine met them at a hotel in Scotland, whilst on their honeymoon. Mrs. Smith arrested their attention, as she seemed somehow out of place and strange at table, though they had no idea then who she was, and only came across *Tent Life with English Gipsies in Norway* afterwards. Alas! some time after this I saw in the papers that the marriage had not turned out happily, and that the author and the beautiful heroine of his travels in *gamle Norge* were separated. The romance of Gypsy life is often a very different matter to the everyday bread-and-butter, humdrum, domestic existence in a house.

Mr. Smith, it seems, experienced just what I have when camping out in foreign lands—the discomforts caused by the curiosity he aroused in the country districts.

"We were obliged to take our dinner inside our tents, on account of the numbers of visitors. They were never absent. It was a matter of conjecture whether they ever ate anything themselves; they seemed to be at the camp from morning till night, our sensations were probably similar to those formerly experienced by the lions in Wombell's well-known menagerie, when viewed at feeding time."

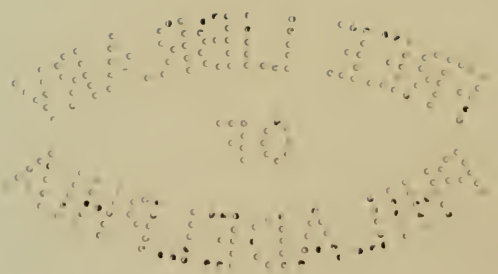
I have frequently suffered from just the same too kind attentions.

There are surely few instances of a Gypsy caravan being carried from England for a touring expedition so far as the Mediterranean. Sir Samuel White Baker* gives

* *Cyprus as I Saw It in* 1879. (London, 1879.)

CARAVANNER'S CAMP, LAKE WAKATIPU, OTAGO, NEW ZEALAND

page 320



a frontispiece of "The start from Larnaca"—an oblong woodcut showing himself and his wife mounted on mules at the head of a procession of three carts, each drawn by a yoke of oxen, and consisting of a native two-wheeled cart, a covered four-wheeled van which he had constructed and sent out, and the rear of the procession occupied by an ordinary small Gypsy van. This van was furnished with a permanent bed; shelves or wardrobe beneath; a chest of drawers; table to fall against the wall when not in use, lockers for glass and crockery, stove and chimney, and in fact it resembled a ship's cabin, 9 feet 6 inches, by 5 feet 8 inches wide. Both these vehicles had broad and thick iron tires to the wheel, which projected $\frac{5}{8}$ inch upon either side beyond the felloes, in order to afford a wide surface to soil or sandy ground without necessitating a too massive wheel. The miserable reports Sir Samuel had heard in England respecting the want of accommodation and the unhealthiness of Cyprus had determined him to render himself independent. He therefore arranged for this Gypsy travelling van and hut upon wheels which he had purchased direct from Gypsies to be sent out in advance from London. Originally it had been constructed with shafts, as one horse was considered sufficient upon the roads of England, but when it arrived in Cyprus "it appeared," says Sir Samuel, "to have grown during the voyage about two sizes larger than when it was last seen."

"As the small animals of Larnaca passed by, when the caravan blocked up the entire street and forced the little creatures upon the footpath, they looked in comparison as though they had just been disembarked upon Mount

Ararat from the original Noah's Ark, represented by the Gypsy-van ! The Cypriotes are polite, therefore I heard no rude remarks. The Cypriote boys are like all other boys, therefore they climbed to the top of the van, and endeavoured by escalade to enter the windows. On one occasion I captured *half a boy* (the posterior half), who was hanging with legs dangling out of the window, his 'forlorn-hope,' or advance half, vainly endeavouring to obtain a resting-place upon vacuity within (as the fall slab-table was down). I had no stick : but the toes of his boots had imprinted first impressions upon the faultless varnish. What became of that young Cypriote was never known."

But the height of the Gypsy caravan led to trouble at the start through the streets of Larnaca. The roofs of the flat-topped houses are low and the top of the van interfered with the numerous wooden water spouts. Finally the van was drawn by a number of men, who would be superior in intelligence to the Cypriote mules and be careful in turning corners. Sir Samuel did not see the start, as a person from an excess of zeal had, with a crowd of madmen, started it without orders. When it arrived opposite Craddock's Hotel : " It rather resembled a ship that had been in bad weather and in collision with a few steamers. How many water-spouts it had carried away I never heard. The fore axle was broken, and it appeared that in rounding a corner it had been dragged by main force upon the curbstone about sixteen inches high, from which it had bumped violently down." It had then backed against a water-spout, which had gone completely through what sailors would term the stern. One shutter was split in two pieces, and one window smashed. " Altogether,

what with bruises, scratches, broken axle and other damages, my van looked ten years older since the morning."

However, a new fore axle-tree was made, and the hinder axle was strengthened and a bullock-pole for a pair of oxen was fitted instead of shafts. The stove was discarded as not necessary, and a ventilator in the roof took the place of the chimney.

Apparently it was only in places that the van could be used, for the highways were mule tracks. Still Sir Samuel Baker says that his servants were saved an immense amount of trouble by the presence of the Gypsy van, which at the time they hardly appreciated. "They had no tent-pitching upon the halt, neither unpacking of boxes, arranging of beds, nor any of the usual work connected with a daily camp. It is impossible for the inexperienced to appreciate the comfort of such a vehicle where the roads are practicable, especially in bad weather, when you are perfectly certain that your home is weather-proof and your bed dry. Those who have experienced the misery of a halt in pouring rain, when everybody and everything has been sodden to the bone, when the ground is slush that will not hold a tent peg; the night dark; the fuel will not burn; the matches expend themselves in vain phosphoric flashes, but will *not* ignite: the water that has run down your neck has formed reservoirs within your boots; the servants are reduced to the inactivity of sponges; and the tents *must* be pitched. The heavy soaked canvas that can hardly flap in the strong wind is at length spread over the cold soft ground; the camp-bed, though wet as tripe, *must* be arranged: and down go their legs, sinking to an unknown depth

into the sodden soil ! oh misery, misery ! happily unknown to those who stay at home. All this may be avoided in a country where practicable routes exist by travelling with a gipsy van."

For a roadless country such as Cyprus it is far better for the van to be springless. If you are obliged to travel bodily within your vehicle there can be no doubt that springs relieve the spine and your anatomy generally : but if your " hut upon wheels " is to be dragged along, over and through all kinds of obstacles, there can be no use whatever in springs which, by their elasticity, threaten the centre of gravity when in a dangerous place by oscillation. The Cape-cart of South Africa will go anywhere, and so will the two-wheeled, also springless cart of Cyprus. " I invariably found that during the day I hated my van, and in the evening I blessed it. It certainly delayed us on the march, and as we rode some miles in advance we noted the obstacles that would cause a stoppage, and generally halted to assist when the ' tortoise ' should arrive. All this was of course annoying in a country where a horse would have cantered cheerily along and have accomplished forty miles a day : but on the other hand, the van was never for *grande Vitesse :* neither is express travelling the proper method of obtaining an accurate knowledge of a new country. Thus we crawled along, making twelve or thirteen miles *per diem.*"

CHAPTER XXXII

THE CARAVAN CLUB OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

THE foundation of the Caravan Club was on this wise. I called together a few ladies and gentlemen interested in caravanning to meet me at my house, to consider the expediency of founding a Club to look after the interests of amateur caravanners. I was aware that an attempt had previously been made, some years before, to establish such a society, but it had come to nothing.

In response to my invitation, on June 14th, 1907, the following ladies and gentlemen assembled at my house: Messrs. J. Oscar Parker, M.A., Thos. Swain, E. H. Hancock, Guy Hancock, J. C. Batalha-Reis, Alex P. Moeller, H. Gilbertson Smith, L. C. R. Cameron, author of the *Book of the Caravan*, Rev. A. H. T. Clarke and Mrs. Nelson Dawson.

At that meeting I proposed, and it was carried unanimously:

"That a Club, to be called the Caravan Club of Great Britain and Ireland, be, and is, hereby formed."

And so was the Club formed.

At the same meeting the following objects of the Club were agreed to by those assembled:

(a) To bring together those interested in van-life as

a pastime; camping-out in connection with caravans; and to improve and supply suitable vans and other appliances in connection therewith.

(b) To develop the pastime for the benefit of members by collecting, publishing and supplying to members, books, periodicals and lists of camp-sites, etc.

(c) To issue periodically a list of members with their addresses.

(d) To arrange camping-grounds, as far as is found practicable, in various centres, and, if desirable, in conjunction with similar societies.

(e) To further and protect the interests of amateur caravannists, and do all other lawful things as may be conducive to the attainment of the above objects, or any of them.

At this meeting the annual subscription was fixed at 5s. a year, and ladies as well as gentlemen were eligible for election, to membership.

The next meeting was held on June 25th, 1907 (also at my house). The third meeting, largely attended, was held at the "Algarve," Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, on July 25th, 1907, at which Dr. Gordon-Stables, R.N., was elected Vice-President of the Club.

The Club then took offices at 6, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C., where it remained till February, 1909, when it moved to 358, Strand. On March 25th, 1912, the Club hired office room at 83, Avenue Chambers, 42, Bloomsbury Square, W. C.

From its inception the progress of the Club has been steady and unimpeded, and it now numbers over 300 members, of whom about a third are ladies. The subscription of 5s. a year has never been changed, but the

entrance fee, which was first fixed at 5s., has since been raised to 10s. 6d.

The form of application for membership, which has to be signed by each applicant, contains the clause :

" If elected, I undertake to submit to, and be bound by, the Rules and Regulations of the Club. Should I at any time cease to be a member, I promise and agree neither to wear the badge of the Club nor to fly the pennon nor to avail myself in the slightest degree of any of the privileges of membership."

The Club holds an annual dinner in London, and has also held several " Meets." These latter have done much to advance the practical side of caravanning, as they afford the only opportunity for comparing notes regarding the build, structure, internal and external economies, under-carriage, horses and motoring, of living vans and their adjuncts. These " Meets " have been well attended, vans having come to them from distant parts of the country.

The first Meet was held at Ockham, in Surrey, on a meadow opposite the Hautboy Hotel in May, 1908. It lasted from Friday till the following Monday. In 1909, from June 4th to the 8th, the Meet took place within an enclosure adjoining the Berkeley Arms Hotel, at Cranford Bridge near Hounslow, Middlesex. The third Meet of the Club was at Coulsdon, in Surrey, on a delightful enclosed meadow, kindly placed at the Club's disposal by Mr. Joseph Tucker, of Portnalls, and lasted from July 14th to July 18th, 1910. Again, in 1911, Coronation Year, the Meet took place at Coulsdon, from June 17th to June 24th, in order that members of the Club might attend the Coronation festivities in London. This Meet

was twice visited by the Gaekwar of Baroda and the Maharajah of Gwalior, who arrived with their suites in Royal motor cars. They went minutely into all the details of caravanning, and were particularly interested in the devices by which weight and space are saved and increased comfort gained.

The Gaekwar of Baroda nearly had a nasty accident here. I had shown the Royal party over all the caravans, and then took them to see a new species of hammock, which was swinging between two trees on the pitch. It was a novelty, combining the luxury of an armchair with the perfect swinging freedom of the hammock, but it required care to get into. This I knew, for I had frequently reposed in its luxurious embrace. The Gaekwar of Baroda was much taken with the arrangement, and saying: "I shall try it," sprang with quite youthful agility into its centre, or as near it as he could guess. I ejaculated hastily: "Take care." But it was too late. The momentum with which he had landed in the hammock all of a heap, some four feet from the ground, made it give a tremendous lurch, and he was in the act of falling out, his face to the ground, when I gripped him by the shoulder and pulled him back into the hammock. The suite standing at some distance watched the proceedings, rushed forward in alarm, but the experimenter laughed heartily, saying it was his own fault, and on regaining his legs, ran off exclaiming: "I must get Gwalior to try this!" He found that Prince, who just then was at another part of the pitch, and got him to come and enter the hammock. But I took care this time there should be no youthful ebullition of spirits, and so all passed off well.

In 1912, the Caravan Club held its annual Meet at

Stratford-upon-Avon, from Monday, August 19th, to Monday, August 26th. To quote a local paper* :—

"At no previous summer festival has Stratford been so full, and for the whole period, and now, to add to the number of its visitors, have come distinguished members of the Caravan Club of Great Britain and Ireland, with between twenty and thirty vans, and fifty-two tents. Encamped on historic ground—the site of the Shakespeare Tercentenary of 1864—in a paddock in Southern Lane, kindly placed at their disposal by the Governors of the Memorial Theatre (at whose invitation the caravanners have made Stratford their *rendez-vous* for their summer Meet), these gipsy homes, with their flowers by day and lamps at night, are a novel and picturesque sight, and the happy unconventional life of the inmates is one calculated to make the fettered town-dweller envious."

At these Meets we always have encamped, with the Club, a detachment of Boy Scouts, who enjoy the function very much. They act as guards, keep watch generally over the vans, and are always ready with the buckets in case of a fire. The Club, on one of the days during the Meet, gets up Athletic Sports for the boys and gives them prizes.

The Caravan Club has an excellent system of registration of pitches, which is much appreciated by its members. Postcards, known as pitch postcards, are supplied gratis to members, who are expected to take a supply with them when caravanning, fill them in, stamp and post them. They are already addressed to the Honorary General Secretary of the Club. This is a reproduction of an actual card, but slightly reduced in size.

* *Leamington Spa Courier*, August 23rd, 1912.

These pitch postcards are then filed alphabetically under the *counties*. A member intending to tour in, say, Devon and Cornwall, can call at the office and copy out, on free forms provided, the particular pitches in these counties he thinks may be useful. Each one being on a separate piece of paper enables him just before calling

Caravan Club of Great Britain and Ireland.

_____ *Member's Name.* *Date* _____ *19*

Last _____ *(night or week*) we PITCHED at* _____

_____ *in the COUNTY of* _____

We found there a good, bad, indifferent Water supply and met with great, moderate, no civility.**

No charge made for Pitch. A charge of _____ *per night per week* was made for Pitch.*

USEFUL REMARKS and hints about Roads, Food Supplies, etc.

_____

_____

_____

We came across _____ *of* _____ *who is willing to let horses for Caravanning.*

**Strike out unnecessary qualifications or words*

☞ *This information is strictly private, for use by the Members of the Club only.*

These Post Cards can be obtained from the Hon Gen. Sec., J. HARRIS STONE. M.A. Members are most particularly asked to fill them up and post them on their journey for mutual benefit

on the farmer, inn-keeper or owner, to read all about the last visit of a member of the Club to that spot, what was paid for the pitch, treatment received, and any other particulars, good, bad or indifferent. This form is as on opposite page.

The Caravan Club has already recorded some 600 pitches with particulars, and these are chiefly on land belonging to farmers

Of course it is not a fair criterion to judge of the popularity of a county from the number of pitches the Club

has recorded, as, it may be, members travelling in other counties have been lax in filling in and returning the pitch cards. Still, for what it is worth, it may be mentioned that the greatest number of pitches are recorded in Sussex, Yorkshire, Hampshire, Hertfordshire, Devon, Essex, Kent, Suffolk, Lincolnshire, and in that order.

Private and Confidential for the use of Members only

Caravan Club of Great Britain & Ireland.

County _____

Member's Name _____

Date _____ 19

Pitch _____

Water supply _____ Civility _____

Charge for Pitch _____

Remarks _____

_____

_____

_____

Horse Hire _____

J. HARRIS STONE, M.A.
Hon. Gen. Sec.

Another batch of counties, each with about the same number of pitches, is Berkshire, Middlesex, Somerset, Dorset, Cornwall, and Nottinghamshire. In Scotland and Ireland few pitches are as yet recorded, but the Welsh counties have all seen members of the Club on their nomadic visits.

When speaking of the Caravan Club it may not be without interest to record some of the names of vans of members, which I have kept a note of since its formation. Many vans are nameless. Often a member writes to me

and asks if such and such a name has already been appropriated by a member, as if it is he will select some other. Many members name their vans, but do not inform me thereof. This list is therefore by no means complete, but it affords some idea of the diversity of nomenclature among van owners.

SOME NAMES OF VANS USED BY MEMBERS OF THE CARAVAN CLUB :

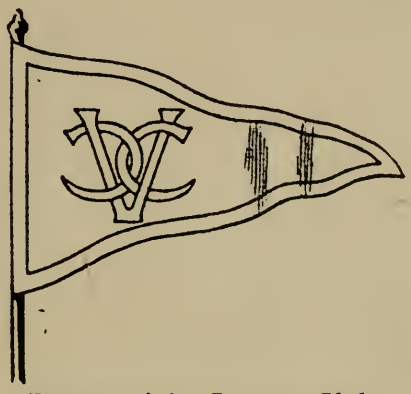
Adventurer
Aëroplane
Antelope
Aphis
Arcadian
Big Ben
Britannia
Caravan Courageous
Content
Creeping Jenny
Crimson Rambler
Crofton
Cruiser
Daffodil
Doctor
Dormouse
Dorothy
Egypt
Escape
Fox
Good Luck
Green Van
Harfraja
Halcyon
Hawthorne
Hello !
Home Pavilion
Hut
Ideal
Ivy
Joan's Arc
Kerri
Kitty
Lady-go-lightly
Lancashire Witch
Leto
L'escargot
Lindeth
Lorna Doone
Mainstay
Narsissie
Nightbirds
Nomad
Olympia
Omnigon
Pathfinder
Perinik
Rail Saloon
Rambla
Rolling Stone
Romanly
Shanty
Shelta
Sundowner
Tally Ho !
Tananatala
Tiebeam
Tortoise
Vagabond
Wallaby
Wanderer
Wandering Willows
Wayfarer
White Rose
Zeppelin III.

The Caravan Club's Pennon is triangular in shape, 12 inches high and 18 inches long. The design consists of a monogram, 5½ inches high, in white, edged with a black line on deep red bunting. The triangle is edged with white one inch in depth.

The pennon is flown on the top of a short pole or cane from the centre of the front of the van, or on one of the

front sides. In practise it is found a short cane is preferable to a long, as when passing beneath overhanging banks or trees in shady lanes it is less liable to be carried away. One cannot always remember to lower one's flag when departing from the main highway and passing into umbrageous passages.

So many persons have from time to time written to me to know the meaning of the monogram on the Club's pennon that it may be well here to relate its history.



Pennon of the Caravan Club.

In 1907 a prize was offered for the best design for a Club Pennon, which was won by Miss Whistler, of Bridgewater. It consisted of the initials " C. C." (for Caravan Club) entwined, back to back, upon a horse-shoe. This was at first adopted by the sub-committee appointed for the purpose of selection from the dozen or more designs sent in, when some shrewd and farseeing member said: " Horse-shoe! why vans may all become motor vans some day, and the horse-shoe will then be merely an historic relic." Another member of the committee then exclaimed: " Well, make it a V and it will do for either horse or motor van, for van it will always be."

This suggestion was accepted, and so, with this modification, Miss Whistler's design, on a bunting pennon of red edged with white, became the little insignia of the Caravan Club, which is becoming so familiar on the highways, byways, country lanes, roadside wastes and commons of this country. It is even beginning to be known, too, on the Continent.

A register of vans for sale and letting out on hire is kept at the office of the Club, and this is a very useful part of the Club's operations.

The idea is prevalent, but erroneous, that vanning is a most expensive pastime. True, it may be made a costly pursuit, but, on the other hand, it may be one of the cheapest ways of taking a holiday. Vans are let by the week, by the month, by the season. If a van be let for only a short period, more per week is naturally asked for its hire than if let for a longer period. Many a member of the Club, not making use of his van some particular year, would gladly let it to a careful tenant for a small sum for the entire season, say, from £10 to £30. A van taken under such conditions would make a holiday work out quite reasonably. Six or seven persons can take a van, with one horse and a tent, and have a good time for a total cost of £1 per person per week, and that is without adopting a bread and butter style of catering. The articles that appear in some of the magazines often give quite an erroneous and exaggerated account of the cost of caravanning. Many of these articles are, to our certain knowledge, written by persons with little or no practical experience of the road. Those wealthy people who take with them maids, grooms, and wine-cellars, and who must have attendant motors, soon find

that the expenses run into anything up to £20 per week per person. The so-called "experts," who describe in their doubtless most interesting books and articles caravanning of this type and junketings of this description, we fear tend to deter many from taking to the road, and so stop a large number, who would vastly enjoy the healthy, out-of-door pastime, from going in for it. This is to be regretted. Now, the Caravan Club has on its van-list excellent caravans that can be hired for as little as £1 a week, and the attendant expenses, in addition to the hiring and horse, will then depend solely upon the luxurious or economical idiosyncrasies of the travellers. Members who are not using their vans should consider the desirability of offering them on hire for the entire season at a moderate inclusive sum, and so save the cost of laying them up in the open, or stabling them. It is better for a van to be kept in use and aired than allowed to lie out in a field all the year round, even if covered with a tarpaulin—even if laid up in a stable, a van is apt to get mouldy and to deteriorate.

CHAPTER XXXIII

SOME COOKING RECIPES

I HAVE received a number of requests from caravanners, chiefly ladies, to include in these pages some practical recipes which I know from experience to be possible on the road. All the following recipes are within the scope of Primus, Primus Oven, Steam Cooker, Fireless Cooker or Frying Pan. The French Fireless Cooker will, in addition, actually roast small joints extremely well—I have roasted pork in it and the meat has been perfectly cooked and the crackling delicious, with hardly any shrinkage of the joint in weight. Those dishes that should be cooked in a slow oven will turn out much better cooked and more delicious when put into a fireless cooker.

BOILING RICE

A crux of the kitchen is how to boil rice. One often sees put on the table a dish of rice in lumps, and not as boiled rice should be with each grain separate and complete in itself, neither pulpy nor hard.

To boil rice, according to Captain Kenealy, in *Yachting Wrinkles*, so that each grain will be plump, dry and separate, you should wash the measure of rice thoroughly in cold salted water. Then put it in a pot of furiously

boiling fresh water, no salt being added. Keep the pot boiling hard for twenty minutes, but *do not stir*. Then strain off the water, place the rice over a very moderate fire, and let it swell and dry for half an hour.

But another way of boiling rice is given in L. H. Y.'s *In Camp and Kitchen* which bears repetition :—" Rice is so often badly-cooked that the black man's way of boiling it may be worth quoting. He says : ' Wash him well ; much wash in cold water ; rice-flour make him stick. Water boil all ready, very fast. Shove him in ; rice not burn, water shake him too much. Boil twenty minutes. Rub one rice in thumb and finger ; if all rub away, him quite done. Put rice in colander, hot water run away through ; put cold water through him, then put back in pan, cover him and keep hot, then soon rice all ready. Eat him up ! ' "

RICE A LA MEXICAINE

Two table-spoonfuls of big whole rice put into a stone jam jar with half a pint of any vegetable stock, such as the water in which carrots, parsnips, onions, Jerusalem artichokes, or any vegetables, have been boiled ; if no stock is ready use water. Add one tea-spoonful of Harvey's sauce : half a tomato : half an onion *very finely shredded :* 1 oz. of butter : a pinch of black pepper. Cover with a loose lid and set for two hours in a slow oven. It *may* have a shake but *not* a stir. The liquor will be all absorbed, every grain will be separated and swollen to the utmost, and the dish will be delicious.

ONIONS AU RIZ

Put four onions into a frying-pan with butter enough to

fry ; when getting brown shake in three table-spoonfuls of rice (boiled and very dry, and each grain separate) : add pepper, salt, a *little* mace, one or two cloves, a tea-spoonful of sugar and another of vinegar (plain or Tarragon). Shake up well and serve hot.

CHEESE AND RICE

Put one pint of milk into a saucepan : when it boils put in a tea-spoonful of rice, allow it to swell very large : add about 1 oz. of butter, and three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese : pepper and salt to taste. Keep stirring to prevent its burning when rather stiff. Serve hot, and piled high on a dish with sippets of toast arranged round it.

A CURRY

A recipe for curry which I obtained from the chef of one of the great London hotels is worth giving. Fry the onions, one of which is a Spanish onion, in a stew pan till quite brown. Add a dessert-spoonful of curry powder. Cut the meat into dice-sized pieces and fry. Put in one table-spoonful of brown sugar : two table-spoonfuls of dessicated cocoanut : two apples, one dozen sultanas, a little pepper and salt, and simmer for two hours.

PLUM DUFF

Plum duff is a good feeding substantial dish, and worth the attention of the caravanner. To make it, put into a basin 1 lb. of flour, a full tea-spoonful of baking powder, 1 lb. of stoned raisins, ¾ lb. of chopped suet, and two table-spoonfuls of sugar. Add half a pint of water, and mix well together. Dip a cloth bag, or cloth

large enough to hold the pudding, into boiling water, wring it out, and apply flour to the inside of it. Put in the pudding and tie well up, leaving a little room in the bag or cloth for the pudding to swell. Place the whole in enough boiling water to cover the bag, and boil for two hours or a little more, turning the pudding several times to prevent its scorching against the bottom or sides of the pot. If necessary, add boiling water, so that the pudding is kept always covered with water. When cooked take the pudding from the pot, plunge it into cold water for an instant, and then turn it out in a dish for the table. If you like a rich plum duff, add a little spice and treacle.

PEA SOUP

Well wash one pint of split peas, cover with cold water and leave them to soak overnight. In the morning put them in a kettle with close-fitting lid. Pour over them three quarts of cold water, adding ½ lb. of lean bacon, or ham, cut into small cubes, one tea-spoonful of salt and some pepper. When the soup begins to boil, skim the froth from the surface. Cook slowly for three to four hours, stirring occasionally till the peas all disappear as individual peas, and adding a little more boiling water to keep up the quantity as it boils away. Let it get quite thick. Just before serving, drop in small squares of toasted bread or biscuit, adding quickly while the bread is hot. Vegetables may be added half an hour before the soup is done.

CORNED BEEF HASH

Chop some carved corned beef fine with sliced onions.

Mash up with freshly boiled potatoes, two parts of potatoes to one of the meat. Season highly with pepper (no salt), and dry mustard if liked. Put a little pork fat in a frying-pan, melt, add the hash, and cook until nearly dry and a brown crust has formed.

STEWING

The best recipe I know of for stewing is that given by Captain Kenealy in *Yachting Wrinkles*. "Stewing is an admirable way of making palatable pieces of coarse and tough meat, but it requires the knack, like all other culinary processes. Have a hot fry-pan ready, cut the meat up into small squares, and put it (without any dripping or fat) into the pan. Let it brown well, adding a small quantity of granulated sugar and sliced onions to taste. Cook until the onions are tender and well coloured. Then empty the fry-pan into a stew-pan and add boiling water to cover the meat, and let it simmer gently for two or three hours. Flavour with salt, pepper, sweet herbs, curry powder, or what you will. The result will be a savoury dish of tender meat, called by the French a *ragoût*. It is easy to prepare in this way. Do not boil it furiously, as is sometimes done, or it will become tough. This dish may be thickened with browned flour, and vegetables may be added—turnips, carrots, celery, etc., cut into small pieces and browned with the meat. The sugar improves the flavour vastly. The only condiments actually necessary are pepper and salt—other flavourings are luxuries."

TO BOIL FISH

Everyone does not know how to boil fish properly. I

do it thus : I place the fish in boiling salted water, for thereby the flesh becomes firm and well flavoured. Fish cooks quickly if done in this way, especially if a little vinegar be added. Six or seven minutes to the pound weight is sufficient time for the operation.

CANNED TOMATOES

To a pint of tomatoes add butter, twice the size of an egg, some pepper, very little salt, and a table-spoonful of sugar. Boil about five minutes. Put some bread-crumbs or toast in a dish and pour tomatoes over them. A bay leaf or two boiled with the mixture adds, I consider, considerably to the flavour of this dish. Bay leaves added to artichoke soup likewise improve that dish vastly. As sweet bay leaves do not flourish everywhere, it is advisable to look out for them as you go along, and seize the opportunity.

WELSH RAREBIT

An easily cooked Welsh rarebit, or rabbit, is a dish worth knowing when on the road, cheese being so nourishing and appetising. The ingredients of my rarebit are two eggs, three table-spoonfuls of grated cheese, one table-spoonful of milk, pepper and salt to taste, and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. You beat up the eggs, pepper, salt and milk together. Put the butter in the saucepan to melt : when melted stir in the egg mixture and the grated cheese and cook slowly, stirring all the time until the mixture begins to set, when you pour it out over buttered toast and serve at once. Eaten with mustard or red pepper I find this dish a grand and satisfying supper. But then you must like cheese. I

do—I was born in Somerset. If you add a *little* curry powder you will have a variety and can call it curried cheese.

Another recipe, advocated by Dr. G. M. Haig, is to scrape (if for six persons) 4 ozs. of Cheshire cheese, add two table-spoonfuls of milk and a little butter. Put it into a saucepan and set on the fire for ten minutes, stirring the whole time. Serve on hot toast. A little mustard added to this is considered an improvement by some persons.

TOASTED CHEESE

For two persons: three slices of buttered toast, three slices of cheese, half a teaspoonful of mustard and salt mixed. Make some slices of buttered toast, cover them with slices of cheese and set in a Dutch oven before the fire to melt. Serve very hot.

JERUSALEM ARTICHOKES

Jerusalem artichokes must be watched when boiling and removed from the saucepan as soon as tender, if left in the water longer they harden. They are very palatable fried. Peel and cut them through lengthways; salt them, drain and fry, either in *boiling* oil or butter (be sure the oil or butter is beyond boiling point), as you would fry raw potatoes, until they are a pale brown.

MACARONI CHEESE

For four or five persons: three ozs. of macaroni, 1 oz. of flour, half a pint of milk, 1 oz. of butter, three table-spoonfuls of grated Parmesan or mild cheddar: pepper and salt to taste. Boil the macaroni till tender,

with a very small onion and some salt in the water, drain it well: make a thick white sauce, and add the grated cheese, pepper and salt to taste: butter a dish well, place a layer of macaroni on it, then one of sauce, and so on until you have sufficient: sprinkle cheese on the top, and put into the oven to brown.

ITALIAN MACARONI

A quarter of a pound of macaroni: boil in boiling water till tender: drain. Make the following sauce: three quarters of a pint of milk, one table-spoonful of flour, three table-spoonfuls of grated cheese. When the sauce is ready, put macaroni into it and cook together for a few minutes. Pepper and salt to taste. Serve very hot.

ANOTHER RECIPE OF ITALIAN MACARONI

Another cheese dish easily made is that with macaroni. Break half a pound of macaroni into boiling salted water and boil until tender—an operation which will take about half an hour. Strain off the water and add a lump of butter, pepper and salt, and serve with abundance of grated cheese.

STEAK PUDDING

A steak pudding if properly cooked is most nutritious and delicious: if not cooked properly, it is tough and indigestible. Slowness is the feature to bear in mind, and it is one of those dishes which can safely be entrusted to the fireless cooker. Stew for three hours a pound of good steak; it is better to stew the meat the day before. The other ingredients are: a breakfast cup of self-raising flour, salt, one table-spoon of lard, or nut lard.

Cut the steak into small pieces and flour each piece well. Then pour in boiling water just to cover the bits, cook slowly till tender—about three hours. Mix flour, lard and salt together, then pour a little water to make a paste. Put the steak into a basin, paste on top, buttered paper above, and tie with string and steam for one and a half hours. Shredded onions greatly improve this dish.

JAM PUDDING

A good jam pudding is thus made. Mix together a large cup of self-raising flour, 1 oz. of butter, 2 ozs. of sugar. Then add, and stir in, one beaten egg and a little milk. Grease a basin well inside. In the bottom place a small cupful of jam, and place the ingredients on top. Tie a greased paper over it and steam for one and a half hours. Take care to leave room in the basin for the pudding to rise.

APPLE FRITTERS

Apple fritters is a dish well within the horizon of the caravanner's kitchen department. The necessary articles are: one large apple, at least one egg, three table-spoonfuls of self-raising flour, two tea-spoonfuls of sugar, one cupful of milk. Mix the flour and milk together, then add the egg and sugar, and beat all up together into a thick cream. Pare the apple, or apples, into thin slices horizontally. Dip the slices into the butter and fry gradually until they become a pale golden colour, and sprinkle with castor sugar.

TREACLE PUDDING

Treacle pudding is a fine feeding dish, if well cooked.

Pour one pint of boiling milk over some pieces of bread crusts broken up. Then let them stand until soft, when beat up the lumps with a fork. Add one egg beaten up with a pinch of salt, and a little sugar. Pour this into a greased pie-dish in which a cupful of treacle has been poured. Put lumps of butter on the top, and bake till a distinct brown colour arises on the top of the dish. If preferred, jam can be used instead of treacle, or currants and raisins can be mixed with the bread. As a method of using up odd bits of stale bread, which have such a tendency to accumulate in a van, this dish is to be recommended.

SAVOURY OMELETTE

A savoury omelette may thus be made. Beat the yolks of two eggs with one table-spoonful of milk, adding two table-spoonfuls of chopped tongue, or ham, or both. Beat the whites to a stiff froth and add the yolks, etc., gradually. Pour the mixture into the frying-pan in which a lump of butter has been melted. Cook slowly till set, gently moving the mixture at the edges with a pliable knife. Turn over on to a hot dish without breaking—it requires some doing, but it can be done.

BROWN GRAVY

Melt 1 oz. of butter in a small saucepan, and then stir in a dessert-spoonful of white flour, till the mixture browns. Add pepper and salt to taste ; pour boiling or potato water on till the proper thickness is obtained : let it come to the boil. This will keep several days.

AMERICAN COOKING

American cookery is famous for its cleanliness and

toothsomeness. I include several of the dishes in my repertoire, and as they are peculiarly adapted for van use, I give one or two recipes in my own words for the benefit of my brethren of the road.*

CREAM OF POTATO SOUP

Pare three middling-sized potatoes and cut them into quarters, drop the pieces into enough salted boiling water to cover them, and cook quickly. While they are boiling, place one pint of milk in a double boiler with one whole onion, and have the milk well heated by the time the potatoes are done. Drain the latter when cooked, mash them fine, and slowly add the hot milk from which the onion has been removed. Season with one table-spoonful each of celery-salt, salt and pepper, and add one table-spoonful of butter, and one table-spoonful of flour dissolved, or rather, well mixed up in a little milk. Cook the soup for five minutes, pour it through a soup strainer, return to the fire to heat, but not to boil, and serve. This soup may be made very rich by first placing two thoroughly beaten eggs in the tureen and pouring the hot liquid over them—stirring very rapidly meanwhile.

ESCALLOPED SHRIMPS

One and a half pints of shelled shrimps; one pint of boiling water; one half-pint of grated bread crumbs; three table-spoonfuls of butter; one generous tea-spoonful of salt; one eighth tea-spoonful of cayenne; one tea-spoonful of mustard; one tea-spoonful of lemon juice;

* They are to be found, with a host of other recipes, in that capital cookery-book, *The Butterick Cook-Book*—with special chapters about casserole and fireless cooking, by Helena Judson, New York, 1911.

two table-spoonfuls of flour. Put the butter in a saucepan and heat it to a cream. Add the flour and mustard, and beat until light. Gradually pour the hot liquid on this. Place the saucepan on a fire, and stir the contents until they begin to boil. Now add the lemon juice and half the salt and pepper and cook for six minutes, after which stir in the shrimps. Turn the mixture into a shallow escallop dish that will hold about one quart ; cover with grated bread crumbs, and dot with the half table-spoonful of butter broken into little bits. Bake for twenty minutes in a rather hot oven.

SALMON PUFFS

Remove the skin and bones from 1 lb. of tinned salmon, chop the meat fine, and add one table-spoonful of melted butter, one salt-spoonful of salt, the same of pepper, one half of a cup of fine soft bread crumbs, one table-spoon of lemon juice or fine vinegar, and three well beaten eggs. Mix thoroughly, and pack the mass in six or eight cups, filling each up even full. Set the cups at once in a pan containing hot water, that does not reach their tops by nearly an inch, and bake for half an hour. If the oven is very hot, lay a sheet of thick paper over the cups. Turn out upon a hot platter, into the centre of each puff thrust a sprig of parsley and pour about them any good fish sauce.

BOILED TRIPE

Tripe, which is usually sold already cleaned, should be boiled in equal parts of milk and water for half an hour, boiling at the same time and in the same water a couple of onions, which should be put in the water at least half an hour before the tripe is put in to boil. Take out the

onions when perfectly tender, drain well and chop very fine and place them in one half pint of hot milk, and season with butter, salt and pepper, and serve as a sauce.

SAUSAGES

Prick the skins with a steel fork to prevent their bursting. Place in a hot frying-pan and fry until brown, adding no fat, as there is fat in the sausage. Remove the sausage, when done, to a platter, add one table-spoonful of dry flour to the fat in the pan, and cook one minute, stirring all the time: then gradually add one cup of milk, still stirring. When the gravy is boiling, and is of a creamy consistency, add salt and pepper to taste, pour the gravy over the sausage, and serve.

BEURRE NOIR

This sauce is poured over fried or boiled fish just before serving. Two table-spoonfuls of butter; one table-spoonful of chopped parsley: one table-spoonful of lemon juice: one half tea-spoonful of salt: one-fourth tea-spoonful of pepper. Place the butter in a frying-pan, and when it is hot add the other ingredients. Boil up once, and serve.

PARSNIP FRITTERS

Take three large parsnips; three table-spoonfuls of flour; one table-spoonful of butter (melted); two eggs; one cup of milk; one tea-spoonful of salt. Boil the parsnips until tender, grate fine or mash them well, and pick out all the fibrous parts. Beat the eggs lightly, and stir them into the parsnips, beating hard until the whole is well mixed. Then add the butter, which should be

measured after it is melted, and then the milk, salt and flour. Fry in fat.

FRIED PARSNIPS

Scrape the parsnips, and boil them gently until tender, usually an hour. Drain, and when cold, cut them in long slices, about one-third of an inch thick, and season each slice with salt and pepper: dip the slices in melted butter, and then in flour, and fry in hot lard until both sides are thoroughly browned. Drain well and serve.

SCOTCH EGGS

A good caravan dish is that called "Scotch eggs"—the recipe for which, as well as the five following recipes, I extract from a very clearly expressed and useful little book.*

Four hard-boiled eggs: ½ lb. (four) sausages: egg and breadcrumbs: frying fat. Boil the eggs for ten minutes, take off the shell. Cover each one with a sausage, previously skinned and flattened out. Work to a good shape, roll in a little flour, brush over with egg, cover with white crumbs, and fry in deep smoking fat—cooking not more than two at a time. Drain on soft paper. Cut the eggs across in halves, and serve hot with a little good gravy, flavoured with tomato, or serve cold, garnished with small cress.

GERMAN FRITTERS

Stale bread: egg: milk: jam. Cut wide fingers of bread, about half an inch thick, or more. Beat up the egg, add a little milk, a pinch of sugar and powdered cinnamon. Dip the fingers in the custard, roll lightly in

* *The One Maid Book of Cookery.* By A. E. Congreve (2/6 net).

fine bread crumbs, and fry a golden brown. Serve very hot, a spoonful of jam on each.

CUSTARD

One pint of milk: three eggs: 1 oz. of white sugar: flavouring. Beat the eggs in a basin, leaving out two of the whites, add a pinch of salt. Put the milk in a saucepan, stand it on an asbestos mat, and heat it over the fire till nearly boiling. Stir the eggs vigorously, pour the milk on to them slowly, and add the sugar. Return to the pan, stir with a wooden spoon over gentle heat till the custard thickens a little, coating the spoon (if a custard boils it curdles). Lift off the fire and continue stirring for a few minutes. Add vanilla or other flavouring. Serve the custard in small glass cups, or in a glass dish, and float meringue cases on the custard, or Savoy biscuits with jam between.

SOUSED MACKEREL

Two small mackerel: half a pint of vinegar and water: peppercorns, bay leaf, parsley. Drain the fish, cutting off the heads and tails, and put in a deep pie or fireproof dish, with the vinegar and water, the peppercorns, two cloves, a sprig of parsley, and a bay leaf. Cover closely, and cook in a slow oven for an hour. Serve cold. If the fish is filleted, it is quicker cooked. Herrings may be soused in the same way.

SOUR MILK

Put any uncooked milk left in a small glass dish, cover with a paper, and stand a day or more on the rack

above the stove till quite thick. Eat with white sugar. This is a hot weather dish.

RICE PUDDING

Two ozs. of carolina rice: two tea-spoonfuls of sugar: salt: one pint of milk: ½ oz. of butter: flavouring. Melt the butter in a soufflé, or pie-dish, and run it up the sides. Wash the rice in two or three waters, put it in the dish with the white sugar and a pinch of salt. Pour in the milk and grate a little nutmeg on the top. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty or forty minutes. Milk puddings are creamy, if cooked slowly. They are best made without eggs. All puddings should stand for some minutes to set after taking out of the oven. Over cooking, or cooking too quickly, must be avoided.

THE END

INDEX

ABROAD, Caravanning, 311-328
Abroad, Touring, and neglecting homeland, 14, 15
Accidents on road, Law as to, 138
Acetylene gas for cooking, 99
Acetylene lamps, 98
Adirondacks, 51, 53
Advice to novice before building a caravan, 61
Aëroplane (motor caravan) described, 217
Aeroplanes, T. A. Dring on, 42
Africa, S., Wages in, 47
Ailments of horses, 153-155
Aluminium cooking utensils, 163
Aluminium, Cooking utensils of, for New Zealand, 320
Aluminium panels in caravans, 221
Aluminium saucepans, 240
Aluminium used in caravans, 63
America, United States, Coach-builders of, 67
American cooking, 349
Aneroid barometer, 163
Anglers and caravanning, 4
Annexe, Dr. Constant Ponder's, 134
Annexe, Ingenious rear, 136
Annexe, M. De Salis' ingenious canvas, 136
Annexe, Miss E. F. Hamilton's ingenious under-carriage, 136
Annexe to *Tally-Ho !* 198
Annexes, Mr. C. A. Pearson's, 206
Annexes, 133-137
Antrim, Fishing off coast of, 50
Anyho, 120
Apple fritters, Recipe for, 348
Appleton, Mr. W. M., 216
Araucaria imbricata, 118
Arcadian described, 194
Archæology, Study of, on the road, 121
Architect of caravans, Need of an, 60
Architect's caravan, 43
Army men and observation of faces, 31
Arnold, Matthew, *The Scholar Gypsy*, 266
Artichokes, Jerusalem, How to cook, 346
Artist's caravan, 208
Artists and caravanning, 4
Artists and observation, 31
Artizans and caravanning, 46
Asbestos sheeting, Lining of, 208
Ash wood, 66
Austin caravan (motor), 219
Avignon, Gypsies at, 278
Axle, Collinge, 81-83
Axle, mail, 81
Axle-tree, 78
Axles, wheel, 81

"BABY," 117
Bacon, Sir Francis, 35
Baden-Powell, Sir R., and Boy Scouts, 25, 26
Bag, Paper-, cookery, 237
Bags for making makeshift beds, 159
Baked beans, 260
Baker, Sir Samuel White, and his caravan in Cyprus, 324
Baptism of Gypsies, 273, 280
Bargain in caravans, 178
Baroda, The Gaekwar, at a caravan meet, 332
Barometer, Aneroid, 163
Baulk, The, of Gypsy tents, 132
Beans, Baked, 260
Bear Inn, Souldern Gate, 119
Bed covering, Paper as an extra, 112
Bed in wigwam, 52
Bed should be comfortable, 171
Beds, Concertina-like, 156
Beds, Makeshift, with bags, 159
Beds, Lady Carbery's nest of, 161

Beds, Position of, 64
Bell tent, The Army, 125
" Belly-band," 86
Beresford, Mr. Ernest, 63
Besant, Sir Walter, his most popular novel, 297
Beurre Noir sauce, How to make, 352
Bicester, 119
Bicycle as caravan adjunct, 166
Bicycle, Fly-sheet of tent to cover, 126
Bicycle, Method of carrying on van, 167
Birrell, Mr. A., on George Borrow, 295, 296
Bishop, James, fatality through van fire, 100
Bit, Horse's, 90
Black, Dr., of New York, and his list of Gypsy books, 282
Blankets for caravanning, 158
Blinkers, Utility of, 90
Blondin, The female, 100
Blue-birds, Canadian, 54
Boards for wheels on pitch, 168
Boiling food, Directions for, 254
Bollards, 89
Book-binders and caravanning, 45
Books upon Gypsies, 282
Boot, Old, for brake-block, 84
Boots for caravanning, 157
Boots, Waterproofing, 158
Boots, water-tight, Necessity for, 171
Borrow, George, 288-296
Borrow, George, Books by, 294
Borrow, George, and Llangollen, 214
Borrow, Life of, 288
" Boss" of a caravan party advisable, 17, 321
Botany, Study of, on the road, 121
Boy Scout movement, 25
Boy Scouts and evidence in court, 29
Boy Scouts and cooking, 25
Boy Scouts at meets of the Caravan Club, 333
Brake-blocks, 84
Brake, Inspection of the, 95
Brake, Lever-, 84
Brake, Makeshift, 83
Brake, Screw, 84
Brakes for caravans, 83
Bread, fried, Recipe for, 255
Bread, stale, How to use up, 247, 353
Breeching, The, 91
Breeching chains, 86
Bricklayers and caravanning, 47
Bridle, 90
Brighton, 21
Bristol Carriage and Wagon Works, Co., Ltd., 96, 181, 188
Brown gravy, How to make, 349
Browne, Sir Thomas, 35
Brunton, Sir Lauder, on the Lang family, 22
Builders of caravans, 60
Burning Gypsy property on a death, 271
Burning refuse in camp, 111
Burton, Sir Richard, and the Gypsy Lore Society, 309
Butterick Cook Book, 249
Butterick Cook Book, The, and American cooking, 350
Buying a horse, Examination of before, 146-149

Cabbage, How to boil, 254
" Cabin " light tent, 130
Calverley, C. S., Extract from poem by, 249
Calverley, C. S., on the tinker's life, 277
Camper's Handbook, on cost of caravan trip, 110
Canada, Camping in the forests of, 247
Canada, Fishing in forests of, 51
" Canadian " light tent, 130
Canary Islands, Coffee-making in, 260
Candelabra, 97
Candlestick, Makeshift, 97
Canoe, Indian, Fishing from, 51
Canvas sides of caravan, 63
Cape-cart of South Africa, 328
Captain of a caravan party advisable, 17, 321
Caravan, advantages of, in bad weather, Sir Samuel Baker on the, 327
Caravan, A foreign-built, 188
Caravan, Architect's, 43
Caravan Club of Great Britain and Ireland, 329-339
Caravan Club, 3, 60, 62, 140
Caravan Club Annual Dinner, 3, 5
Caravan Club, Meets of the, 331
Caravan Club, Motor vans of members of, 211
Caravan Club, Pennon of the, described, 336

Caravan Club's system of insurance of caravans, 103
Caravan costume, Ladies', 109
Caravan, Educational value of touring in a, 19-35
Caravan, French motor, 215
Caravan, Gypsy, described by Leland, 301
Caravan, Gipsy type, 92
Caravan horse, 146-155
Caravan, ideal place for Nature observations, 38
Caravan, its evolution, 304
"Caravan Jack," English terrier called, 38, 40
Caravan life, 20
Caravan meet at Stratford-on-Avon, Lamps used at, 103, 201
Caravan, Old legal name for, 308
"Caravan," Origin of word, 304-308
Caravan, Purchasing a, 92-96
Caravan, second-hand, Caution in buying a, 96
Caravan, Telephone in a, 223
Caravan, Tilt cart for a, 56
Caravan, Track markings in the inspection of a, 95
Caravan, Trailer to, 135
Caravan trips, Cost of, 106-110
Caravan wedding, A, 193
Caravan, Wintering in a, 57
Caravans and novels, 18
Caravans, Bargains in, 178
Caravans, Builders of, 60
Caravans described:
Aëroplane (motor), 216
Arcadian, 194
Austin (motor), 219
Egypt, 206
Halcyon, 208
Ideal, 176
Kerri, 193
Lady-go-lightly, 184
Maisonette, 199
Nutshell, 201
Pathfinder, 183
Perinik, 199
Rolling Stone, 196
Scout, 196
Tally-Ho! 198
Wanderer, 179
Caravans, Insurance of, 103
Caravans introduced into plays, 18
Caravans, light, Supply of, 67
Caravans, List of names of some, 336
Caravans, Motor, 210-223
Caravans, Names of, 336
Caravans, Need of an architect of, 60
Caravans, old, Use for, 67
Caravanners, Youthfulness of, 5
Caravanning a democratic pastime, 20
Caravanning a test of character, 16
Caravanning, Future of, 43-48
Caravanning, Influence of, on character, 21
Caravanning in foreign countries, 310-321
Carbery, Lady, and Austrian caravanning, 317
Carbery, Lady, Nest of beds invented by, 161
Carey's maps, 27
Caribou, 51
Carpenters and caravanning, 47
"Cart" harness, 85
"Cart with furniture," old legal description of caravan, 308
"Cæsar," "Caravan Jack" mistaken for, 39
Character, Caravanning a test of, 16
Cheddar, Somerset, 18
Cheese and rice, Recipe for, 342
Cheese, curried, Recipe for, 346
Cheese, macaroni, Recipe for, 346
Cheese, toasted, Recipe for, 346
Chiropodists and caravanners, 45
Choice of caravan companions, 17
Church, The Gypsies', 279
Church, The, of Humanity, by D. C. Murray, 16
Clock mender and caravanning, 45
Clothing, Warmth obtained by wearing duplex, 158
Clothing, Women's, for caravanning, 157
Clothing, Woollen, recommended, 157
"Clove-hitch" knot for tent pole, 128
Club, Caravan. *See* Caravan Club
"Clyde" light tent, 131
Coach-builders, 60
Coach-builders, Conservatism of, 66
Coffee, Making, 259
Colds, Exemption from, of caravanners, 171
Colic, Horses', 155
Collar, Horse's, 90
Collectors of curiosities and caravanning, 43
"Collet," 82
Collinge axle, 81-83
Colour white not advocated for caravans, 178

Companions on the road, Choice of, 17
Compartment tent, 129
Compartments, 64
Congreve, A. E., *The One Maid Book of Cookery*, 353
Conjuring tour with Prof. E. H. Palmer, Projected, 299
Constable, Civility of a, 117
Construction of caravans, 61
Consumption and caravanning, 3
Contour maps recommended, 161
Cooker, Steam, 241
Cookery books, 225
Cookery, Importance of, in van life, 226
Cooking, Acetylene gas for, 99
Cooking, American, 349
Cooking and Boy Scouts, 25
Cooking, Fireproof earthenware for, 163
Cooking in steamer, 119
Cooking, One member of party allocated for, 106
Cooking, Plain at least essential, 106
Cooking recipes for use on the road, 340-355
Cooking utensils, 163
Cooking utensils, Aluminium, 163
Cork mattress recommended, 157
Cornaro and simple diet, 228
Corned beef hash, Recipe for, 343
Corner-cupboards, 65
Cost of caravan trips, 106-110, 122, 338
Counties, Relative popularity of, for caravanning, 335
Cowper, quotation from *The Task*, 20
Crupper, The, 91
Curry, Recipe for making a, 342
Cruise of the Land Yacht Wanderer, Extract from, *re* sending van by rail, 123
Cupboards, Corner, 65
Curiosities, Collector of and caravanning, 43
Curiosity of villagers, 118
Curiosity, Rural, at seeing caravan, 11
Curragh, Fishing from a, 49
Curried cheese, Recipe for, 346
Curtains as partitions in caravans, 173
Custard, Recipe for making, 354
Cycle. *See* Bicycle
Cyprus, Sir Samuel Baker's caravan adventures in, 324-328
Cyprus as I saw it in 1879, 324
Dairies, Roadside, 115
Day's journey, 88
Day's journey, When to commence, in New Zealand, 321
Day, Planning the, 105
Deal wood, 66
Democratic pastime, Caravanning a, 20
Dentists and caravanning, 46
De Salis, Alderman, his caravan described, 201
De Salis', Mr., ingenious canvas annexe, 136
Detectives and observation, 31
Diet, Simple, and old age, 228
Diseases and caravanning, 3
Dish-cloths, Recommendation to take plenty on trip, 114
Division of labour while caravanning, 17
Docking horses deprecated, 149
Dr. Johnson, 21
Doctors and caravanning, 3
Dog, Advisable to take, on caravan trips, 109
Dog-kennels, Mrs. Towers' ingenious under-carriage, 137
Dog safeguard against tramps, 109
Dog story and Dr. Gordon-Stables, 183
Dogs, Dr. Gordon-Stables' love of, 182
Dogs, Mrs. Towers' bob-tail sheep, 137
Dogs, The caravanner's, 13
Door at rear recommended, 175
Door by driver's seat recommended, 175
Doors, Position of, 63
Double-skin caravans, 62
Double-skinned *Wanderer*, 181
Drag-shoe, 85
Draught, Farmers', 85
Draught, Systems of, 85
Dressing-gown for caravanning, 158
Dring, T. A., and flying machines, 42
Drivers, Liability of, 139
Dufresne, M. C., motor caravan, 215

"Econocooker," The Fireless, 240
Economising food, 246
E. C., Position of, in *Ideal*, 178
Educational value of the caravan, 19-35
Edgehill, 117
Eggs, Scotch, Recipe for, 353
Egypt described, 206

Eider-down quilt, 112
Eldred, Commander E., and floor-plans, 201
Electric lighting, 99
Electric lighting of caravan, 221
Elliptical spring, 77
Elm wood, 66
Emigrant tent, 125
Enamelled ware, 164
Entomologists and caravanning, 4
Entrenching tool recommended, 161
Evenings at Home, 26
Evidence in courts, 28
" Eyes and No Eyes," 26

FARMER, Ask permission to pitch on farm of, 144
Farmer, Interview with, regarding pitch, 106
Farmers' draught, 85
Fatality through van fire, 100
Feeding the horse, 149
Felloes, The, 74
Finch, Margaret, the Norwood Gypsy, 276
Fire, Avoid pitching near stack in case of, 144
Fire, Danger of, in caravans, 99
Fire, How to light, in open, 164
Fire in pierced zinc pail, 165
Fire, Lighting, in Canadian forests, 52
Fire, Lighting, on rocks, 50
Fire, Precautions against, 101
Fire drill at caravan meets, by Boy Scouts, 333
Fireless cooker, 340
Fireless cooker, The " Econocooker," 240
Fireless cooker, The " Marvel," 239
Fireproof cooking utensils, 163
Fires, Forest, 53
Fish, Boiling, 254
Fish, How to boil, 344
Five Thousand Receipts, by Colin Mackenzie, 248
Five Women and a Caravan, Quotations from, 15, 16
Fixed range in caravans, 64
Flying machines, T. A. Dring on, 42
Fly-sheets, 126
Fly-sheet, Angle to pitch at, 127
Folding furniture, 156
Fool, Shakspere's, in the forest, and observation, 34
Fore-carriage, The, 70
Foreign-built caravan, 188
Foreign countries, Caravanning in, 310-321
Forest fires, 53
Fortnum and Mason's, Messrs., exhibition caravan, 197
Fortune-telling, 24
Foundation of the Caravan Club, 329
Four-in-hand team, 89
France, Coach-builders of, 67
France, Touring Club of, 311
Fried bread, 255
Friendships made while caravanning, 17
France, Gypsies in, 278
France, Proposed formation of a Caravan Club in, 310
French motor caravan, 215
Fritters, German, Recipe for, 353
Fruit-trees on cottage walls, 120
Fuerteventura, Use of sand there for washing-up, 113
Fuller, Thomas, Quotation from, 15
Funerals of Gypsies, 270
Furniture, Folding, 156

GAITERS, Leather, for caravanning, 158
German fritters, Recipe for, 353
Germany, Coach-builders of, 67
" Giant Gypsy " light tent, 130
Gipsy Tents and How to Use Them, Quotation from, 132
Glaziers and caravanning, 47
Gordon-Stables, Dr., 2, 4
Gordon-Stables, Dr., and the Caravan Club, 182
Gordon-Stables, Dr., Death of, 182
Gordon-Stables, Dr., Extract from *Cruise of the Land Yacht Wanderer*, 166
Gordon-Stables, Dr., Extract from *Leaves from the Log, etc.*, 170
Gordon-Stables, Dr., his love for dogs, 182
Gordon-Stables, Dr., Letter from, 179
Gordon-Stables, Dr., on his favourite pitches, 180
Gordon-Stables, Dr., on utility of keeping a log, 170
Gordon-Stables, Dr., sending van by rail, 123
Goulburn, Dean E. M., 120
Grass of Parnassus, Quotation from Andrew Lang's, 22
Gravy, brown, How to make, 349
Greece, Gypsies in, 276

Green, Mr. J. Johnston, 208
Grosvenor, Lady Arthur, on cost of caravan trip, 109
Ground, Sleeping on the, 49
Ground-sheet of tent, Preserving from damage, 130
Ground-sheet for tents of American oil-cloth, 131
Ground-sheet, Protection of, 132
Gutters, Rain, on caravan, 168
Guy ropes shrinking in rain, 132
Gwalior, The Maharajah of, at a caravan meet, 332
Gypsies, 5, 262-281
Gypsies and fortune-telling, 24
Gypsies and their lack of religion, 277
Gypsies, Baptism of, 273, 280
Gypsies, Bob Skot on, 263
Gypsies, Funerals of, 270
Gypsies, Gilbert White on, 274
Gypsies in Greece, 276
Gypsies, Origin of, 263
Gypsies' Pitches, 144
Gypsies, The, by Leland, Extract from, 300
Gypsies, The Church of the, 279
Gypsies, Weddings of, 269, 273
Gypsy caravan described by Leland, 301
Gypsy caravan, The typical, 174
Gypsy costume for caravanning, 157
Gypsy element in plays, 18
Gypsy fire, How to light a, 164
" Gypsy " light tent, 131
Gypsy literature, 282-287
Gypsy Lore Society, 287
Gypsy Lore Society, History of the, 309
Gypsy musicians, 277
" Gypsy," Spelling of, 309
Gypsy tent, The genuine, 132
Gypsy type of caravan, 63, 92

Haig, Dr. G. M., on Welsh rarebit, 346
Halcyon described, 208
Ham omelette, 261
Hamilton, Miss E. F., ingenious under-carriage annexe, 136
Handles of drawers, etc., 65
Harness, " Cart," 85
Harnessing, Hints on, 90
Hatless brigade, 59
Hat-nigger at hotel, Montreal, 30
Hawker, 44
Hayes, Capt., Books on the horse by, 149
Height of floor from ground, 62
Hickory wood, 66
Highway Act, 1835, 138
Highway in dangerous condition, 139
Highway, Obstruction of, 140
Hind-carriage, The, 72
Hiring caravans, Price for, 62
Hobbies while caravanning, 43
Holding, T. H., *Camper's Handbook*, 110
Holland, Clive, on cost of caravan trip, 107
Hominy, 258
Horse, additional, " Swingle-tree " for, 87
Horse, Buying a, for caravanning, 146-149
Horse, Caravan, 146-155
Horse, Consideration for the, 320
Horse, Examination of the, 146-149
Horse, Feeding the, 149
Horse, Insurance of, 104
Horse, Lameness of, 154
Horse, Tethering, on pitch, 153
Horses, Ailments of, 153-155
Horses' colic, 155
Horses, Docking, deprecated, 149
Horses, Member of party allocated to tend the, 105, 106
Horses, Watering, 151
Hot airing cupboard, 64
House, Useless furniture in a, 13
Howcroft, van-builder, 96
Hubert Smith's *Tent Life with English Gypsies in Norway*, 322
Hudson, W. H., and *Idle Days in Patagonia*, 32
Hull, Capt. C., A.S.C., his vans described, 202
Hull, Capt. C., A.S.C., on the horse, 146-155
Hull, Capt. C., A.S.C., on the under-carriage, 69-96
Hutchings, Mr. Bertram, 199

Ideal Caravan of Mr. Bertram Smith, 172
Ideal described, 176
Idle Days in Patagonia, W. H. Hudson's, 32
Ignorance of rural geography, 11
Inn-signs and caravanning, 45
Insurance of caravans, 103
Interior, dividing into compartments, 64
Interiors, Mr. B. Hutchings' vans, 202

Inventory of contents when hiring caravan, 62
Ireland, Camping-out in, 49
Italian macaroni, How to cook, 347

Jam pudding, Recipe for, 348
Jenkins', Mr. Herbert, *Life of George Borrow*, 288, 296
Jerusalem Artichokes, How to cook, 346
Johannesburg, Letter from, *re* old caravan for movable house, 46
" Johnnie Faa," Ballad of, 268
Jones, Mr. Roger, and obstruction of the highway, 140
Journey, A day's, 88

Keep, Mr. Harry, 201
" Kelite " lamp for illumination of van or tent, 101
" Kelite " lamp for warming tent, 129
Kennedy, Mr. Bart. on Gypsies, 268
Kent, Gypsies as hop-pickers, 273
Kent, Pitch in, by the sea, 38
Kerri described, 193
Kingsley, Charles, Quotation from, 14
Knife-machine, Ingenious light-weight, 113
Knife-machines, 113
" Kwik " kettle, 236

Lady-go-lightly described, 184
Lameness of horse, 154
Lamps, Electric, 99
Lamps, Petrol, 99
Lamps for pitch, 98
Lamps, Rear, 98
" Land-yachts," Caravans called, 6
Lang, Andrew, Ancestry of, 22
Language, Tinkers', 302
Lard, Nut, 255
Larder, Access to, from van, 65
Larder in entrance steps, 178
Larder, Opening into, from floor, 187
Larder, Position of, 64
Legs for steadying caravan on pitch, 168
Leland, Charles Godfrey, 265, 297-303
Leland, C. G., and the Gypsy Lore Society, 309
Les Baux, 281
Letters forwarded, 165
Letting and selling caravans: Caravan Club's list, 338
Lettuce salad, Recipe for, 250
Lever-brake, 84
Life of George Borrow, 288, 296
Light caravan (8 cwt.), 199
Light caravan for rural districts, 10
Light tents, Waterproof nature of, 131
Lighting, 97-103
Lighting of caravan, Electric, 221
Lightness in caravan construction should not be carried to an extreme, 213
Light-weight tents, 130-132
Living in Liberty, by Dugald Semple, 58
Lock, Full and short, 69
Locker for dirty brushes and swabs, 178
Locker kept for paper and string, 112
Lockers beneath floor, 187
Lockers not close to roof, 175, 176
Log on caravan trip advocated, 170
Lowndes, G. R., *Gipsy Tents and How to Use Them*, 132
Lumber, Useless, in a caravan, 174

Macaroni cheese, Recipe for, 346
Macaroni, Italian, How to cook, 347
Macfie, Mr. R. A. Scott, 309
Macfie, Mr. Scott, on Gypsy literature, 282
Mackerel, soused, Recipe for, 354
Mackintosh for caravanning, 158
Macnair, J. H., 118
MacRitchie, David, founder of the Gypsy Lore Society, 309
Mahogany wood, 66
" Maidens," The, 50
Mail axle, 81, 82
Maisonette described, 199
Makeshift brake, 83
Mallalieu, Mr. J. W., motor caravan, 214
Man a hunting animal, 37
Maps, Carey's, 27
Maps, Contour, 161
Maps, Ordnance, 163
Margate, 21
Maries, Les Saintes, 279
Maries and Les Saintes Maries, 280
Martha and Les Saintes Maries, 280
" Marvel " fireless cooker, 239
Masères, Baron, and diet, 228
Mattress, Cork, recommended, 157
Mattress, Lath-spring, preferred, 156
McEvoy, Charles, Play by, 18

Meet of the Caravan Club, 1910, 181
Meets of Caravan Club, 60
" Meets " of the Caravan Club, 331
Mental diseases and caravanning, 3
" Midget Canadian " light tent, 130
Miles per day, 121
Milk-can, 115
Milk carrying in caravans, 115
Milk, Preventing spilling, 115
Milk, sour, How to prepare, 354
Milk, Tinned, 227
Milton, quotation from *Paradise Lost*, 22
Minx and trout, 55
Monkey puzzle-tree, 118
Montreal, Windsor Hotel and its hat-nigger, 30
Moody, Sir James, 3
Moody, Sir James, and ingenious sleeping berth, 160
Morning, Early, on a pitch, 23
Motor caravans, 210-223
Motor traction for caravan, 213
Motorist antithesis to caravanner, 3
Movable dwellings, 47
Movable houses, 61
Murray, David Christie, quotation from *The Church of Humanity*, 16
Murray, Dr., on origin of " Caravan," 307
Mushrooms, 249
Musicians, Gypsy, 277
Mutton, Boiled, 254

Natural History, Study of, on the road, 121
Nature, Fulsome description of, 7
Nave, The, 73
Necklaces of metal made by caravanner, 46
New Forest, T. A. Dring caravanning in the, 42
New Zealand, Best months for caravanning in, 318
New Zealand, Caravanning in, 318-321
Nicholls, Heller, Caravan song by, 14
Night travelling, 98
Nut lard, 255
Nutshell described, 201

Oak Wood, 66
Observation and van-life, 23-35
Observation from van for vegetables, 253
Observation, Training the power of, 29
Obstruction of highway, 140
Oiling wheels, 82
Old age and simple diet, 228
Old-fashioned caravans, 61
Omelettes, 247
Omelette, savoury, Recipe for, 349
Omnibus, Living in an old, 58
One Maid Book of Cookery, The, 353
Onions au riz, 341
Ordnance maps, 163
Orton, van builder, 96
Outlets between lakes for trout, 55
Ovens, 237
Owls in Canadian forests, 54

Paint hiding deficiencies, 93
Palmer, Prof. E. H., 298
" Pan frita," 255
Panels of caravan, 62
Pantechnicon as caravan, 61
Pantry at rear, 197
Paper as an extra bed covering, 112
Paper-bag cookery, 237
Paper, Use of, on floor of caravan, in wet weather, 112
Paper, Use of odd bits of, in camp, 111-114
Paper, Use of, for cleaning frying-pans, 248
Paraffin, How to carry, 235
Paraffin lamps for lighting, 98
Paralysed young lady and the simple life, 55
Paralysis and caravanning, 3
Parisienne shutters, 63
Parsnips, fried, How to cook, 353
Parsnip fritters, Recipe for, 352
Passengers on the road, 9
Pathfinder described, 183
Paton, Mrs. M., motor caravan, 215
Patrol tent, 125
Pea soup, Recipe for, 343
Pearson, Mr. C. Arthur, his caravans and annexes, 206
Pedestrian's right to road, 139
Pennon, The Caravan Club's, 337
Perinik, The, described, 199
Petrol lamps, 99
Photographers and caravanning, 4
Pioneer of caravanning, Dr. Gordon-Stables, 2
Pitch, arriving at a, What to do on, 167
Pitch, Interviewing farmer regarding, 106
Pitch, Keeping the, tidy, 111

Pitch lamps, 98
Pitch, Legs for steadying caravan on, 168
Pitch on farm, Ask permission to, 144
Pitch postcards, 334
Pitch, Temporary pit on, for rubbish, 169
Pitch, Tidyness on, advocated, 169
Pitches, 56
Pitches, Cost of, 122
Pitches, Dr. Gordon-Stables on his favourite, 180
Pitches, Gypsies', 144
Pitches, Registration of, 333
Pitches, Tinkers', 144
Pitches to be avoided, 144
Pitching tent, 127
Pitch-pine wood, 66
Plaid, Long Scotch, for sleeping on, 49
Platform, Caravan, 92
Plovers' eggs, 249
Plum duff, Recipe for, 342
Poison Island, Quotation from, 16
Pole for matched horses, 88
Pole, Pennon, 167
Poles, Tent, jointed, 126
Ponder, Dr. Constant, and his annexe, 134
Pony caravan, 199
Porridge, Cooking, 241, 256
Portable tents, 126
" Portages," Canadian, 51
Potatoes and Boy Scouts, 25
Price of caravan compared with house, 67
Pricker for Primus nipple, 232
Primus, Carry two advocated, 177
Primus stove, 119, 229-237, 340
" Primus " stove for warming tent or van, 129
Primus, Toaster for warming, 129
Primus Zinc clad shelf for the, 176
Puff is not warranty, 139
Purchasing a caravan, Hints regarding, 92-96
" Puchero," 261
Pudding, jam, Recipe for, 348
Pudding, rice, Recipe for, 355
Pudding, treacle, Recipe for, 348

Q, *Poison Island* by, Quotation from, 16
" Quaker Oats," 258
Qualities for successful caravanning, 11
Quilt, Eider-down, 112

Rail, Sending caravan by, deprecated 123
Rain gutters on caravan, 168
Raleigh, Sir Walter and *History of the World*, 30
Range, Fixed, 64
Rattling, To prevent, 64
Rear-lamps, 98
Refuse, Pit on pitch for, 169
Recipes for cooking on the road, 340-358
Rex v. *Bartholomew*, 142
Rex v. *Mathias*, 143
Rheumatism on caravan trips, how produced, 171
Rice à la Mexicaine, Recipe for, 341
Rice, How to boil, 340
Rice and onions, Recipe for cooking, 341
Rice pudding, Recipe for, 355
Richardson, Charles, *The New Book of the Horse*, 139
Richmond, Mr. L., 193
Ridge tent, 125
Rippingille's stove, 181
Road, The, and its fascination, 6-13
Road, The, a never-ending pleasure, 8
Road, Origin of the, 9
Road, Passengers on the, 9
Road, Rule of the, 138-145
Roadside waste, 56
Roasting in fireless cooker, 340
Rogerson, Quotation from, 15
" Roller," 85
Rolling Stone described, 196
Roof of caravan, 63
Rosebery, Lord, and Boy Scouts, 25
Russell, Countess, and caravanning, 15, 16

Saddle, Harness, 86
Sailors and powers of observation, 31
St. Bernard, 35
St. Emilion, Gypsies at, 278
St. Paul and lack of powers of observation, 33
Salad, Old English recipe for a, 250
Salmon puffs, Recipe for, 351
Sand, Use of, for washing up, 113
Sanger, Lord George & Sons., Ltd., 89
Sausages, How to cook, 352

Savoury omelette, Recipe for, 349
Scase, Mr. Robert A., 183
Schreiner, Olive, Quotation from, 37
" Scotch," 85
Scotch eggs, Recipe for, 353
Scout described, 196
Screw-brake, 84
Second-hand caravan, Caution in buying a, 96
Secret places in caravans, 186
Self-reliance engendered by caravanning, 4
Semple, Mr. Dugald, and the simple life, 58
Sequoia wood, 66
Sévrette, Prof., and caravanning in France, 310
Shafts, Couplings to, for trace-horse, 86
Shafts, Double, 88
Shafts-bed, Ingenious, invented by Mrs. Towers, 160
Shakspere and observation, 34
Shakspere, Quotation from *As you Like it*, 20
Sheep washing pit, Warmington, 118
Shelta Thari, the tinkers' language, 302
Shelves in cupboard, Movable, 65
Shelves of three-ply wood, 65
Sheppard, Miss Charlotte L., 206
Shoe, Van, 163
Showman's caravan, 92
Shutters to windows, 63
Sign-post painters and caravanning, 45
Silence of Canadian forests, 53
Simmons, Miss, 198
Simple life, Paralysed lady living the, 55
Single-skin caravans, 62
" Skid," 83
Skidding wheels, 83
Skot, Bob, on Gypsies, 263
Slade, Mr. Basil A., inventor of movable houses, 47
Sleeping-bag, 50
Sleeping-bag for New Zealand, 320
Sleeping-berth, Sir James Moody's, 160
Sleeping valise, 157
Slippers for caravanning, 158
Smith, Mr. Bertram, on the ideal caravan, 172
Smith, Mr. F. Geoffrey, 196
Smith, Lementinia, Inquest on the Gypsy, 272
Smith, Rev. Sydney, verses on a salad-dressing, 252
Soda not to be used with aluminium vessels, 163
Soil for cleaning table-knives, 113
Song, Caravan, 14
" Sopa de Arroz," 261
Souldern Gate, 119
Soup, pea, Recipe for, 343
Sour milk, How to prepare, 354
Soused mackerel, Recipe for, 354
Spade, Army, 161
Sparrows, Tameness of, in Stockholm, 41
Sparrows, The destruction of, 39
Sparrows, The intelligence of, 40
Spectacles, The gaucho and the, 32
" Spider " for tents, 98, 128
Splinter-bar, 89
Spokes, The, 74
Spoon, Wooden, for cooking porridge, 257
Springs, The, 71, 77
Springs, Inspection of the, 95
Steak pudding, Recipe for, 347
Stealing, a Gypsy's privilege, 268
Steam cooker, 241, 340
Steamer for cooking, 119
Stepney, Bishop of, and *Lady-go-lightly*, 188
Stevenson, R. L., quotation from *The Vagabond*, 12
Stewing, Directions for, 344
" Stirabout," cooking, 256
Stocks, Ancient village, Anyho, 120
" Stops," 86
Stove, Fixed, 64
Stove, Movable, 64
Stratford-on-Avon, 10, 333
Strenuous life, Caravanner's the reverse of, 13
String, Use of, in camp, 111
Studio, Caravan as a, 208
Sun-cloth around caravan, 62
Sundial and Shakspere's fool in the forest, 34
Swabs for washing-up, 114
" Swingle-tree " for additional horse, 87, 89

TABLE hinged to wall, 176
Table, three-ply top, for caravans, 156
Tally-Ho ! described, 198
Tandem fashion a mistake, 87

Tate sugar-boxes, Camp uses for, 111
Tate sugar-box, empty, Use of, on pitch, 231
Tea, Making, 258
Tea-pot, Enamelled, 164
Telephone installation in caravan, 223
Tenerife, Camping in, 246
Tent, Army Bell, 125
Tent, " Cabin," 130
Tent, " Canadian," 130
Tent, " Clyde," 131
Tent, Compartment-, 129
Tent, Emigrant, 125
Tent, " Giant Gypsy," 130
Tent, Gypsy, in play, 18
Tent, " Midget Canadian " light weight, 130
Tent, Patrol, 125
Tent pole, broken, How to mend, 128
Tent, Ridge, 125
Tent, Toilet, 206
Tent, Trickle of rain through, 129
Tent, Waterproofing a, 133
Tents, 124-133
Tents, Light-weight, 130-132
Tents, Portable, 126
Tethering horse on pitch, 153
Thieving, a Gypsy privilege, 268
Third-party risks, Insurance against, 103
Thoughts on Personal Religion, 120
Three-ply wood, 62
Three-ply wood as lining to caravan, 208
Three-ply wood for knife machine, 114
Three-wheeled caravan *Pathfinder*, 183
Tidiness in caravan life, 66
Tidiness on pitch advocated, 169
Timber used in caravan construction, 66
Tinker, C. S. Calverley on the, 277
Tinkers, 5
Tinkers' language, 302
Tinkers' pitches, 144
Tinned foods, 260
Tire, The, 75, 94
Toasted cheese, Recipe for, 346
Toaster, Primus, for warming, 129
Toasting on Primus, 236
Toilet tent, 206
Tomatoes, canned, Recipe for cooking, 345
" Tortilla de jamon," 261
Tortoise, The (motor caravan), 215
Tour, Cost of, 122
Tour, West Country, described, 121
Tours, 121
Touring Club of France, 311
Touring with caravan in France, Regulations for, 312
Touring with caravan in Italy, 313
Touring with caravan in Galicia, in Spain, 312
Touring with caravan in Holland, 314
Touring with caravan in Austria, 315
Towers, Mrs., ingenious annexe dog-kennels, 137
Towers, Mrs., Ingenious shafts-bed invented by, 160
Trace-chains, 86
Trace-hooks, 86
Traces, The, 91
Track markings in inspection of caravans, 95
Trailer to caravan, 135
Tramp, Taciturnity of the, 22
Tramps, Dog safeguard against, 109
Treacle pudding, Recipe for, 348
Tree-felling in Canada for firing, 52
Trees, Dead, in Adirondacks, 53
" Trencher-man," Horse should be a good, 148
Trestle-cot, 51
Tringurushi Juvalomursh on Gypsies, 265
Tripe, boiled, How to cook, 351
Trips, caravan, Cost of, 106-110
Trotting, 88
Trout and minx, 55
Trout, Fishing for, in Canada, 52
" Tugs," 86
Twentieth century for scientific advancement, 35
Twine, Use of, in camp, 111

Under-carriage, Importance of the, 68-96
Under-carriage, Inspection of, 92-96
Upholsterer and caravanning, 45
Use for old caravans, 67
Utensils, Cooking, 163

Valise, W. O. sleeping, 157
Van, A cheap one-chambered, 175
Vans, Variety of, 4
" Vancotts," movable houses, 47
Vegetables, Boiling, 254

Vegetables, fresh, Importance of, on the road, 246

Wanderer, The, 62, 123, 179
Wanderer, The, Springs of, 77
Ware, Enamelled, 164
Warmington, 116
Warmth in caravan bed, Suggestions for adding to, 112
Warmth obtained by wearing duplex clothing, 158
Warranty of horses, 139
Warranty, Puff is not, 139
Warwickshire, 10
Washing-up, 17, 113
Watering horses, 151
Waterloo, Commencement of the Battle of, 29
Water supply and pitching, 145
Water tanks on roof, 222
Waterproofing a tent, 133
Waterproofing cloth, 133
Wedding, A caravan, 193
Weddings of Gypsies, 269, 273
Weight of caravans, 62
Welsh rarebit, Recipe for, 345
Wheels, 72
Wheels, Inspection of the, 93
Wheels, Oiling, 82
Wheels, Skidding, 83
When the Devil was ill, Play by Charles McEvoy, 18
White, Gilbert, on Gypsies, 274
Whitman, Walt, on the road, 9
Wigwams, Deserted, 52
Willesden Green canvas for tents, 126
Wind-screen for Primus, Makeshift, 231
Windows, 63
Windows hinged at top, 175
Wine, Home-made, 117
Wine-cellar in caravan, 64
Wintering in a caravan, 57
Women's clothing for caravanning, 157
Woollen clothing recommended, 157
Wordsworth, 21
Writers and caravanning, 4
Writing, Warranty best in, 140

YACHT gimbals, 98
Yachting resembles caravanning, 2, 4
Youthfulness of caravanners, 5

ZINC pail as fire bucket, 165
Zinc, Perforated, for caravan larders, 65

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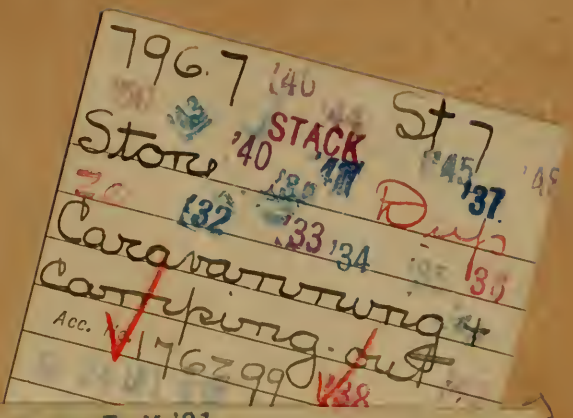

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